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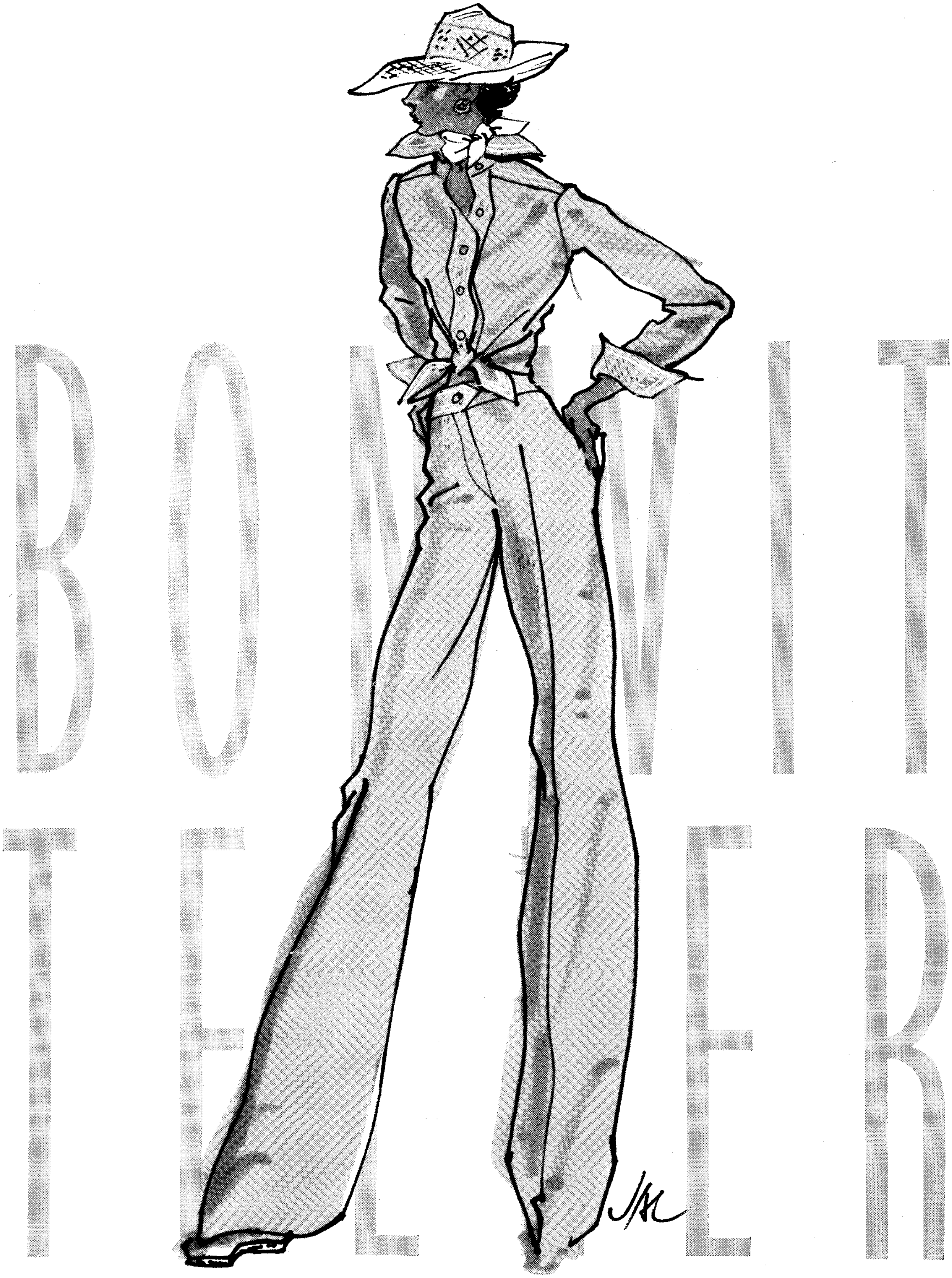

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

An American Millionaire—A ramshackle comedy by Murray Schisgal, superbly enacted by Paul Sorvino, Austin Pendleton, Bob Dishy, and Joseph Bova. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 26.)

Bad Habits—A pair of very funny one-acters by Terrence McNally, each of them set in a sanatorium. The performances, under the direction of Robert Drivas, couldn't be better. With Paul Benedict, Doris Roberts, and J. Frank Lucas, among others. (Moves uptown to the Booth, 222 W. 45th St., 246-5969, for an opening on Sunday, May 5; opening-night curtain at 7. Previews Wednesday through Saturday, May 1-4. Performances Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Candide—Harold Prince has turned the Bernstein-Wilbur musical of 1956 into a child's game that any number can play. The cast is young, merry, and companionable as it lopes around and through the audience. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Circle—Natalie Schafer in W. Somerset Maugham's play. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Dance of Death—Lacerating family combat was meat and drink to Strindberg. Zoe Caldwell, Robert Shaw, and Hector Elizondo enact with appropriate relish his bloodthirsty comedy. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, May 5.)

Fashion—A musical adaptation in modern dress of Anna Cora Mowatt's hit of 1845, with a cast of nine women and a man. There is some ridicule of the original play, which is annoying at first, but soon charm conquers all. Don Pippin is responsible for the melodic score, Steve Brown for the bright lyrics, and Mary Jo Catlett (as a social-climbing matron) for one of the funniest, most delightful performances around. Anthony Stimac was both adapter and director. (Little Hippodrome cabaret, 227 E. 56th St. 755-1820. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Good Doctor—Nine skits by Neil Simon, based on Chekhov. The skits are not much, but the cast is perfection—Christopher Plummer, Barnard Hughes, René Auberjonois, Frances Sternhagen, and Kathryn Walker. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Good Evening—Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a series of skits as deft, daft, and laughable as they themselves are tall and short. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3.)

Hard to Be a Jew—Joseph Buloff in a Yiddish musical taken from Sholom Aleichem's play. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Saturdays at 2 and 8:15, and Sundays at 2 and 6.)

Ionescopade—A vaudeville entertainment taken from the works of Ionesco, with music and lyrics by Mildred Kayden. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 6 and Sundays at 2 and 6.)

Jumpers—The English playwright Tom Stoppard treats words as if they were circus animals; what tricks they perform! A charming, mysterious play, with Brian Bedford, Jill Clayburgh, Remak Ramsay, and Ronald Drake. (Billy Rose, 208 W. 41st St. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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Kaboom!—A musical with book and lyrics by Ira Wallach and music by Doris Schwerin. Opens Wednesday, May 1. (Bottom Line cabaret, 15 W. 4th St. 228-6300. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Lorelei—An ineffectually disguised revival of the twenty-five-year-old musical "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Nothing, alas, has improved with age, not even its formidable star, Carol Channing. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Moonchildren—Michael Weller's comedy about a group of college students living a communal life back in the sixties had a very brief run on Broadway a couple of years ago. This small theatre—Off Broadway—is a far more appropriate setting for it. Mr. Weller is a quite funny writer, and the tone of his play always seems right, but his perpetually prankish and plaintive characters, in their undergraduate limbo, become very wearing after an act or two. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is excellent. With Michael Sacks, Jim Jansen, Renée Tadlock, and Kenneth McMillan, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—Colleen Dewhurst, Jason Robards, and Ed Flanders, in José Quintero's stunning production of one of the great O'Neill soul-searchings, with self-hatred nearly always outwitting self-esteem. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Music! Music!—A plundering of some eighty

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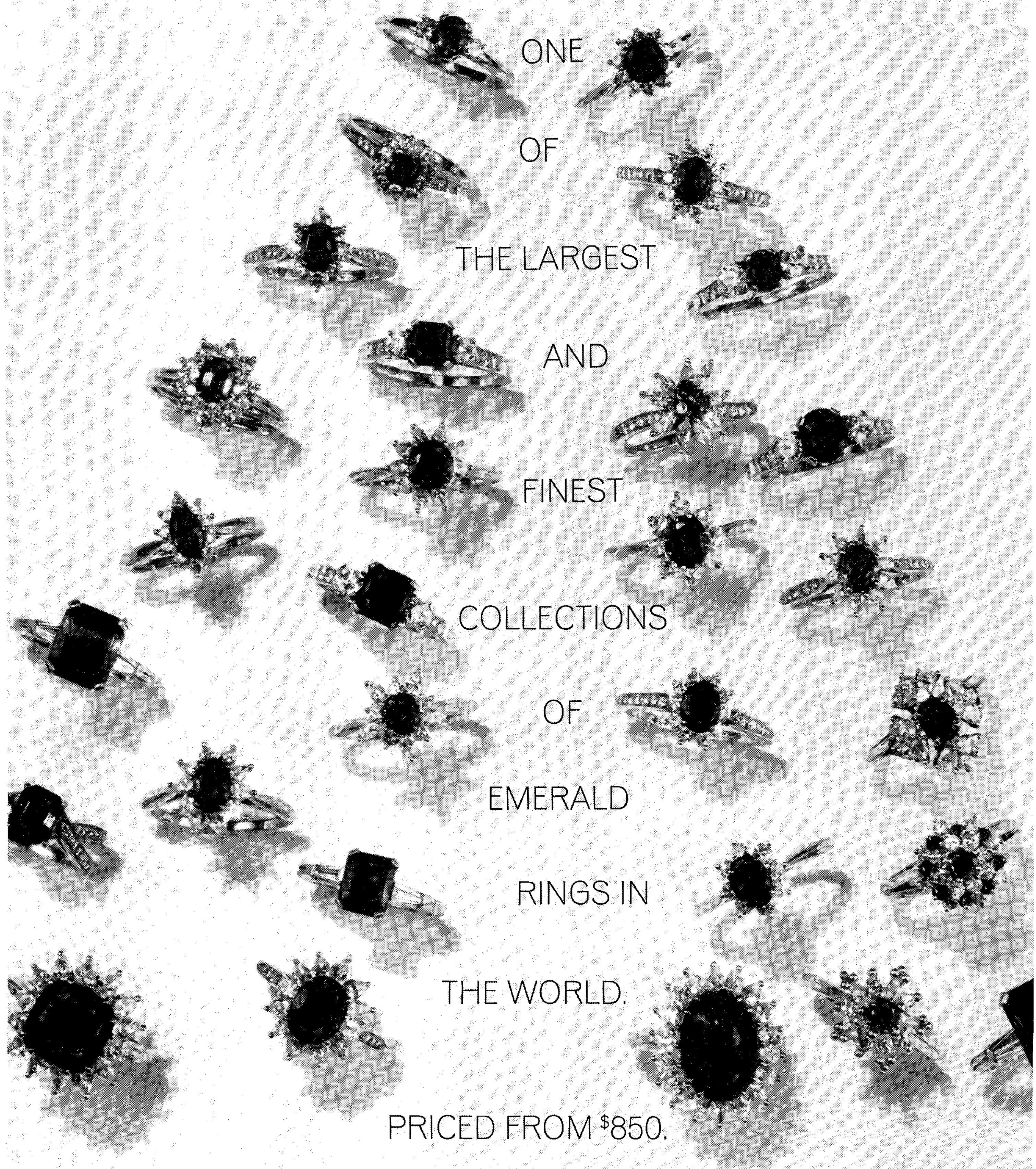

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

years of popular music. The many performers are eager and talented, and the great songs make us forgive much that is second-rate. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 12.)

My Fat Friend—A relentless sequence of jokes, which Lynn Redgrave and George Rose happily mistake for a play and throw their gifted selves into with surprisingly pleasant results. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

My Sister, My Sister—A play by Ray Aranha. (Little Theatre, 236 W. 44th St. 221-1284. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Noël Coward in Two Keys—A couple of one-act comedies that are brought to vigorous life by Jessica Tandy, Hume Cronyn, and Anne Baxter. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée for the Actors' Fund Thursday, May 2.)

Over Here!—A big, foolish, and mysteriously charming musical, starring the Andrews Sisters. The time purports to be the Second World War and the scene the homefront, but don't you believe it. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Raisin—A musical distinguished for the intrepidity of the director and choreographer, Donald McKayle. The book is based on Lorraine Hansberry's "A Raisin in the Sun," which shows its years. The large cast is superlative, as their materials are not. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Sea Horse—The pursuit of love in a waterfront saloon. The pursuer is a seaman, and the object of his quest is the very tough, very fat, and very resistant young woman behind the bar. Some of the play seems contrived and sentimental, but much of it is believable and entertaining. The performances of Conchata Ferrell and Edward J. Moore are faultless. Marshall W. Mason directed, and the dramatist is James Irwin. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 6 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

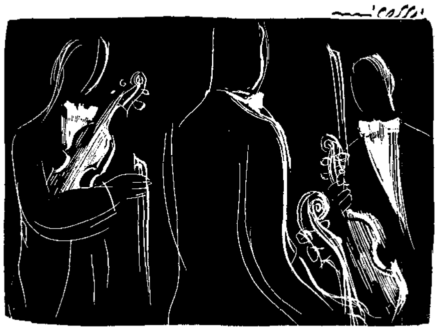
Thieves—Marlo Thomas gives a very attractive performance as a muddled young wife in this gag-ridden trifle of a comedy by Herb Gardner. The valiant direction is by Charles Grodin. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Ulysses in Nighttown—Zero Mostel makes an affecting Leopold Bloom as he wanders drunkenly through the brothels of dark and punitive Dublin. Directed by Burgess Meredith. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder?—Mark Medoff's efficient, occasionally exciting, but essentially shallow melodrama about a brash young man running dope from Mexico to California, who stops off at a diner in New Mexico and taunts everyone in sight, to depressing effect. The playwright may have some messages in mind about such matters as the legend of the Old West or the hypocrisy of the middle classes, but these can easily be ignored. The actors do well, under Kenneth Frankel's direction. With Kevin Conway in the leading role, and Elizabeth Sturges as a fat, gentle countergirl. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Will Rogers' U.S.A.—A four-week engagement of James Whitmore's one-man show. Adapted and directed by Paul Shyre. Previews Friday and Saturday, May 3-4. Opens officially on Monday, May 6, and will run through Saturday, June 1. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:20. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Words and Music—Sammy Cahn singing a couple of dozen of his own celebrated songs, with some pleasing young folk assisting him. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)



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Long Runs—**DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE:** A sparkling, witty, all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,833 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) ... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)... **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **IRENE:** Jane Powell, George S. Irving, Ron Husmann, and Patsy Kelly in a simpleminded curiosity of a musical that at times seems first-rate. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC:** A sweetly romantic and yet coolly amoral musical about lovemaking and its consequences. The music and lyrics are by Stephen Sondheim, the book (borrowed from a Bergman screenplay) is by Hugh Wheeler, and the brilliant direction is by Harold Prince. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **PIPPIN:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Northern J. Calloway, John Rubinstein, Eric Berry, and Priscilla Lopez. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **WHAT'S A NICE COUNTRY LIKE YOU DOING IN A STATE LIKE THIS?:** A satirical revue, with a young and refreshing cast of five. Words by Ira Gasman and music by Cary Hoffman. (Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. 757-3789. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Sammy Davis, Jr.—With singer Freda Payne, and the tap-dancing Nicholas Brothers in a two-week engagement of vaudeville. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 3. Closes Saturday, May 4.)

The Circus—Where else can you see Michu, a man seven inches shorter than General Tom Thumb? (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1:15 and 5:30. Because of hockey playoffs, the evening performance on Thursday, May 2, will be cancelled. Closes Monday, May 27.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, May 1, at 8: "Danses Concertantes," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Thursday, May 2, at 8: "Bugaku," "Agon," "Symphony in Three Movements," and "The Concert."... ¶ Friday, May 3, at 8: "Danses Concertantes," "An Evening's Waltzes," "Duo Concertant," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Saturday, May 4, at 2: "Dances at a Gathering" and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Saturday, May 4, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Dances at a Gathering."... ¶ Sunday, May 5, at 1: "Concerto Barocco," "An Evening's Waltzes," and "Danses Concertantes."... ¶ Sunday, May 5, at 7: "Bugaku," "Symphony in Three Movements," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2."... ¶ Tuesday, May 7, at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "The Song of the Nightingale," "Duo Concertant," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Wednesday, May 8, at 8: "Bugaku," "Symphony in Three Movements," and "Cortège Hongrois."... ¶ Thursday, May 9, at 8: "Allegro Brillante," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," "The Song of the Nightingale," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Friday, May 10, at 8: "Bugaku," "La Source," "Concerto Barocco," and "Firebird."... ¶ Saturday, May 11, at 2: "Jewels." ... ¶ Saturday, May 11, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Cortège Hongrois." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, June 30.)

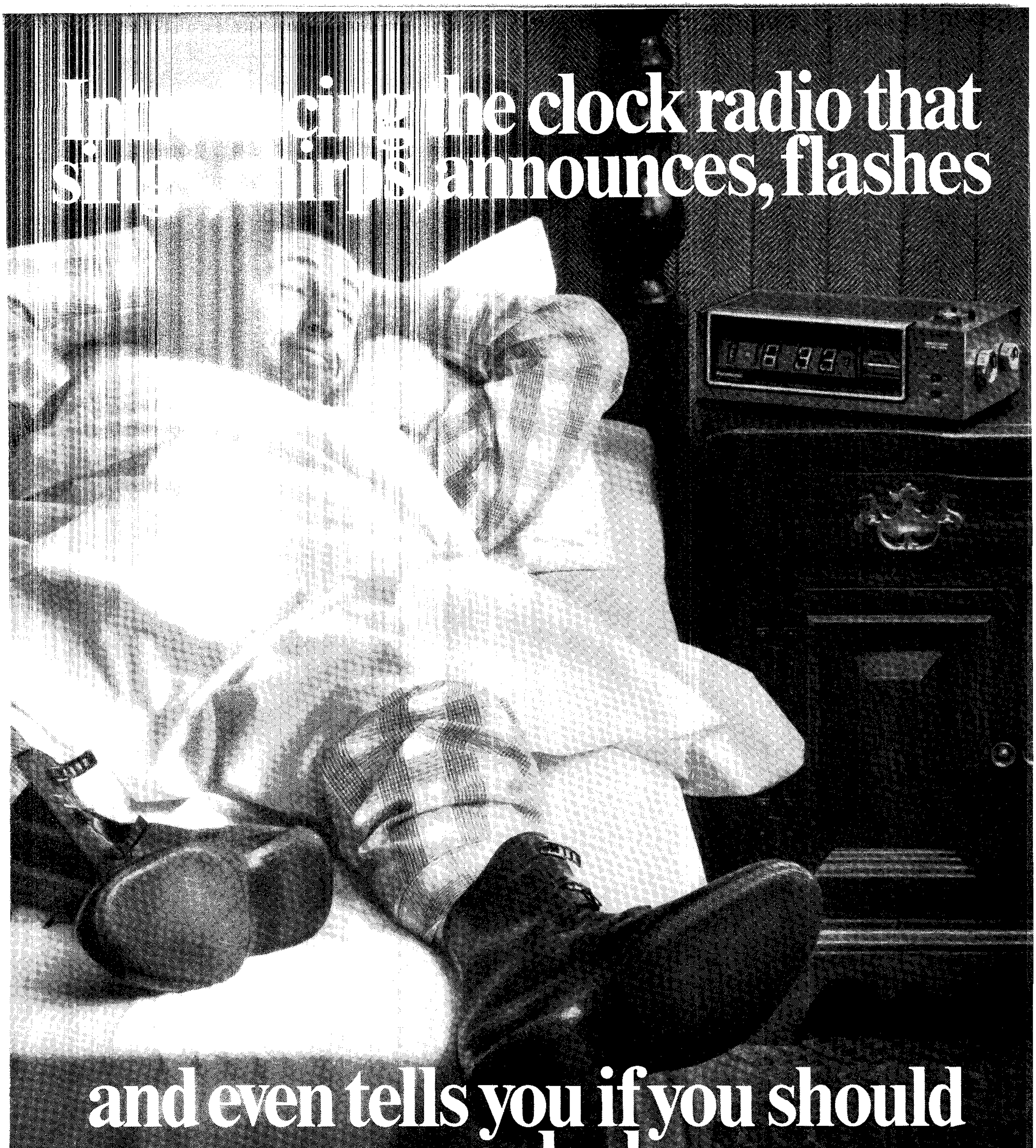
National Ballet of Canada—With Rudolf Nureyev (dancing at all performances except Friday), in the final performances of a two-week engagement. Wednesday through Friday, May 1-3: "Giselle."... ¶ Saturday, May 4: "The Sleeping Beauty."... ¶ Sunday, May 5: "Les Sylphides," "Pas de Deux," and "Don Juan." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2.)

Royal Ballet—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, May 26—Tuesday through Thursday, May 7-9: "Manon" (New York première). ... ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 10-11: "Swan Lake." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Martha Graham Dance Company—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, May 1, at 8: "Clytemnestra."... ¶ Thursday, May 2, at 8: "Embattled Garden," "Errand Into the Maze," "Cave of the Heart," and "Night Journey."... ¶ Friday, May 3, at 8: "Seraphic Dialogue," "El Penitente," and "Diversion of Angels."... ¶ Saturday, May 4, at 2: "Diversion of Angels," "Letter to the World," and "Appalachian Spring."... ¶ Saturday, May 4, at 8: "Clytemnestra." (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064.)

Pennsylvania Ballet—Thursday, May 2, at 7:30, and Sunday, May 5, at 2: "Four Temperaments," "Black Angel," and "Time Passed Summer."... ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 3-4, at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Opus Lemaitre," and "Carmina Burana." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Modern-Dance Retrospective—A program performed by Ross Parks and Yuriko Kimura, the José Limón Dance Company, the Contemporary Dance System, Charles Weidman, and the Rod Rodgers Dance Company.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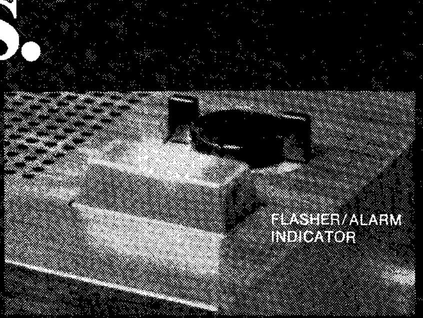
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, May 7, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Jaki Byard—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Major Holley, from nine, on Sundays.

Barbara Carroll—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Piano, from eight to one, except Sundays.

Ray Charles—Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000). Vocals and piano, with his eighteen-piece orchestra and the Rayettes. At dinner and supper, except Sundays.

Blossom Dearie—Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900). Singing at the piano, between six and seven, Wednesdays through Saturdays. Starting Wednesday, May 8.

Roy Eldridge—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, Major Holley, and Eddie Locke. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays.

Roy Haynes—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Drums, with his quintet, from nine to three. Beginning Wednesday, May 8.

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). With vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater, Mondays, at ten.

Yusef Lateef—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Flute, leading a quartet, beginning Tuesday, May 7, at ten.

Junior Mance—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Piano, with a trio, Thursdays through Saturdays, from ten until three.

Howard McGhee and Joe Carroll—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Trumpet and vocals, respectively, with a quintet. From nine to three, through Saturday, May 4.

Dave McKenna—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272). Piano, with a trio, from nine to one, through Saturday, May 4.

Modern Jazz Quartet—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Piano, vibraharp, bass, and drums. Beginning Monday, May 6, at nine-thirty.

Sy Oliver—Americana, Seventh Ave., at 52nd St. (581-1000). Trumpet, leading his orchestra, from eight to one-thirty, nightly, except Sundays and Mondays.

Arthur Prysock—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Vocals, with a combo led by saxophonist Red Prysock. From nine-thirty, through Saturday, May 4.

Buddy Rich—Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855). Drums, leading a septet, nightly, except Sundays.

Bobby Short—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-forty-five.

McCoy Tyner—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano, leading a quartet, from ten, through Sunday, May 5.

Dave Van Ronk—Metro, 188 W. Fourth St. (675-0892). Folksinger-guitarist. Friday through Sunday, May 3-5, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Joe Venuti—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272). Jazz violin, with bassist Milt Hinton, drummer Cliff Leeman, and pianist Chuck Folds. From nine to one, beginning Tuesday, May 7.

Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar duo, Sundays from nine until two.

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(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

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Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home of the Grove Street Stompers, a go-get-'em Dixieland band composed of people who hold other jobs most of the time but who turn this little bar into a rollicking room Mondays between nine-fifteen and one. Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist Mabel Godwin plays 1001 Songs Everyone Remembers. Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Red brick walls familiar from album jackets of the early sixties. Lori Leiberman and Murray McLauchlan, two young singers and songwriters, trade sets through Monday, May 6. (On Friday, May 3, McLauchlan carries on opposite Labelle, a female vocal threesome that has lately been observed wearing space uniforms.) Singer Melissa Manchester, a twenty-three-year-old ex-Bette Midler Harlette, does material that ranges from a sincere "I Can't Get Started with You" to a guaranteed-toe-tapping gospel number, "O Heaven How You've Changed to Me." Manchester and her band perform opposite the comedy trio 3's Company Wednesday through Saturday, May 8-11. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; on Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty. Outsize ice-cream sodas and such. Tuesdays are set aside for lesser-known performers.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—This appealing soul-food restaurant, with red tablecloths, white brick walls, and an amiable staff, features various jazz groups. Howard McGhee, one of the first major bop trumpeters, nobly heads up a quintet that features singer Joe (Bebop) Carroll, who clowned with Dizzy Gillespie in the early fifties. Through Saturday, May 4. Saxophonist David Schnitter and his quartet will be present on Sunday and Tuesday, May 5 and 7. On Wednesday, May 8, drummer Roy Haynes starts sharing some of his past musical revelations with his young quintet, the Hip Ensemble. Music from nine to three.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Rock and folk have been a big business for years, and at last New York has come by a club capacious enough to wheel and deal in these areas effectively. This new club, listeners will be glad to hear, seats four hundred and fifty customers at tables that are arranged not in the usual jumble but in orderly rows—there are even aisles to walk in. Other oddities (by rock-club standards) include a sophisticated lighting system controlled from a Shakespearean balcony; a large, elevated stage that gives nearly everyone in the house a clear view of the performers' costumes and mannerisms; and, best of all, an impressive sound system that just begs for a "recorded live" album. Grover Washington, Jr., heads up a group that plays some carefully calculated soul-jazz through Saturday, May 4. On Tuesday, May 7, Barry Manilow, pianist, singer, composer, and musical director for Bette Midler, begins performing opposite the sweet-harmony-rock band Barnaby Bye. Shows at ten and midnight. Snacks.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Just next door to the local supermarket, this friendly, wood-panelled concern provides dinner, New Realist paintings, and music by pianist John Bunch and bassist Mike Moore from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Through Saturday, May 4. Pianist Allan Haig, who once played with Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie, takes over Monday, May 6. On Sundays, from nine to one, Jaki Byard, who plays with a confident feel for ragtime, stride, and more modern piano styles, has fun with bassist Major Holley, who sings in a voice as deep as his instrument.

2314 RICOTTA-LATTICINI FRESCHI 2314
J. Capa

Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855)—An informal, agreeable second-story room that seats two-hundred patrons and is decorated with photographs of Buddy Rich on the walls. The drummer himself is on the bandstand, heading up an exceptionally capable and rousing septet, made up of saxophonists Sal Nistico and Sonny Fortune, Kenny Barron on piano, guitarist Jack Wilkins, bassist Anthony Jackson, and Jimmy Maeulin on congas. Two shows Mondays through Fridays; three shows Saturdays. Snacks. Closed Sundays.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Bobby Short is renowned as much for his choice of material as for his talent, which is decidedly unfair; the quality of a Cole Porter song, after all, can be taken for granted. Not so Mr. Short—his forte is intensity rather than insouciance. Accompanied by bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan, he arrives at nine-forty-five every night except Sunday and Monday. Dinner and supper.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Colored glass and antique cooking tools serve to decorate this establishment, vaguely reminiscent of a Howard Johnson's. Pianist Barbara Carroll, with an occasional look of wild delight on her face, plays a full-bodied piano with the assistance of Jay Leonhart on bass. From eight to one. Sundays, Dick Hyman dominates the keyboard. Dining.

Grand Finale, 210 W. 70th St. (595-4206)—A large, square room with wooden planks on the pillars, bright-red walls, and a central stage. Singer John C. Attle, a former cast member of "Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris," goes on at nine and midnight through Saturday, May 4. Dinner.

Guitar, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135)—Spare, modern, and spacious, the setting for this resettled club is quite a contrast to its former home, where musician and listener alike felt cramped. The business at hand, however, remains as it was: nightly devotionals to the great spirit of the guitar. Carl Thompson, on guitar, and bassist Bob Doherty perform them through Saturday, May 4, from nine to one. On Sunday, May 5, guitarist Sam Brown and bassist Midge Pike begin collaborating. Dinner.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—In its sleek, slick midtown home, this club, a rather formal setting for jazz, is currently offering singer Arthur Prysock, who performs with brother Red Prysock's band. Organist and singer Bu Pleasant alternates with the Prysocks through Saturday, May 4. Monday, May 6, marks the arrival of the Modern Jazz Quartet—John Lewis, Milt Jackson, Percy Heath, and Connie Kay—just as lyrical as ever after about twenty years together. Welshman Dill Jones, an accomplished pianist, shares the bill. Sundays, various performers drop in. Nightly at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-thirty.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—A dim den in which people drink, eat popcorn, throw darts, and listen to piano music. Lance Hayward supplies the sounds from nine-thirty to three every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts sits in. Bassist Lyn Christie participates Fridays and Saturdays. Singer-pianist Dottie Stallworth appears on Sundays from five to eight.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one, either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland when Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, Major Holley, and Eddie Locke cut loose. Music from nine-thirty to three. Fridays and Saturdays, pianist Steve Crist alternates with the band from nine. Various other musicians turn up on Sundays.

Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—A large, modern, noisy, and crowded restaurant complex that boasts, among other curiosities, a circular bar and a U.P.I. teletype machine. Just outside the **52nd Street Room**, downstairs, hangs a large portrait of that street as it looked in the forties, with neon lights blazing in front of clubs like the Three Deuces, the Onyx, the Famous Door. *Ça change*, all

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right, but it's nothing like *la même chose.* Inside the big rectangular room, large audiences assemble to listen to David Steinberg, a nice Jewish boy of a comedian. Lee Horwin, an appealing, husky-voiced young singer, opens the show. Through Saturday, May 4. On Monday, May 6, nihilist Mort Sahl, whose irreverences of the past twenty years have influenced a generation of humor, comes in. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ On the mezzanine, the lively little revue called "What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?" is still functioning.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—It was once fashionable to be seen here, but it is now all but impossible—the place is just too crowded. Elliott Murphy, the latest and best fledgling rock star of Dylan derivation, shares the stage with singer Steve Grossman through Monday, May 6. Michal Urbaniak, a Polish musician who favors the electric violin and who is well known in Europe, brings in his band to alternate with another rock group, Ross, on Wednesday, May 8. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Two shows other nights. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the shows are. Steaks and lobsters downstairs.

Metro, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892)—Wine and cheese and folk and rock in a Village-coffeehouse atmosphere. Patti Smith—singer, poet, actress, and a generally good-natured weirdo—presents her unusual and very funny material Wednesday and Thursday, May 1-2. On Friday, May 3, Dave Van Ronk, a big, bearlike lumberjack of a folksinger, takes over. His raspy voice—which can be energetic and booming or meek and squeaking—and his manner project kindliness. He murmurs and shouts and scats like an oompah band in a pickup truck on a bumpy road. Through Sunday, May 5. Singer and guitarist Bill Oliver Swifford arrives on Wednesday, May 8. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—A Tudorish dining room and bar that aspires to the nineteenth century. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to one, Dave McKenna—whom cornettist Bobby Hackett has called "the world's best pianist"—is at the keyboard, together with bassist Bucky Calabrese and drummer Joe Corsello. On Tuesday, May 7, Joe Venuti, the nearly seventy-year-old father of the jazz violin, brings in a swing group comprising bassist Milt Hinton, drummer Cliff Leeman, and pianist Chuck Folds. Deadpan clarinettist Woody Allen usually participates with the Monday-night Dixieland band from nine to twelve. . . . ¶ In the **garden**, a new stucco-and-glass-walled nook off the bar, Finkle and Weeden, a comedy team, perform Tuesdays through Saturdays, at ten-thirty and twelve. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A thriving upper West Side restaurant that features hanging plants, butcher-block tables, director's chairs, and a relaxed atmosphere. Bluesy pianist Junior Mance and his trio perform on the canopied stage Thursdays through Saturdays from ten to three. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—A cabaret intent on forming an up-to-date and liberated show-biz image. Novella Nelson sings in such a dramatically effective way that she has acquired, in a few months, a snowballing following. She begins at nine and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Jeremy Stone's keyboard work fills most of the gaps between shows. On Sunday, May 5, singer Pat Suzuki resurfaces to perform at nine and eleven-thirty. In her clear, small, unembellished voice, Blossom Dearie will be singing here Wednesdays through Saturdays from six to seven, beginning Wednesday, May 8. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—Small enough for enjoyable acoustics, these two second-floor rooms of a townhouse evoke a lived-in elegance. Bucky Pizzarelli, the guitarist-in-residence, plays from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—An unobtrusive entrance makes it easy to overlook this pleasant upper West Side room of simple design. Pianist Mitch Kerper and his trio perform Thursday, May 2, followed by drummer Al Dreares' trio, which fills the Friday and Saturday slots. Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma exchange lively guitar solos on Sunday, May 5. Bill Mintz, on drums, will lead a trio Thursday, May 9. The music is featured from nine-thirty to three (nine to two on Sundays). Snacks.

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Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A reliable forty-year-old institution down a steeply staired entrance. Pianist McCoy Tyner, whose brilliantly complex and intense performances can be hard on those listeners who don't know what they've bargained for, works with his quartet through Sunday, May 5. On Tuesday, May 7, flutist and reedman Yusef Lateef and his quartet begin playing fine straight-ahead hard jazz and, for relief and fun, some frolicsome rhythm and blues. Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, about fifteen other first-rate musicians, and lively vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater take over on Mondays. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt are the instrumentalists Thursdays through Sundays; Kenny Brawner and a bassist perform Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. On Mondays and Tuesdays, young stride pianist and vocalist Brooks Kerr ably re-creates sounds from the thirties, with the distinguished help of drummer Sam Woodyard, trumpeter Franc Williams, and tenor saxophonist Paul Quinichette. Quinichette, a Lester Young disciple—he sounds like Young and holds his horn the way Young did, in a nearly horizontal position—was once dubbed "the Vice-Pres." Sundays and Wednesdays, No Gap Generation Jazz Band performs, with the addition of vibraharpist Mike Manne on Wednesdays and pianist Mabel Godwin on Sundays. Jothan Callens and the Sounds of Togetherness are on hand on Thursday, May 2, and on Thursday, May 9, the Warren Court, an outfit that includes former Basieites (from the thirties and forties) Earle Warren, on alto sax, and trumpeter Ed Lewis; pianist Dill Jones; and drummer Ronnie Cole. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the **royal box**, the Sy Oliver orchestra and the Peppi Morreale trio play for dancing from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—Herb Winner spends Tuesdays through Saturdays in the **café**, with a dance trio, seven-thirty until quite late; Phil Wayne's triad prevails Sundays and Mondays. Additionally, pianist Teddy Diamond plays for cocktails Tuesdays through Saturdays, from five-thirty to seven-thirty.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—These nights, the **persian room** affords the songs of Ann Hilton. On Monday, May 6, singers Daniel & Dimitri will succeed Miss Hilton. The schedule is Mondays through Thursdays at ten, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Barry Levitt and René Martel are on the bandstand, heading up their crews, for dancing, from seven-thirty to one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ There is piano-and-violin music by Jules Kuti and Ernest Schoen in the **palm court** Tuesdays through Saturdays from four-thirty to nine-thirty, followed by pianist Ruth Andrews from nine-thirty to one. Sundays from four to midnight, and Mondays from five to seven and eight to midnight, violinist Sandu Marcu holds the floor.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Comedian and linguist Sid Caesar and vocalist Kathe Green share the stage at dinner and supper. Discothèque music commences at eight. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—This spaceship moored high over midtown Manhattan is presenting the piano team of DeMaio and Silver in a musical-comedy repertoire. Tuesdays through Sundays, from seven to midnight.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Singer Melba Moore is holding forth in the **maisonette** during the dinner and supper hours. Dancing all night to the Anthony Terini band. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **la boite russe**, a quiet glade, is dispensing accordion and piano music from seven to one. A Russian menu. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ In the **st. regis room**, singers Rosalie Mark and Walt Hunter, accompanied by pianist Stan Free, are presenting an all-Jerome Kern program at ten and an all-Vincent Youmans program at midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Snacks. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Dinner and supper in the **empire room** are devoted to the songs of Ray Charles. The dance music issues from the Bob Rosengarden orchestra. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Manuel Ayaso—Drawings with a watercolor wash, and several paintings, of distorted figures and animals, most of them with a satiric view of the Church, by a Spanish-American artist. Through Friday, May 10. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

André Bauchant (1873-1958)—Thirty-eight oils by a French naïf who fearlessly tackled any subject that won his attention—woodland vistas, urban scenes, watersides, approaching storms, Biblical themes, *Cléopâtre Se Rendant Chez Antoine*. Through May 18. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Norman Bluhm—Monumental paintings done in 1972 and 1973 by this Abstract Expressionist. Through May 18. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gillian Bradshaw-Smith—Huge black-and-white drawings and soft sculptures of elephantine forms by an Englishwoman who was born in India and is now working here; first solo show here. Through May 25. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Claudio Bravo—Magic Realist paintings. Through May 25. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alexander Calder—The Master's playful designs come through as happily in Aubusson tapestries (twenty-four in this show) as they do in mobiles and stabiles or on airplanes. Through June 29. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Clarence Carter—A double exhibit: Portraits of the animal world at Bodley (1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.), and recent Surrealistic landscapes at Gimpel (1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.). Both through June 1. (Bodley is closed Mondays.)

Rosemary Cove—One white abstract sculpture, small figurative sculptures (several thumb-size, in terra-cotta on Plexiglas cubes), plus drawings. Through May 18. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Douglas Cumming—Drawings and paintings of nudes. Through Thursday, May 9. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

José de Rivera / Roy Gussow / David Lee Brown—A three-man showing of maquettes, half-size pieces, and other models of sculptures commissioned for architecture. Through May 30. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kaffe Fassett—Still-lifes. Through May 18. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

John Fischer—Large Abstract Expressionist paintings by an artist who is known for his bread sculptures. Through Saturday, May

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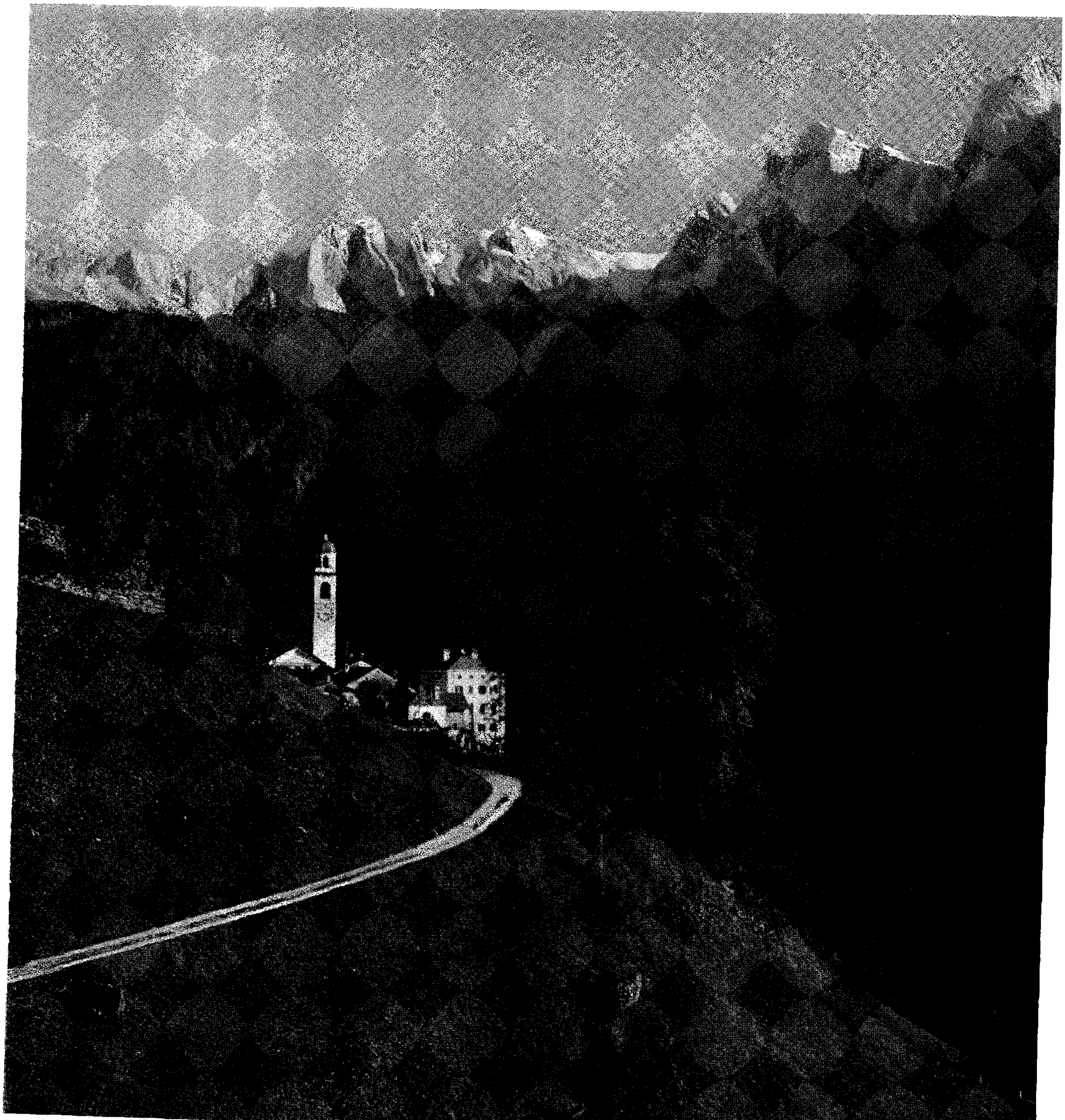
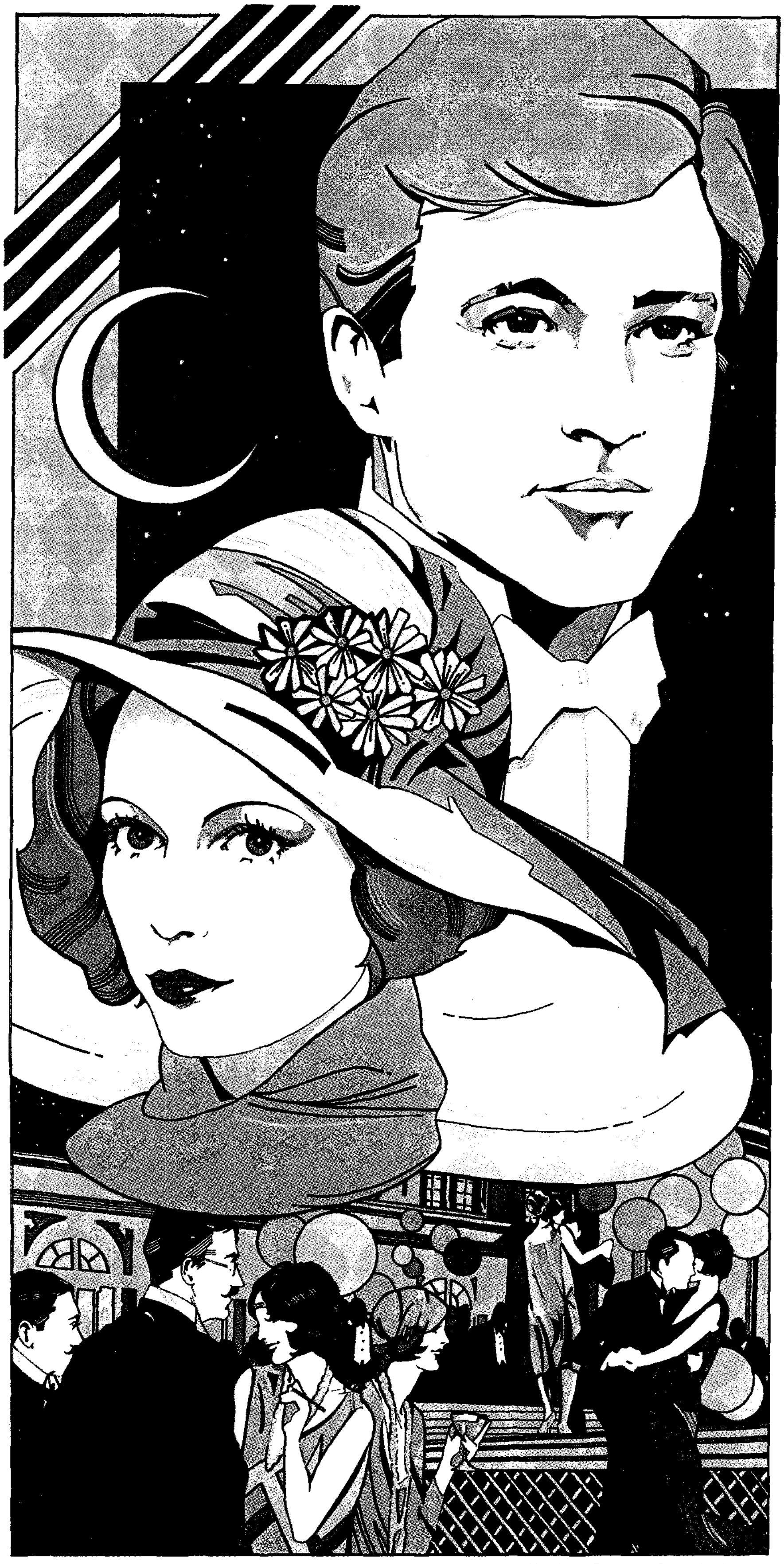


Ballantine's Scotch was there.



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"The Great Gatsby"

A summer night in Long Island. The sound of a saxophone suspended over the water. Floodlights and fountains and 40 acres of people. Gatsby was having a lawn party.

Nobody had actually been invited, but they all came. The young, the rich, and the gorgeously eccentric. Men in white flannels up from "the street" and giggly girls fresh from the Follies. Obscure princesses escorted by their chauffeurs dancing in and out of the fountains.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

11. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Janet Fish—Oils and pastels that capture the reflection of light on everday objects. Starts Saturday, May 4. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ernst Fuchs—Paintings, drawings, graphics, and sculptures, some of Byzantine complexity in both subject matter and execution, and some commercially sleek. Through June 28. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edward Gorey—Watercolors and drawings, frequently with a bemused, variously attired cat, by an illustrator of the macabre and author of gothic tales. Through May 18. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ruth Gutman—Abstract marble and bronze sculptures. Through Saturday, May 11. (Galerie Internationale, 1095 Madison Ave., at 83rd St. Closed Mondays.)

John Heliker—Solidly constructed paintings of the Maine coast, still-lifes, and interiors, plus drawings. Through Saturday, May 4. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Ralph Humphrey—Thickly painted abstract canvases. Through May 15. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Christopher Keene / Marsha Pels / Denise Mastrosimone-Smith—Bronzes by a Canadian. / Rolls of chicken wire swathed in fibre glass. / Works made of polyurethane foam and latex rubber. Through Saturday, May 11. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gustav Klimt (1862-1918)—Seventy drawings, forty of them from the Lederer collection. Through May 18. (Samuels, 18 E. 76th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)

Alice Trumbull Mason—Prints and drawings from 1939 to 1969, by an early geometric abstractionist. Through Saturday, May 11. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

André Masson and Stanley William Hayter—Etchings from the forties, their American period. Through June 1. (Elliott, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

George L. K. Morris—Fifty-five oils, watercolors, and collages of the thirties by the American abstractionist. Starts Saturday, May 4. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Oelze—Twenty paintings by a seventy-four-year-old German Surrealist, whose later works dwell on eroded landscapes that resolve themselves into humanoid features. Through May 18. (Samuels, 18 E. 76th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)

Claes Oldenburg—Sculptures, plus drawings and models from the past two years. Through May 18. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.) . . . ¶ A nine-thousand-pound steel sculpture, "Geometric Mouse—Scale X." Through June 30. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, 2 Hammarskjöld Plaza, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Jules Olitski—Color-field abstractions. Through May 16. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

Robert Andrew Parker—Hand-colored prints and monotypes of dreams and fantasies. Through Saturday, May 11. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Perehudoff—Color-field paintings. Starts Saturday, May 4. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

George Price—Cartoons and drawings. Through Saturday, May 11. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Umberto Romano—Figurative paintings with embossed areas, most of them including scraps of Japanese or Hebrew newspapers. Through Saturday, May 4. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Egon Schiele (1890-1918)—Thirty-five drawings, many of them touched with a light wash of color, by this Austrian Expressionist, who was a skilled draftsman with a predilection for bony bawds. Through June 15. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Steven Sloman—Large black-and-white paintings. Through May 25. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

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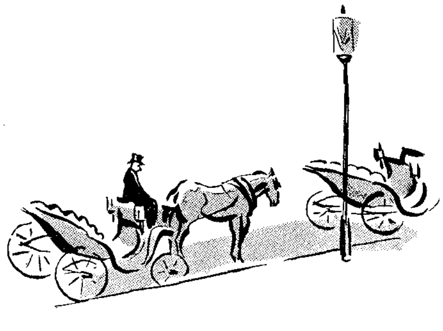
Mark Tobey—Sumi ink paintings from 1957. Through May 25. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **center for inter-american relations**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: More than two hundred pre-Columbian gold objects from the Museo del Oro in Bogotá, Colombia, including pieces from seven archeological regions. Through July 28. (Daily, noon to 6.) . . . **wildenstein**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit exhibition of works from the famous Cone Collection of the Baltimore Museum. Many paintings and drawings by Matisse and Picasso, and also work by Cézanne, Gauguin, Renoir, Modigliani, Sisley, Lipchitz, and Zorach. Through Saturday, May 4.

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Willard Midgette—The focal point of this exhibition of four new works by a young realist is a large painting called "The Lobby," which commands prolonged gaping of the sort that anecdotal pictures of the nineteenth century used to elicit. The painting is set in an ominously stark megastructural office lobby and shows twelve people striding purposefully in all directions, looking tense and preoccupied, and dressed in the incongruous clothes (the women in pants, skirts, or shorts and Wedgies, the men in sports shirts and slacks, jeans, or business suits) that are seen in American cities during the summer. The illusion of utter verisimilitude produced by the painting is only an illusion: the work is Photo-Realistic only in the sense that Midgette and his wife took pictures of each other while dashing around their apartment, the photographs being translated into some of the people in the painting, or parts of them. (For example, the body of the black man in the foreground who is dressed in a maroon shirt and maroon pants is based on a photograph of the artist, while the black man's head and snappy shoes are the artist's invention; the head of another man is based on a newspaper picture of Carmine DeSapio.) But the arrangement of the figures is contrived—one could almost say choreographed—and it is through this patterning that the work expresses the urgent and desperate rhythm that the term "rush hour" connotes. Midgette says of his work that it avoids, on the one hand, the chilling cool of Photo-Realism and, on the other, the bathos of old-fashioned realism, which "gets that kind of humanistic fog on it." There are places in "The Lobby," however—notably, where DeSapio is whispering something venal into the ear of a nervous, irresolute businessman—that are fogged, if not with humanism, then with a certain Rockwellism. Through Saturday, May 4. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

Tom Wesselmann—The anti-smoking forces have enlisted a valuable ally in this Pop artist. His current exhibition is largely made up of oversize paintings showing how repulsive a mouth exhaling smoke can look. Wesselmann uses his familiar technique of cutting out the canvas to follow the shape of his subject, and some of the enormous mouths are accompanied by enormous fingers, whose knuckles look like knees and whose nails are horridly long and red. There is also a mammoth still-life formed of separate curved canvases that sit on the ground and depict a lipstick, a plastic ring, a plastic necklace, a plastic bottle, a match folder, and a pair of sunglasses. Through May 25. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)



Ben Bianchi—Wall pieces made of brown wrapping paper backed with resin. Through Saturday, May 11. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mary Boulton—Abstract collages and landscapes. Through Saturday, May 4. (Panoras, 62 W. 56th St.)

Dan Christensen—Brown paintings. Through Wednesday, May 8. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Geneviève Claisse—Geometric hard-edge paintings; first solo show here. Through May 18. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Thomas George—Romantic landscape paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, May 11. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Carl Holty (1900-73)—Abstract paintings from the later years of his life. Through Saturday, May 11. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Dorothy Hood—Abstract paintings. Through Thursday, May 9. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Julian Levi—Paintings, drawings, and lithographs from the mid-forties to the early seventies. Through May 18. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Ronald Mallory—Acrylic sculptures containing moving mercury. Through Saturday, May 4. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St.)

Harry Nadler—Abstract oils suggesting collage. Through Thursday, May 9. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Louise Nevelson—Black, rough wooden constructions, and framed collages of painted wood and cardboard. Starts Saturday, May 4. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ben Nicholson—A show of works on paper—glass pitchers and goblets, for the most part—in honor of the artist's eightieth birthday. Through May 29. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ed Oates—Miniatures resembling temples or tombs. Through Saturday, May 4. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

Margot Stewart—Paintings of flowers and trees done close up. Starts Saturday, May 4. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Michael Todd—Welded-steel sculptures with calligraphic forms. Through May 25. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **kennedy**, 20 E. 56th St.: Eakins, Sargent, O'Keeffe, and other eighteenth-, nineteenth-, and twentieth-century masters. Through Saturday, May 11. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **lewison**, 30 E. 60th St.: Nineteenth-century American paintings by Sully, Eilshemius, Bierstadt, and others. Through May 25. (Closed Mondays; closes Saturdays at 4:30.) . . . **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists, selected from those shown during the 1973-74 season. Through May 25. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **sachs**, 29 W. 57th St.: Power Boothe, John Civitello, Jackie Ferrara, Josef Levi, Babe Shapiro, and John Willenbecher. Through Thursday, May 9. (Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Eugene Baguskas—Large cloud-filled landscapes. Starts Friday, May 3. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Frances Barth—Large abstract paintings and drawings; first solo show here. Through Wednesday, May 8. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Bechtle / Robert Cottingham / Richard Berger—Realist paintings of segments of city buildings with networks of signs and neon lights. / Realist paintings of automobiles parked in sterile suburban settings, several with figures. / Photographs of the artist's sculptures at the ocean. Through May 18. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Lynda Benglis—Metal knots on the wall. Starts Saturday, May 4. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

Blythe Bohnen—Abstract markings done in graphite on paper. Through Wednesday, May 8. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

William Copley—Paintings and drawings from

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

1946 to 1972 in a show that is running concurrently with his exhibit at the New York Cultural Center. Through May 25. (Onnasch, 139 Spring St. Closed Mondays.)

Rafael Ferrer—Crayon drawings done on paper bags and on navigational maps, plus works resembling kayaks and oars which hang from the ceiling. Through Wednesday, May 8. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Gordon—Six paintings on paper executed in Japan in 1971 and eight large acrylics on canvas executed in New York in 1973 and 1974. Starts Saturday, May 4. (South Houston Gallery, 98 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Julie Gross—Large abstract paintings. Through Saturday, May 11. (Benedek, 380 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Phoebe Helman—Clear Plexiglas boxes containing abstract forms, plus an environmental sculpture. Starts Saturday, May 4. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St. Closed Mondays.)

Caspar Henselmann / Ulrich Niemeyer—Sculptures and other pieces, all involving fractured glass./ Circular fibre-glass structures containing water and based on geometric progressions. Through Wednesday, May 8. (55 Mercer Street. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Pud Houstoun—Abstract paintings. Through Friday, May 3. (Second Story Spring Street Society, 167 Spring St. Closed Mondays.)

John Murray—Large photographic enlargements on canvas. Through Friday, May 10. (Yu, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5).

Jonathan Price / Matthew Feinman—Sprayed-paint panels with an alphabetical structure, plus a plastic bowl full of Lucite cubes with words written on them. / Oils, watercolors, and pastels with nature as subject matter. Starts Saturday, May 4. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Martin Schreiber / Ansell Bray—Abstract steel sculptures and paintings with progressive forms. / Figurative bronze and stone sculptures, plus colored drawings of birds, an insect, and landscapes. Through May 16. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

May Stevens / Marge Helenchild—Paintings of a political nature, with an ominous dictatorial figure whose right-hand man is a bulldog. / Outsized soft sculptures, plus two series of small, delicate constructions, one with actual oranges and the other with pecans. Through May 15. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

James Wolfe—Abstract steel sculptures. Through May 15. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Zakanych—Abstract paintings. Through Friday, May 10. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **14 sculptors**, 75 Thompson St.: Brody, Heep, Kimura, and others. Through Wednesday, May 8. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)... **landmark**, 469 Broome St.: Paintings by Tom Boutis, Ruth Ann Fredenthal, Emily Mason, and Gabriele Roos. Through May 16. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Ruth Gikow—Fifteen large paintings and seven drawings of social protest. Through June 6. (Martin Luther King, Jr., Labor Center, 310 W. 43rd St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 4, and Monday and Thursday evenings, 6 to 8.)

Lloyd Glasson—Bronzes, ceramics, and drawings of the human form. Through Saturday, May 4. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.)

Galeyn Remington—Abstract paintings on transparent rolls and sheets of plastic, which hang on the wall. Through Friday, May 3. (Walker Street Gallery, 46 Walker St., two blocks south of Canal St.)

Jean Sariano—Recent graphics, in which toylike creatures cavort on backgrounds of clear, startling colors. Through Saturday, May 4. (Rosenhouse, 33 Greenwich Ave., near 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Jochen Seidel (1924-71)—A double exhibition starting Thursday, May 2: Paintings from 1966 to 1969 at the Pratt Institute Manhattan Center (46 Park Ave., at 37th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 7; Saturdays, 1 to 5), and two later paintings and a group of his last drawings at Goethe House (1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 7.)

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Gertrude Shibley / Kiyoshi Kawaguchi / Frances Godowsky—Geometric abstractions. / Abstract paintings. / Abstract paintings with one dominant color. Through May 17. (Phoenix, 542 LaGuardia Pl. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—An exhibition of traditional art and crafts from the states of Chad, Mali, Mauritania, Niger, Senegal, and Upper Volta. Through Saturday, May 4. (African-American Institute, 833 United Nations Plaza, First Ave. at 47th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Ansel Adams—The first museum show here of the seventy-two-year-old master photographer known for his landscapes of the Western wilderness, his activities for forty years in the Sierra Club (of which he was a director until his retirement in 1971), and his exacting textbooks on photographic technique. As one would expect, the show is dominated by the landscapes and the nature studies, but it also includes unexpected images, among them a picture of what appears to be a child's sandy bottom with a sandy foot curled beneath it—it turns out to be a detail of an eroded gravestone carving—and a picture of Georgia O'Keeffe wearing a black sombrero and serape and smiling impishly as Orville Cox, also wearing a black sombrero, ponders with lowered head the joke or riposte she has just made, both dramatically angled against a dark, lowering sky. Adams was a member of the f/64 Group, which included Edward Weston, Imogen Cunningham, Sonia Noskowiak, and Willard Van Dyke, and which, according to myth, was responsible for the revival of straight photography in America. Actually, the impact of the group was small and local. The great (and inevitable) changeover from pictorialism to straight photography, which Stieglitz and Strand were already illustrating and championing in the twenties, was consolidated by photojournalism rather than by the efforts of this small, nature-centered, loose association of Western photographers. One of the characteristics of the work of the f/64 Group (and the work of its present-day followers) is the absence of personal style; such style as there is derives from the extreme optical precision, the clarity and definition of detail, and the tonal richness that these photographers struggled to achieve, and that Adams brought to the highest degree of perfection. But so what? is one's response to too many of these prodigies of the arts of exposure, development, and printing. Some of the trouble may lie in the subject itself. Although nature is endlessly various, it does not yield its variety to photographers but keeps palming off the same pictures on them: the leached, blasted oak, the majestic mountain wreathed in mist, the dappled glade, the abstract-art sand dune, the grass bejewelled with raindrops, etc., etc. No one has done it better than Adams, but even his dazzling technique has not been enough to close the gap between artistic intention and art itself. Through June 30. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

George Hoyningen-Huené—Small, elegant, stylized photographs by an early *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* photographer, taken in the thirties of fashion models, fashionable people, and the photographer's protegé and friend Horst. The neoclassical taste of the thirties is reflected in these fine original prints, both in their employment of classical relics as props and in the stately formalism of their composition—for example, a photograph of a Mlle. Koopman dressed in a thirties-style Grecian gown and posed near a Greek statue. A portrait of Mme. Lucien Lelong, swathed in black, with her head turned toward her right shoulder and seen in profile, may be the most beautiful picture of a pretty woman ever taken. A picture of Jean Michel Frank dressed as the Vicomtesse de Noailles looks like Jan Morrison. Through May 31. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Avedon—Eight photographs of the photographer's father, Jacob Israel Avedon (1889-1973). Through June 16. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Judy Dater and Jack Welpott—Mostly black-and-white portraits of women, by a couple from California. Through Saturday, May 11. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Rhoda Nathans—Portraits of, among others, Ramsey Clark, Alan Hovhaness, Viveca Lindfors, Marcel Breuer, Norman Cousins, plus photographs taken in Peru, India, Nepal, and New York. Through Friday, May 10. (Avanti, 145 E. 72nd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 12:30 to 6.)

Charles Pratt / Edward S. Curtis (1868/1952)—An exhibition of concise and evocative black-and-white landscapes and nature studies. / Historical photographs of Indians and Eskimos. Through Friday, May 10. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **jewish museum**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.: A large show of photographs of Jerusalem by twenty-one photographers from various countries. Through Sept. 3. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)... **museum of modern art**, 11 W. 53rd St.: Approximately two hundred prints by fifteen Japanese photographers. Through May 19. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **sonnabend**, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.: A miscellany of photographs by Horst and Cecil Beaton is on view in the gallery's east room. Through May 31. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Lewis Mumford's observation that "New York is a city for angels and aviators" is illustrated by the large number of aerial views that appear in the large show here of photographs of lower Manhattan by fourteen photographers. The other dominant mode is the closeup of architectural ornament: the stone faces, figures, and floral motifs that are disappearing from the city but (thanks to its preservationists) are by no means extinct. Unfortunately, however, both the aerial shot and the closeup-detail shot have become clichés of city photography, and few of the contributors (who are a mixed bag of famous, workaday-professional, and amateur photographers) go beyond the plain statement of the well-worn conventions. André Kertész, Evelyn Hofer, and Andreas Feininger are exceptions, of course, and here and there an original conception appears among the lesser contributors. The show is not well mounted. There is too much crammed into a small space, there isn't enough room between pictures, and the show is hard to take in during a single visit. In view of the shortage of wall space, it seems odd that the museum has made (or encouraged the making of) gigantic blowups of so many of the photographs. This popular practice creates aesthetic problems as well as practical ones: while it invests mediocre pictures with a look of importance and impressiveness, it has a way of diminishing and diluting true photographic excellence; the work of Kertész in particular suffers from this faddish engorgement. Through May 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than a hundred paintings by Venetian painters of the fourteenth century to the eighteenth, including Titian, Tintoretto, and Veronese. Through July 14.... ¶ "The Tens, The Twenties, The Thirties: Inventive Clothes/1909-1939" is an exhibition of a hundred and fifty dresses from the great days of clothes of Chanel, Poiret, Vionnet, and others. Through May 31.... ¶ A hundred and forty paintings, drawings, sculptures, prints, and other objects illustrating the legends of fifty saints. Through Sept. 3.... ¶ A small and excellent exhibition of Japanese color prints, tucked away on the second floor of the north wing, under the title "Hidden Treas-

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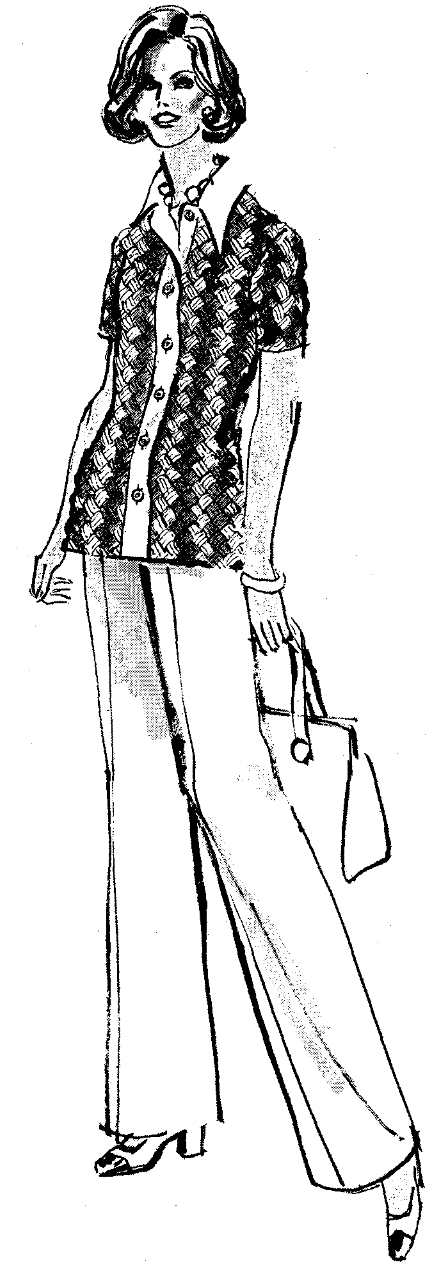

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ures of Japanese Art." (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Six paintings by Gerald Murphy (all that have survived of the fourteen he did), plus photographs of the Murphys and their friends, and some charming watercolors that Léger did while sailing with the Murphys in 1934. Through May 19. . . . ¶ Environmental sculptures by Rafael Ferrer, a Puerto Rican artist. Through May 27. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than two hundred sculptures, paintings, and drawings by Alberto Giacometti (1901-66), dealing with his development from early pictorial and Cubist phases through his Surrealist and mature styles. A corollary exhibition includes about a hundred paintings by the artist's father, cousin, and godfather. Through June 23. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Two floors of American Pop Art done between 1953 and 1972, including such classics as Oldenburg's "Bedroom Ensemble," Rauschenberg's "Bed," Warhol's "Marilyn Monroe Diptych," and Lichtenstein's "Blam." Through June 16. . . . ¶ Paintings, including several diptychs and triptychs, executed between 1969 and the present by Joan Mitchell, a second-generation Abstract Expressionist. Through Sunday, May 5. . . . ¶ An eighty-five-foot painting of the Brooklyn Bridge by Johan Sellenraad, an artist from Holland. Through May 19. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6. . . . ¶ On Monday, May 6, at 8:30, the final Composers' Showcase of the season will take place. Pierre Boulez will conduct, with comment, the Speculum Musicae in a program of his own music, with Barbara Martin, mezzo-soprano. Tickets are now being issued on a first-come, first-served basis.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Fluorescent and electric-light works and transparent sculptures by Antonakos, Flavin, and others. Through May 16. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Etchings from the seventeenth century to the mid-twentieth, from the museum's collection. Through June 9. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Realistic wood carvings, by Gilbert Maggioni and Grainger McKoy, of shore birds, waders, birds of prey, waterfowl, and gamebirds characteristic of South Carolina's coastal inlets and marshes. Through May 24. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A loan show of Indian temple hangings of the Krishna cult, executed during the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries in the province of Rajasthan, in Northwest India. Through June 9. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—A loan show of bronze and gilt images and tankas which were used in Tantric Buddhist meditations and rituals. Through May 24. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Seventy manuscripts from the Middle Ages, collected by Pierpont Morgan. Through July 31. . . . ¶ About forty Rembrandt etchings. Through May 12. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—New York stoneware and redware from the past two hundred years. Through June 2. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Erotic paintings and drawings by William Copley, an American Surrealist. Through May 19. A complementary show is at the Onnasch Gallery, 139 Spring St. . . . ¶ A hundred and fifty drawings by Robert Smithson (1938-73), among them studies for Minimal works, nonsites, an airport project, and earthworks. Through June 16. . . . ¶ Monumental fibre-glass sculptures by Walter Redinger, a young Canadian. Through May 12. . . . ¶ Ten abstract paintings and forty drawings by Alan Fenton. Through June 2. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—More than ninety stage and costume designs by the Russian-born Constructivist Alexandra Exter (1882-1949). Through Aug. 10. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Carved wood sculptures by Tonnie Jones, and oils, bronzes, and etchings by Betty Blayton Taylor. Through May 12. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center is *TR* 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos" (in English and German), preceded by Molière's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" (in shortened form and in English). Staged by Gerald Freedman, with the Juilliard Orchestra conducted by Peter Herman Adler. Also taking part will be students of the drama and dance departments. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Thursday through Saturday, May 2-4, at 8, and Sunday, May 5, at 3. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

Bronx Opera Company—Two performances of Mozart's "The Magic Flute," in English, staged by Jack Eddleman, with the Bronx Opera Orchestra conducted by Michael Spierman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday and Saturday, May 10-11, at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center—Pierre Boulez conducting on Friday, May 3, at 2, and Tuesday, May 7, at 7:30 (both with Sol Greitzer, viola; Philip Sterling, narrator; and the Camerata Singers). . . . ¶ Zubin Mehta conducting on Thursday, May 9, at 8:30; Friday, May 10, at 2; Saturday, May 11, at 8:30; and Tuesday, May 14, at 7:30 (all with Bruce Prince-Joseph, organ). . . . **NOTE:** Mr. Boulez will also conduct the orchestra in an informal performance of Varèse's "Ecuatorial" (with the Camerata Singers), as well as discuss, explain, and illustrate Varèse and his music (and answer questions) on Thursday, May 2, at 8:30, at Alice Tully Hall.

Chicago Symphony Orchestra—Georg Solti conducting the final concerts of the season here. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 1, at 8, with Tatiana Troyanos, mezzo-soprano, and Zoltán Kelemen, bass-baritone; and Saturday, May 4, at 8, no soloists).

Orquesta Sinfónica Nacional de México—Gerhard Samuel conducting a program of works by contemporary composers, with Hermilo Novelo, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 2, at 8:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting the final concert (postponed from Nov. 26) of the season here, with Byron Janis, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Monday, May 6, at 8:15.)

Baltimore Symphony Orchestra—Sergiu Comissiona conducting, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 10, at 8.)

Symphony of the New World—Everett Lee conducting the final concert of the season, with Frances Cole, harpsichord, and Edith Clifton, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, May 5, at 3.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss directing a program of eighteenth-century music, with Susan Belling, soprano; David Bender, tenor; Julie Holtzman, piano; the Boehm Quintette; the Collegiate Chorale; the Brooklyn Philharmonia Choral Society; and others. The final concert (postponed from May 4) of the season. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, May 11, from 6 to 10:30.)

Our Bach Concert—Henry Schuman conducting the second of two programs. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 11, at midnight.)

University of Michigan Symphony Band and Men's Glee Club—A joint concert, with George Cavender and Willis Patterson directing. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 9, at 8.)

Metropolitan Greek Chorale—Dino Anagnost directing a program of Greek music. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 4, at 8.)

Oratorio Society of New York—Lyndon Woodside directing, with Eleanor Steber, soprano; Melvin Brown, tenor; and several boy choirs. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, May 6, at 8.)

Mannes Chorus—Richard Westenburg directing. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Tuesday, May 7, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Fourth Lincoln Center International Choral Festival—At Avery Fisher Hall—A series of three concerts by thirteen university choruses (more than five hundred students) from thirteen countries. Wednesday, May 8, at 8:30: Choruses from Poland, Colombia, Sweden, the Philippines, Rumania, the Malagasy Republic, and Austria, plus all the choruses together. . . . ¶ Friday, May 10, at 8:30: Choruses from Yugoslavia, Liberia, Japan, Hungary, Brazil, and the United States, plus all the choruses together. . . . ¶ Sunday, May 12, at 8:30: A gala concert in which all the choruses will sing individually and then join forces under the direction of John Nelson.

RECITALS

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; the Juilliard String Quartet; Walter Trampler, viola; and Charles Wadsworth, piano. The final concert of the season. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 1, at 7:30.)

Composers String Quartet—The last in a series of concerts, this one with Menahem Pressler, piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, May 1, at 8.)

José Iturbi—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Thursday, May 2, at 8.)

Prospective Encounters with Members of the New York Philharmonic—Pierre Boulez conducting the second of two programs of contemporary chamber music, this one (postponed from March 1) with Gerard Schwarz, trumpet. The performance will take place between eight and ten, with periods before and after devoted to "encounters"—possibly even confrontations—between the artists and the audience. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, May 3. For information about tickets, call 799-9595.)

New York Harp Ensemble—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, May 4, at 2:30.)

Zara Nelsova and Grant Johannesen—A program of sonatas for cello and piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, May 4, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—The second of two concerts, this one with Peter Serkin, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 5, at 3.)

Brooks Tillotson—French horn. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, May 5, at 5.)

Chamber Music Society of the American Symphony Orchestra—The last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, May 5, at 8.)

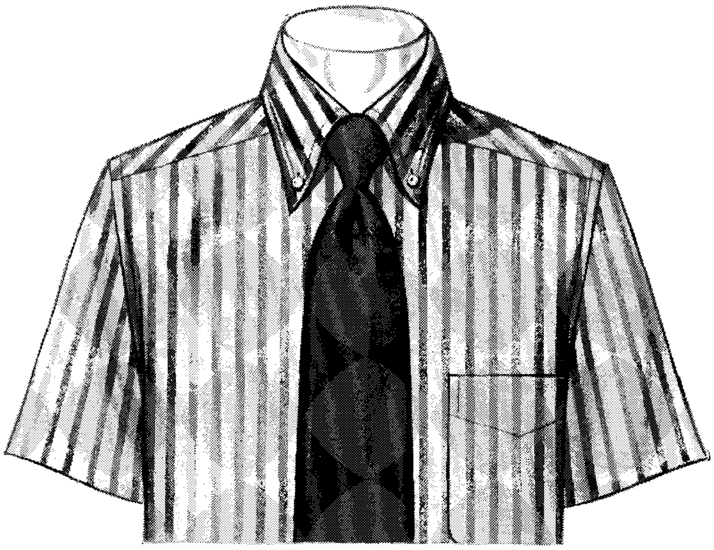
Arnold Schoenberg Centenary Concert—A program of his music performed by Bethany Beardslee, soprano; Robert Helps, piano; and a chamber ensemble conducted by Jacques-Louis Monod. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, May 6, at 8:30.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The second of two programs, this one with Benita Valente, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, May 7, at 8:30.)

Contemporary Music Society—A program of music by Robert Helps, Charles Ives, and Francis Thorne, performed by Helen Boatwright, soprano; Yehudi Wyner and William Masselos, piano; and the Philadelphia Composers Forum, conducted by Joel Thome. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 8, at 8:30.)

André-Michel Schub—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 9, at 8.)

Peter Serkin, Alexander Schneider, Leslie Parnas, and Harold Wright—Piano, violin, cello, and clarinet, in an all-Mozart program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, May 9, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Cleveland Quartet—The last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, May 9, at 8.)

New York Philomusica Chamber Ensemble—The last in a series of concerts of Mozart divertimentos. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, May 10, at 8.)

Judith Raskin—Soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, May 11, at 8.)

Amadeus String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, May 11, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, May 1, at 5:45: JACQUES KAYAL. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 8, at 5:45: WAYLAND FLOWERS.

King Crimson—With Robin Trower. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, May 1, at 8.)

Hot Tuna and Billy Cobham—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Thursday and Friday, May 2-3, at 8 and 11:30. For tickets, call 644-4400.

Rod McKuen—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday and Saturday, May 3-4, at 8.

Sonny Rollins—With Freddie Hubbard. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 3, at 8.)

Genesis—Academy of Music. Saturday and Sunday, May 4-5, at 8.

Quicksilver and Country Joe McDonald—With Barry Melton. (Academy of Music. Saturday, May 4, at midnight.)

Leon Atkinson, Marilyn Hamilton, and Lisle Atkinson—Town Hall. Sunday, May 5, at 1:30.

Phil Woods Quartet—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, May 5, at 3. No tickets necessary.

Lyrics and Lyricists—The last in a series of programs in which lyricists (in this case Alan Jay Lerner) discuss their work, sometimes with the assistance of their professional performing friends. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, May 5, at 8.)

New York Jazz Repertory Company—The ninth in a series of concerts, this one with George Russell, Bill Evans, and the Gary Burton Quartet. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 5, at 8.)

Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons, the Four Tops, and Jay Black & the Americans—Madison Square Garden. Monday, May 6, at 8.

Highlights in Jazz—Odetta, David Amram, Pepper Adama, Jerry Dodgion, Herb Bushler, and Al Harewood. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Monday, May 6, at 8.)

Mott the Hoople—With Queen. (Uris Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesday through Thursday, May 7-9, at 8; Friday, May 10, at 7:30; and Saturday, May 11, at 7:30 and 10:30.)

Latin and Jazz Benefit Concert—Frank Foster, Danny Mixon, Joe Lee Wilson, Candido, Archie Shepp, Stanley Cowell, Billy Taylor, Jimmy Heath, and others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. Thursday, May 9, at 8.)

Eagles and Dan Fogelberg—Academy of Music. Saturday, May 11, at 8.

Firesign Theatre—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 11, at 8.

Country in New York—The last in a series of concerts, this one with Tammy Wynette, George Jones, and others. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, May 11, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—METS: Vs. San Diego, Friday, May 3, at 8:05, and Saturday and Sunday, May 4-5, at 2:15. . . . ¶ San Francisco, Monday through Wednesday, May 6-8, at 8:05. . . . YANKEES: Vs. Oakland, Wednesday, May 1, at 2. . . . ¶ Milwaukee, Friday, May 10, at 8, and Saturday, May 11, at 2.

Professional Basketball—American Basketball Association Championship Playoffs, Nets vs. Utah. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100. Saturday, May 4, at 9, and, if necessary, Friday, May 10, at 9.)

Crew—Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Cambridge. Saturday, May 4.). . . ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (New Haven. Sunday, May 5.). . . ¶ Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass. Saturday, May 11.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup semifinal playoffs: Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, May 2, at 8:05.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 11. The Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, May 4; the Toboggan Handicap, Wednesday, May 8; and the Acorn, Saturday, May 11. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays, except Tuesdays, at 2; through Monday, May 27. . . . CHURCHILL DOWNS, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 4.

Tennis—The opening matches of the World Team Tennis League—New York Sets vs. Hawaii, Tuesday, May 7, at 8. . . . ¶ New York Sets vs. Pittsburgh, Thursday, May 9, at 8. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. For tickets, call 800 243-6363.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, May 18. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 16.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting the final children's concerts of the season. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Saturday, May 4, at 12:10 and 2:30.). . . LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN: "H.M.S. Pinafore," Saturday and Sunday, May 4-5, at 4. . . . ¶ "The Yeomen of the Guard," Saturday, May 11, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

Play—The Meri Mini Players presenting "Alliwishes I. Tickle." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "It's About Time." Starting Tuesday, May 7, there will be a new show, "Jupiter Journey." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

The Great Outdoors—On Sunday, May 5, there will be a conducted tour of the east sixties, sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Meets at Hunter College, Park Ave. between 68th and 69th Sts., at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672. . . . ¶ The New York Flea Market (Sixth Ave. at 25th St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7.

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to sessions of the Economic and Social Council, periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Robert Fitzgerald, John Malcolm Brinnin, and Elizabeth Bishop reading from the works of T. S. Eliot, Dylan Thom-

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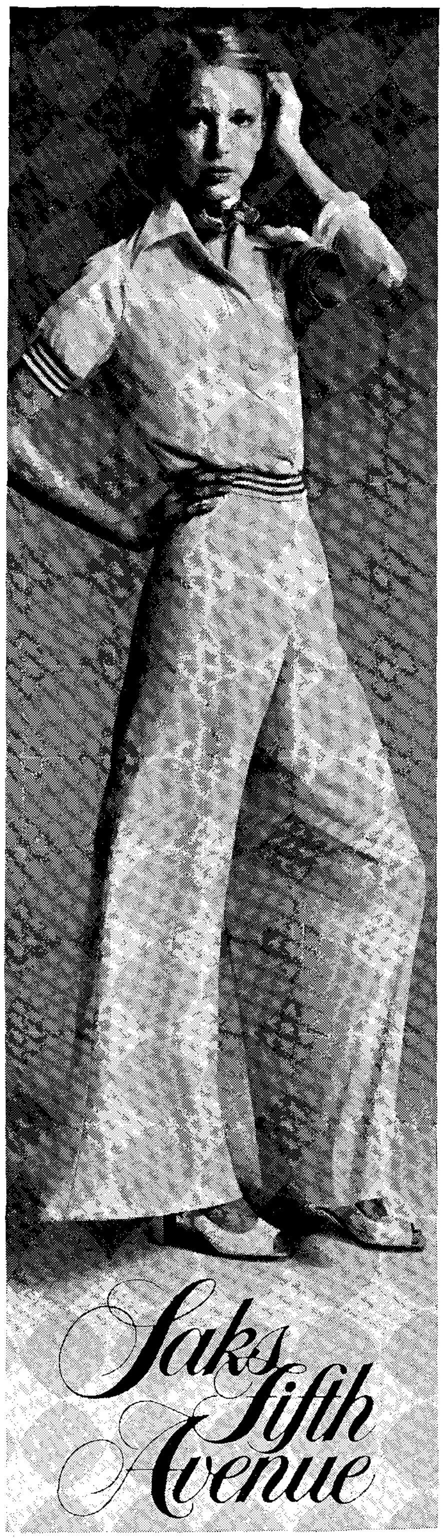

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as, and Marianne Moore. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, May 1, at 7:30.)

AUCTIONS—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, May 1, at 8: Fifty-nine twentieth-century works of art, including five sculptures by Giacometti and one by Brancusi, and paintings by such artists as Picasso, Braque, Léger, and Gris; from the Arnold Maremont Collection. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 2, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings and watercolors by Modigliani, Picasso, and others; from the St. Louis Art Museum, the Norton Simon, Inc., Museum of Art, and other sources. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 2, at 8: Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures by van Gogh, Cézanne, Matisse, Max Ernst, and others; from a variety of owners. . . . ¶ Friday, May 3, at 2: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries; from many sources. . . . ¶ Friday, May 3, at 8, and Saturday, May 4, at 10:15: Paintings by contemporary artists, from a number of collectors. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 4, at 2: Egyptian and Islamic art, from many sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 7, at 10:15 and 2, and Wednesday and Thursday, May 8-9, at 10:15: Chinese Export porcelains, Wedgwood and other English pottery, and English and American glass; from various owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, May 2. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, May 8-9, at 2: Frakturs, embroidered pictures, and Theorem paintings; from the collection of Bernice Chrysler and Edgar William Garbisch. Exhibition starts Friday, May 3.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

AUTO RACE—Indianapolis Speedway race, May 26.

BASEBALL—At Shea Stadium—**METS**: Vs. Montreal, May 17 (night), May 18 (day), and May 19 (day doubleheader). Chicago, May 20-22 (n) and May 23 (d). Yankees, May 30 (benefit exhibition night game). Houston, May 31 (n) and June 1-2 (d). Cincinnati, June 3-4 (n) and June 6 (d). . . . **YANKEES**: vs. Milwaukee, May 12 (day doubleheader). Detroit, May 14 (night) and May 15 (day). Baltimore, May 24 (n), May 25 (d), and May 26 (day doubleheader). Chicago, May 27 (d), May 28 (n), and May 29 (d). Minnesota, June 7 (n) and June 8-9 (d). California, June 10-11 (n) and June 12 (d).

CREW—Yale-Harvard Regatta. (Cambridge. May 18.) . . . ¶ Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. May 29-June 1.)

MOTORBOAT RACING—President's Cup Regatta. (Washington, D.C. June 9.)

RACING—At **BELMONT**: May 13-June 22. The Belmont, June 8. . . . **PIMLICO**, Baltimore: The Preakness, May 18. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: May 29-Aug. 24. . . . **EPSOM**, England: The Derby, June 5.

TRACK MEET—World Pro Track Indoor Championships. (Madison Square Garden. May 29.)

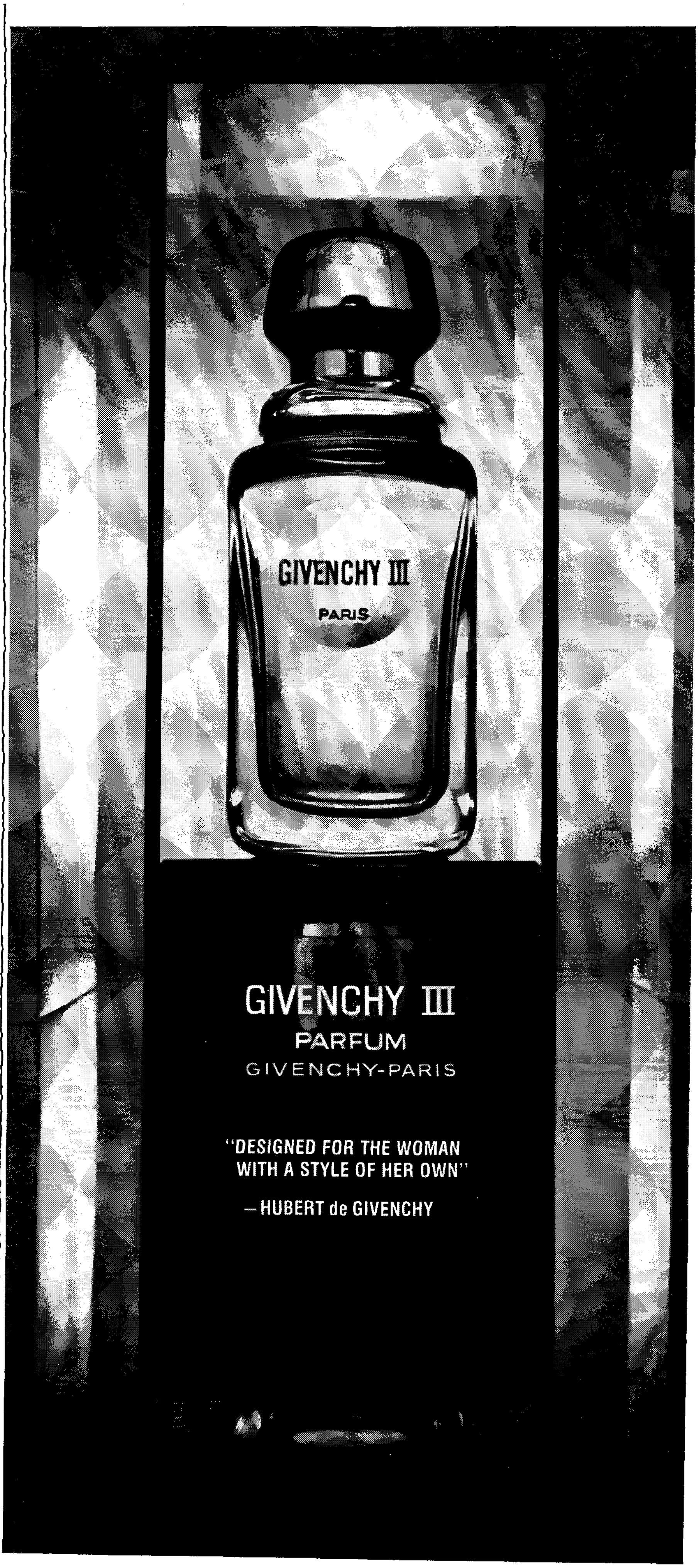
TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: May 20-July 20.

YACHTING—New York Yacht Club Regatta. (Long Island Sound. June 1-2.)

MUSIC—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (799-4420): A special three-week season, May 27-June 15. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL**, Lincoln Center (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic's regular season continues through May 18, to be followed by a three-week season of "Promenades," running from May 22 to June 8. . . . ¶ New York Choral Society, May 17. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7459): Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra, May 19. . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): The Waverly Consort, May 13. . . . **HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL** (535-5350): Itzhak Perlman, violin, May 18.

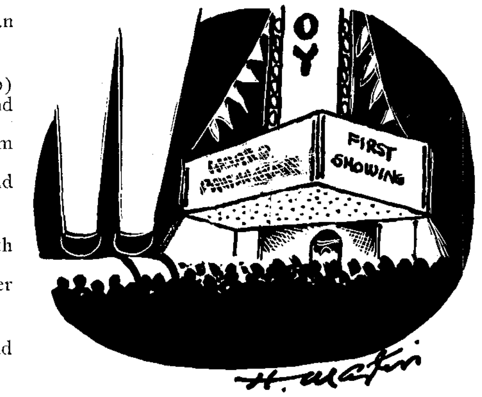
DANCE—Alvin Ailey Dance Theatre, at City Center, May 14-June 2

OTHER DATES—May Garden Show, at the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St., May 15. . . . ¶ Armed Forces Day is Saturday, May 18. . . . ¶ Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, May 24-June 9. . . . ¶ Memorial Day is Monday, May 27. . . . ¶ United Nations Trusteeship Council meeting, June 3-25. . . . ¶ Second-quarter federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Saturday, June 15, but you can squeeze by on Monday, June 17.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through May 5: "The Three Musketeers."
May 6-7: "Lost in the Stars" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From May 8: "The Three Musketeers."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through May 4: "Tarnished Lady" and "Zaza."
May 5-7: "The Big Pond" and "I Met Him in Paris."
From May 8: "Becky Sharp" and "Pride and Prejudice."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through May 7: "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe" and "Visions of Eight."
From May 8: "Magnum Force" and another feature, to be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through May 7: "A Touch of Class" and "Carnal Knowledge."
From May 8: "Rainbow Bridge."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 5: "Blazing Saddles."
May 6-7: "Lost in the Stars" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From May 8: "Blazing Saddles."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Sting."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through May 7: "The Spikes Gang."
From May 8: To be announced.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Spikes Gang."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Our Time."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Conrack."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Claudine."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Exorcist."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Lords of Flatbush."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Conversation."

East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Blazing Saddles."

East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Last Detail."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through May 5: "A Touch of Class" and "Paper Moon."
May 6-7: "Lost in the Stars" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From May 8: "Rainbow Bridge." (On Wednesday, May 8, at 8, the theatre will be turned over to a performance of "Lost in the Stars.")

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Exorcist."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Sugarland Express."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
May 1: "Attica."
May 2-8: A program of three short documentary films.
From May 9: "The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Three Musketeers."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The House on Chelouche Street."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Badlands."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Lovin' Molly."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Great Gatsby."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 5: "The Seven-Ups."
May 6-7: "Lost in the Stars" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From May 8: "A Touch of Class."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through May 7: "The Spikes Gang."
From May 8: To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through May 7: "The Three Musketeers."
From May 8: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through May 5: "Blazing Saddles."
May 6-7: "Lost in the Stars" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From May 8: "Blazing Saddles."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through May 5: "The Sting."
May 6-7: "Lost in the Stars" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From May 8: "The Sting."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Great Gatsby."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Conrack."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Super Cops."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Thomasine & Bushrod."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Foxy Brown."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through May 5: To be announced.
May 6-7: "Lost in the Stars" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From May 8: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Sleeper" and "Bananas."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through May 7: "The Last Detail."
From May 8: "Long Day's Journey Into Night."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through May 5: "Blazing Saddles."
May 6-7: "Lost in the Stars." (American Film Theatre subscription series.)
From May 8: "Blazing Saddles."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through May 7 at one or another of the theatres: "A Night at the Opera" and "A Day at the Races"/"Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams" and "The Way We Were"/"A Touch of Class" and "Women in Love."... ¶ Through May 4: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" and "Murder."... ¶ May 5-7: "Saboteur" and "Frenzy."
From May 8: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
"Freaks" and "Fellini Satyricon."

23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through May 5: "Don't Look Now" and "Bang the Drum Slowly."
May 6-7: "Lost in the Stars" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From May 8: "Walking Tall."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through May 5: "The Three Musketeers."
May 6-8: "Lost in the Stars" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From May 9: "The Three Musketeers."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Mame."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through May 5: "Ladies and Gentlemen, The Rolling Stones."
May 6-7: "Lost in the Stars" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From May 8: To be announced.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through May 7: "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams" and "The Way We Were."
From May 8: "Kazablan."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through May 5: "Blazing Saddles."
May 6-7: "Lost in the Stars" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From May 8: "Blazing Saddles."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Love and Anarchy."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
May 1: "The Touch" and "The Stranger."
May 2-3: "Psycho" and "The Birds."
May 4-5: "Platinum Blonde" and "Gilda."
May 6-8: A program of Czech films, of various lengths, with English subtitles, sometimes accompanied by discussions or lectures. As for the schedule, our best advice is to phone the theatre.
From May 9: "Frenzy" and "Shadow of a Doubt."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Exorcist."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Great Gatsby."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
May 1: "The Saga of Anatahan."
May 2-4: "Trail of Blood, Part I" and "Sanjuro."
May 5-6: "Onibaba."
May 7: "Face of Another" and "Summer Soldiers."
May 8-9: "Samurai, Parts I and II."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through May 7: "Don't Look Now" and "Bang the Drum Slowly."
From May 8: "Walking Tall."

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
May 1: "The Three Musketeers."
From May 2: To be announced.

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through May 5: "Blazing Saddles."
May 6-7: "Lost in the Stars" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From May 8: "Blazing Saddles."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through May 5: "Notorious" and "Rebecca."
May 6-8: "Lost in the Stars" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From May 9: "Spellbound" and "The Paradine Case."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"The Sting."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through May 7: "Don't Look Now" and "Bang the Drum Slowly."
From May 8: "A Touch of Class" and "The Nightcomers."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through May 4: "Duck Soup" and "Horsefeathers."
May 5-7: "The Cocoanuts" and "Monkey Business."
From May 8: "Serpico" and "Bang the Drum Slowly."

Note—A few specialist film houses: **FILM FORUM**, 256 W. 88th. (362-0503): Films made by independent *cinéastes*. At 8, Thursdays through Sundays. . . . **PAGODA**, 11 East Broadway. (964-1825): Chinese films, with English subtitles. Daily.

FILM LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—May 1 at 5:30: "The Last Days of Pompeii" (1926), an Italian film, directed by Carmine Gallone and Amleto Polermo; no English titles. . . . ¶ May 2 at 5:30: "The Cock-Eyed World" (1929), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe. . . . ¶ May 2 at 8: "What Price

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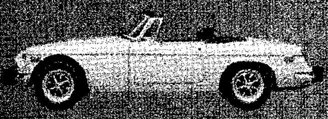

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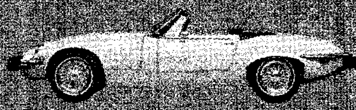

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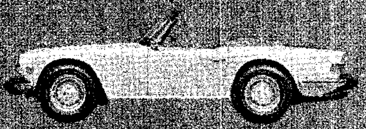

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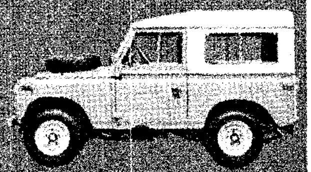

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Glory?" (1926), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe, and Dolores Del Rio. . . . ¶ May 3 at 2: "The Thief of Bagdad" (1924), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Douglas Fairbanks and Anna May Wong. . . . ¶ May 3 at 5:30 and May 4 at noon: A program of films made before 1900. . . . ¶ May 4 at 3: "Women of All Nations" (1931), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe. . . . ¶ May 4 at 5:30: "The Cock-Eyed World" (1929). . . . ¶ May 5 at 12:30 and 3: "Big Business" (1929), with Laurel and Hardy; "Cops" (1922), with Buster Keaton; and "The Adventurer" (1917), with Charlie Chaplin. . . . ¶ May 5 at 5:30: "What Price Glory?" (1926). . . . ¶ May 6 at 2: "Women of All Nations" (1931). . . . ¶ May 6 at 5:30: "The Man Who Came Back" (1931), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. . . . ¶ May 7 at 2: "Thanks for Everything" (1938), directed by William Seiter, with Adolphe Menjou and Jack Oakie. . . . ¶ May 7 at 5:30: "The Big Trail" (1930), directed by Raoul Walsh, with John Wayne. . . . ¶ May 8 at 5:30: "Thanks for Everything" (1938). . . . ¶ May 9 at 5:30: "The Yellow Ticket" (1931), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Elissa Landi, Lionel Barrymore, and Laurence Olivier. . . . ¶ May 9 at 8: "Wild Girl" (1932), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Charles Farrell and Joan Bennett. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—May 1 at 2 and 4: "The Epic That Never Was" (1969), a documentary of the unfinished film "I, Claudius," with Charles Laughton, Josef von Sternberg, and Merle Oberon. . . . ¶ May 2 at 3 and 6: "The Sign of the Cross" (1932), directed by Cecil B. De Mille, with Claudette Colbert, Fredric March, and Charles Laughton. . . . ¶ May 3 at 5 and 7:30: "Cluny Brown" (1946), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Charles Boyer and Jennifer Jones. . . . ¶ May 4-5 at 2 and 4: "The Private Life of Henry VIII" (1933), directed by Alexander Korda, with Charles Laughton. . . . ¶ May 8 at 2 and 4: "Island of Lost Souls" (1933), directed by Erle C. Kenton, with Charles Laughton. . . . ¶ May 9 at 3 and 6: "Advise and Consent" (1962), directed by Otto Preminger, with Henry Fonda and Charles Laughton. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—May 1: "Third World Films," a program of three short films. . . . ¶ May 2-8: "The Baddest Daddy in the World," directed by Fred Haines; and "Chisholm: Pursuing the Dream," directed by Robert Denby and Tom Werner. . . . ¶ Starting May 9: "Erotic Cinema," a program of seven short films. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday evenings); on May 9 at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30. Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Attica—An aching, precise study in a calm mood, produced, directed, and edited by Cinda Firestone, about the terrible days of waiting at Attica State Prison between September 9 and 13, 1971, which ended in a massacre of twenty-nine inmates and ten of their hostages by state troopers. At the later McKay Commission hearings—represented by footage cut into the documentary record of the days of the Attica rising itself—the government showed itself guilty of malfeasance and duplicity, yet all sixty-one of the indictments were against the *prisoners*. The picture is a study of public rumor and prisoners' just grievances, lit by the amazing and commodious eloquence of the prisoners. Not a horror film. See it. (Reviewed in these pages 4/15/74.) (First Avenue Screening Room; May 1.)

Badlands—Probably we've all seen those convicted killers in prison documentaries on TV who sound uninvolved and mechanical when they talk about their crimes; Terence Malick's début picture extends that uninvolvement to the whole culture. Set at the end of the fifties, it's about an emotionless young killer (Martin Sheen) and his fifteen-year-old girl friend (Sissy Spacek), whose killing spree starts in South Dakota. The young lovers are psychologically aberrant and yet just like everybody else; their moral vacuum is spreading over the flat, dead landscape. Malick appears to be saying that mass-culture banality is killing our souls and making everybody affectless, but his detached tone puts the viewer in the ugly position of feeling culturally superior to the people on the screen. An intellectualized movie—shrewd and artful, carefully styled to sustain its low-key view of dissociation. It's like a brilliant student's Ph.D. thesis; the picture is so preconceived that there's nothing left to respond to. (3/18/74) (Beekman.)

Bananas (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny. (8th St. Playhouse.)

Bang the Drum Slowly—A fictional story with very good, offhand dialogue by Mark Harris (based on his own novel), about an ace pitcher locked in alliance to a dumb catcher, dying of Hodgkin's disease, whom he once hated for slow-wittedness. Directed by John Hancock, with Michael Moriarty as the pitcher, and Robert De Niro as the doomed catcher. (9/10/73) (23rd St. Cinema; through May 5. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St., and Thalia; through May 7. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting May 8.)

Becky Sharp (1935)—More famous for its color design and its experimental use of Technicolor than for its dramatic qualities. Rouben Mamoulian directed this only intermittently compelling version of "Vanity Fair." Miriam Hopkins is the naughty witch herself, and the cast includes Frances Dee, Cedric Hardwicke, Alison Skipworth, Nigel Bruce, and Billie Burke. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting May 8.)

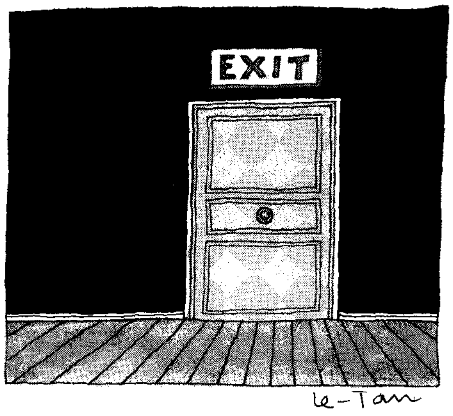
The Big Pond (1930)—The pond is the Atlantic, and in this musical starring Maurice Chevalier he's a Frenchman whose intentions are often misunderstood in the United States, particularly by George Barbier, the rich, chewing-gum-manufacturer father of the girl he loves (Claudette Colbert). Preston Sturges did the rewrite job on the 1928 Broadway play, but the script isn't memorable. The film is remembered chiefly for the charming songs that Chevalier introduced, especially "You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me" and "Livin' in the Sunlight, Lovin' in the Moonlight." Hobart Henley directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 5-7.)

The Birds (1963)—Some of the special effects are amusing, and a few are perverse and frightening, but the effects took over in this Hitchcock scare picture, and he failed to make the plot situations convincing. The script (by Evan Hunter) is weak, and the acting is so awkward that often one doesn't know how to take the characters. With Rod Taylor, Tippi Hedren, Suzanne Pleshette, and Jessica Tandy. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 2-3.)

Blazing Saddles—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem as much as they can from the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (2/18/74) (East 59th Street I. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, Playboy, and Loews 83rd St. No performances May 6-7.)

Carnal Knowledge (1971)—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects. In Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Cinema Village; through May 7.)

Claudine—A Harlem love story that would reflect a sophisticated, knowing exhaustion if it concerned whites, but holds stamina, good humor, and cheek in the face of the nearly impossible, because it is played, and mostly made, by blacks. A mother on welfare (Diahann Carroll) with six children is loved by a garbage man called Roop (James Earl Jones), himself supporting three abandoned children. James Earl Jones plays the character with an endearing mixture of romance, cowardice, and natural sexiness about his beautiful but obstinate catch of a girl. There is a wheeling final scene about the white-rules game of welfare, in which the underprivileged are always the losers unless they use craft and a particularly black sort of risk-taking to the limits of anyone's wits. Made by Third World Cinema people, produced by Hannah Weinstein, directed by John Berry, written by Tina and Lester Pine. (4/29/74) (Fine Arts.)

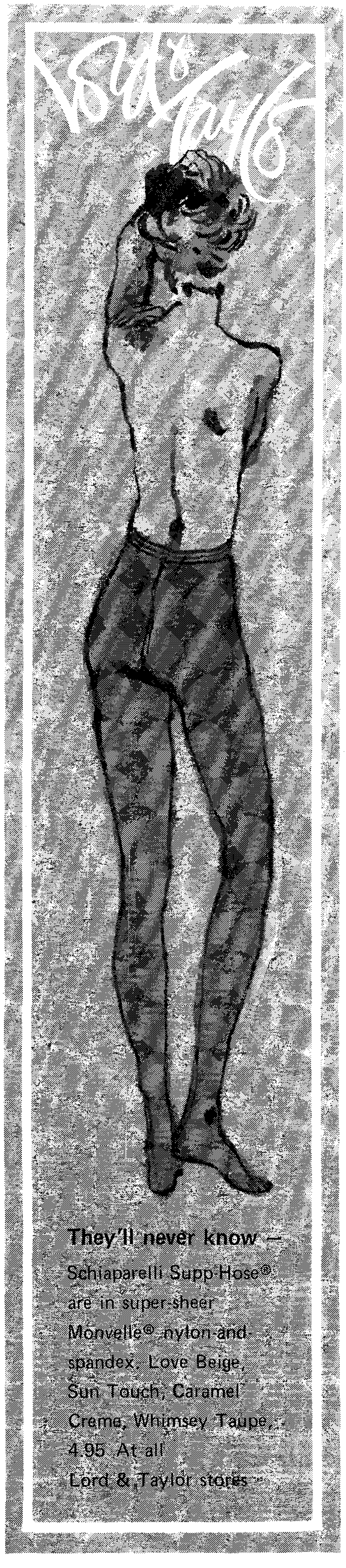


The Cocoanuts (1929)—The Marx Brothers' first feature, shot in a studio on Long Island, is a transcription of their Broadway musical-comedy hit about the land boom in Florida. With Kay Francis in her then daring mannish hairdo, Margaret Dumont in lace dresses and floppy hats, and a pair of forgettable singing lovers. Written by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; songs by Irving Berlin. (Olympia; May 5-7.)

Conrack—Jon Voight finally gets a chance to loosen up on the screen, and in a true starring role. He plays a ribald, freewheeling teacher who tries to wake up a bunch of whipped black kids and wakes up the school authorities, who fire him. Based on "The Water Is Wide," by Pat Conroy, a young Southerner's account of what he went through in his year of teaching on an island off the South Carolina coast, the picture takes its mood from Voight's roller-coaster performance. It has the airy feeling of the teacher's improvising nature, of his impatience and his bursting through restraints. Martin Ritt directed, in a more comic vein than in "Sounder," but with some of the same talent for bringing out black performers. Madge Sinclair plays a black principal who is obstinately strong and more than a match for the hero. The picture is a lively, touching fable about an unrepressed man fighting a slowly dying system of repression; it has a bounding spirit. (3/11/74) (Trans-Lux East, and Loews Ciné.)

The Conversation—Written and directed by Francis Ford Coppola. The freezing case history of a wiretapping-and-bugging expert, wonderfully played by Gene Hackman as a man with a dropped jaw and an uptight soul, riddled with Catholic guilt and depleted by continual secrecy and self-deception. The expert is a hermetic character who protects his threadbare sanity by allowing himself no sense of consequence. A terrifying picture of a ransacked spirit. (4/15/74) (Coronet.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers in a sort of morning-after to "A Night at the Opera." It has something to do with a sanatorium, a group of bankers, a blond siren, and a steeplechase. Groucho is Hugo Z. Hackenbush, a horse doctor posing as a fash-



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ionable neurologist. ("Either this man is dead or my watch has stopped.") He shuffles off with the picture. The cast includes Margaret Dumont, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Allan Jones; the teen-age Dorothy Dandridge may be glimpsed among the kids in the "All God's Chillun Got Rhythm" number. Sam Wood directed. (Quad Cinema; through May 7.)

Don't Look Now—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland work together wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicholas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture represents the new high-fashion gothic sensibility. (12/24/73) (23rd St. Cinema; through May 5. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St., and Thalia; through May 7.)

Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers in their greatest movie—a semi-surrealist farce about war. With Margaret Dumont, Edgar Kennedy, Louis Calhern. The unsentimental screenplay is by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, who also did the songs. Directed by Leo McCarey. (Olympia; through May 4.)

The Exorcist—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means: levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in priests' faces. A viewer can become glumly anesthetized by the brackish color and the senseless ugliness of the conception; neither the producer-writer, William Peter Blatty, nor the director, William Friedkin, shows any feeling for the little girl's helplessness and suffering, or for her mother's. It is religious people who should be most offended by this movie. It would be sheer insanity to take children. (1/7/74) (Plaza, Cinema I, and Paris.)

Face of Another (1966)—With Tatsuya Nakadai, directed by Hiroshi Teshigahara. In Japanese. (Regency; May 7.)

Fellini Satyricon (1970)—Fellini, basking in sin, in the De Mille godlessness-is-lawlessness tradition. The fresco effect of the film becomes monotonous, as if his phantasmagoria of the pagan world were a stage panorama set on a treadmill. In Italian. (Elgin.)

Foxy Brown—With Pam Grier and Peter Brown, directed by Jack Hill. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Freaks (1932)—The original ads quoted Louella Parsons, who said, "For pure sensationalism 'Freaks' tops any picture yet produced." She wasn't far off, and it's still a shocker. Though this circus story, directed by Tod Browning, is superficially sympathetic to the maimed and the mindless that it features, it uses images of physical deformity for their enormous potential of horror, and at the end, when the pinheads and the armless and legless creatures scurry about to revenge themselves on a normal woman (Olga Baclanova), the film becomes a true nightmare. If this film were a silent it might be harder to shake off, but the naïve, sentimental talk helps us keep our distance. With Leila Hyams and Wallace Ford. (Elgin.)

Frenzy (1972)—Hitchcock working in England for the first time since the remake of "The Man Who Knew Too Much." A story about a fruit merchant from Covent Garden and a sacked barman, both suspected of a series of rapes and necktie murders, which are made less gruesome by Hitchcock's belief that there is all the difference in the world between surprise and suspense. This is Hitch in his old form, working with a first-rate cast of British actors virtually unknown outside their own country (including Barry Foster, Jon Finch, Anna Massey, and Barbara Leigh-Hunt). Vivien Merchant is detective Alec McCowen's wife, full of feminine intuition. (Quad Cinema; May 5-7. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; starting May 9.)

Gilda (1946)—The story is turgid, melodramatic nonsense, but Rita Hayworth is at her most sexy-masochistic, and does that marvellous fully dressed striptease as she sings "Put the Blame on Mame." With Glenn Ford and George Macready. Charles Vidor directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 4-5.)

The Great Gatsby—F. Scott Fitzgerald's short masterpiece turned into a slow, stately, two-and-a-half-hour movie, directed by Jack Clayton and photographed by Douglas Slocombe. Overuse of tracking shots, redundant dialogue, and too many Charlestons did the mysterious lengthening trick. Daisy is finely played as a creature of beautiful, aerial selfishness and apparent simplicity by Mia Farrow, with a voice that whispers like a bird on the lawn in the Fitzgerald Long Island summer. Her best performance so far. The first-person narrative is transformed into voice-over comment by the character of the observant Nick (Sam Waterston, a good actor, wonderfully picked by Clayton); but the first-person technique works better in novels than in the movies. The small-part casting is first-rate. So is the sensibility. One mostly misses Scott Fitzgerald's terseness. Bruce Dern as Tom Buchanan is very good. Robert Redford as the pining, mysteriously rich Gatsby is a bit Ivy League. Script by Francis Ford Coppola. (4/1/74) (Loews Tower East, and Loews Orpheum. . . . ¶ Paramount. Sundays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Reserved performances—not seats—only.)

Horsefeathers (1932)—The Marx Brothers in one of their best comedies. The setting is academic, and Thelma Todd is the college widow to whom Groucho sings "Everyone Says 'I Love You.'" (Olympia; through May 4.)

The House on Chelouche Street—With Gila Almagor, directed by Moshe Mizrahi. In Hebrew. (Columbia II.)

I Met Him in Paris (1937)—Claudette Colbert picks up Melvyn Douglas and Robert Young in Paris, travels to Switzerland with them, and falls in love with the wrong one. Simple-minded, predictable romantic comedy, with Colbert panicking on skis and getting tossed into snowbanks. Wesley Ruggles directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 5-7.)

Kazablan—An Israeli musical, directed by Menahem Golan. (Festival; starting May 8.)

Ladies and Gentlemen, The Rolling Stones—A concert on film. (Ziegfeld; through May 5.)

The Last Detail—About three seamen. Dissipated sentimentalist Jack Nicholson and Otis Young are dispatched to take a morose eighteen-year-old (Randy Quaid) from the brig in Norfolk, Virginia, to the naval prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The movie is the record of their dallying, beer-soaked journey and of their self-discoveries en route. It is distinguished by the fine performances of Nicholson and Quaid, and by well-orchestrated profane dialogue, but visually it is relentlessly lower-depths gloomy, and the material, though often very funny, is programmed to wrench your heart. It's about the blasted lives of people who discover their humanity too late. Hal Ashby directed; adapted from Darryl Ponicsan's book by Robert Towne. (2/11/74) (East 59th Street II. . . . ¶ 5th Ave. Cinema; through May 7.)

The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir (1969)—With Jeanne Moreau, Françoise Arnoul, and Fernand Sardou, directed by M. Renoir. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (First Avenue Screening Room; starting May 9.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night (1962)—The best film ever made from an O'Neill play, and it's his most exalted, his greatest play—one that takes an American family to mythic heights. Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson, Jason Robards, and Dean Stockwell are the quartet. Sidney Lumet directed; Boris Kaufman did the cinematography. For all, a text from Nietzsche may suffice: "In praise there is often more obtrusiveness than in blame." (5th Ave. Cinema; starting May 8.)

The Lords of Flatbush—Directed by Stephen F. Verona and Martin Davidson. (Baronet.)

Lost in the Stars—From the musical play by Maxwell Anderson and Kurt Weill based on Alan Paton's novel "Cry, the Beloved Country." The eighth presentation (and final one for this season) in the American Film Theatre series (primarily subscription). With Brock Peters, Melba Moore, and Raymond St. Jacques, directed by Daniel Mann. The film will be shown on May 6 and 7 only, at 2 and 8, at the Art, Gramercy, 72nd Street East, Trans-Lux 85th St., U.A. East, Waverly, Greenwich, 23rd St. Cinema, Ziegfeld, Playboy, and Loews 83rd St.; May 6-8, at 2 and 8, at the Guild, and New Yorker; and May 6-7, at 2 and 8, and May 8, at 8, at the Ciné Malibu. Some extra tickets may be available at certain theatres; for information call 489-8820.

Love and Anarchy—With Giancarlo Giannini, directed by Lina Wertmuller. In Italian. (Little Carnegie.)

Lovin' Molly—Woman as Earth Mother. Produced and written by Stephen Friedman from a much more coherently motivated novel by Larry McMurtry. Beau Bridges is fine as one of Molly's two lifelong lovers; he ages believably and looks right in the Texas landscape. As Molly, Blythe Danner's hair-aging jobs to take her through the years are a fright, like everyone's skin-wrinkling make-up in the cast. Anthony Perkins, that subtle actor, looks rather elfin and urban when he is struggling with a plow. Simply directed by Sidney Lumet, with flashes here and there of his usual feeling for community, though you wish for more. (4/22/74) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Magnum Force—The bloody, brutal sequel to "Dirty Harry." This time, Clint Eastwood doesn't speak for vigilante justice, and he slaughters those who do. But he's the same emotionless hero, who lives and kills as affectlessly as a psychopathic personality. The setting is San Francisco, but, as in the spaghetti Westerns, Eastwood's gun power makes him the hero of a totally nihilistic dream world. Ted Post's direction is mediocre; the script by John Milius and Michael Cimino is cheaply effective. (1/14/74) (St. Marks Cinema; starting May 8.)

Mame—A slapstick musical so terrible it isn't boring; you can get fixated staring at it and wondering what exactly Lucille Ball thought she was doing. At the end, there's a reprise of the various scenes the viewer has just witnessed of the star hugging people; this may be the first hug collage in movie history and—if God is good—the last. Gene Saks directed; Onna White choreographed. (3/11/74) (Music Hall.)

The Man Who Knew Too Much (1935)—Hitchcock remade this thriller about a kidnapping and an attempted political assassination in color in 1955, starring James Stewart and Doris Day; this first version, which features Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre (it was Lorre's début in English-language films), has Hitchcock's ingenuity and flair and his sneaky wit. The best scenes—especially an assassination attempt at Royal Albert Hall—are stunning, but he seems sloppily indifferent about the unconvincing material in between the tricks and jokes—a fault that persisted in the later, stodgier version. Nova Pilbeam plays the kidnapped child. (Quad Cinema; through May 4.)

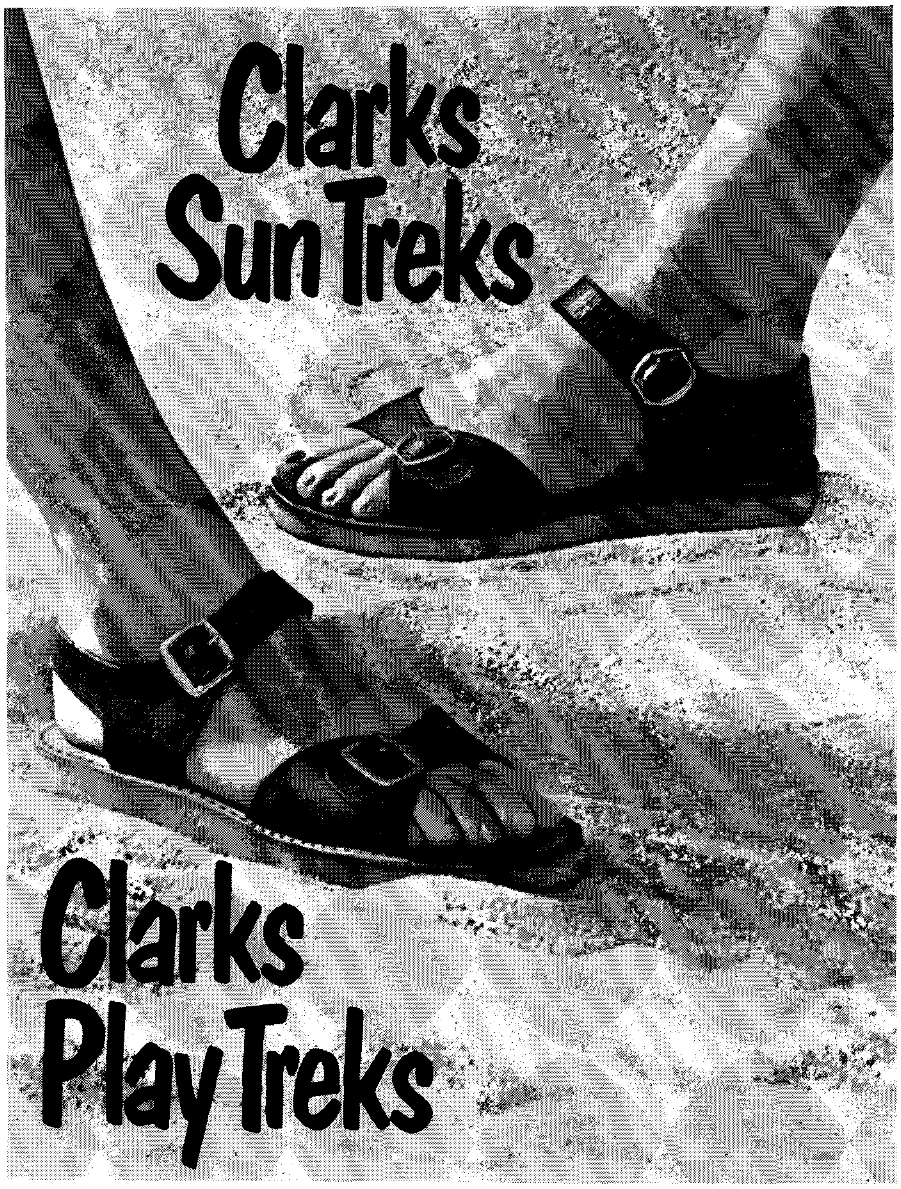
Monkey Business (1931)—The four Marx Brothers as anarchic stowaways on an ocean liner who get involved with bootleggers and Thelma Todd. The first of their films written directly for the screen (by S. J. Perelman and others). Norman McLeod directed this heavenly, corny nonsense. (Olympia; May 5-7.)

Murder (1930)—A rarely seen, handsomely designed early Hitchcock whodunit set among theatre people; not in the class of his mid-thirties work, but with inventive tricks. Herbert Marshall (in his first talking picture) is a fancy big-time actor serving on a jury; convinced of the innocence of the young actress (Norah Baring) who is on trial for murder, he tries to solve the case in order to save her life. There are some snobbish bits that appear to be ridicule of the "lower orders"—apparently, these are the unfortunate results of attempts at improvisation. Hitchcock experimented with a stream-of-consciousness monologue, and there's a tricky sequence in which Marshall listens to "Tristan" on the radio while he shaves. The actual murderer turns out to be a transvestite—"daring" at the time, but all too familiar a scapegoat now. (Quad Cinema; through May 4.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers, doing to "Il Trovatore" what should be done to "Il Trovatore." Wonderful. (Quad Cinema; through May 7.)

The Nightcomers (1972)—Ingenious but literal-minded prelude to Henry James' "The Turn of the Screw," showing how Peter Quint (Marlon Brando) and Miss Jessel (Stephanie Beacham) corrupted the children. Quite well done—both Brando and Miss Beacham are very fine—yet pointless, since it is neither effective as a horror story nor as a psychological study. It leaves the viewer cold. Michael Winner directed, from a script by Michael Hastings. (Thalia; starting May 8.)

Notorious (1946)—Alfred Hitchcock's amatory thriller stars Ingrid Bergman as the daughter of a Nazi, a shady lady who trades



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secrets and all sorts of things with American agent Cary Grant. The suspense is terrific: *will* suspicious, passive Grant succeed in making Bergman seduce him, or will he take over? The honor of the American male is saved by a hairbreadth, but Bergman is literally ravishing in what is probably her sexiest performance. With Claude Rains, Louis Calhern, Madame Konstantin; script by Ben Hecht. Great trash, great fun. (New Yorker; through May 5.)

Onibaba (1963)—With Nobuko Otowa, directed by Kaneto Shindo. In Japanese. (Regency; May 5-6.)

Our Time—From an overprotected script by Jane C. Stanton, aged twenty-six, about a swanky girls' boarding school full of incredibly euphemistic and ignorant seventeen-year-olds who whisper about sex as though it were some kind of strictly forbidden Sanskrit. License ends in disaster, and so this story of 1955, which was certainly meant to be a piece of lyrical/tragical propaganda for legal abortion, finishes up meaning hellfire for those who, in the film's words, "go all the way." Directed by Peter Hyams, with a beauty named Pamela Sue Martin as Abby, born lucky, and Betsy Slade as Muffy, a plain Jane whose plastic barrettes define something about her hopelessness about herself. (Sutton.)

Paper Moon (1973)—Peter Bogdanovich directs a wet story about a chumming-up between Ryan O'Neal, as a con man who victimizes new widows, and an eleven-year-old tomboy, played by the actor's real-life daughter, Tatum O'Neal. (5/26/73) (Ciné Malibu; through May 5.)

The Paradine Case (1948)—There are few thrills in this big, misconceived courtroom thriller, directed by Hitchcock and ornately produced by David O. Selznick. Alida Valli, at the center, is surrounded by Gregory Peck, Charles Laughton, Ann Todd, Ethel Barrymore, Louis Jourdan, Charles Coburn, and Leo G. Carroll. The characters and their problems don't make much imprint on a viewer; if you can't remember whether you've seen the picture or not, chances are that you did and forgot it. (New Yorker; starting May 9.)

Platinum Blonde (1931)—Frank Capra's early talkie about a glib newspaper reporter (Robert Williams) who marries an aristocratic heiress (Jean Harlow, ludicrously miscast but fun to watch anyway). Almost a catalogue of the movie conventions of the period, complete to an effete valet (Claude Allister) and a comic butler (Halliwell Hobbes). The film's considerable attractions include Robert Riskin's uninhibited dialogue and ravishing Loretta Young, who, as a tough-minded girl reporter (prototype of the later Jean Arthur roles), is a natural aristocrat. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 4-5.)

Pride and Prejudice (1940)—This literate movie is a faithful transcription of Jane Austen's sparkling comedy of manners, adapted by Aldous Huxley and Jane Murfin. But when Jane Austen's characters are brought to life, everything is changed. Animated and bouncing, the movie is more Dickens than Austen; once one adjusts to this, it's a happy and carefree viewing experience. The movie belongs to Laurence Olivier, who plays Darcy, and to that great old dragon Edna May Oliver, as Lady Catherine. Greer Garson is Elizabeth Bennet, and she is not as disgustingly phony as she became later. She's effective and has nice diction, though she's arch and incapable of subtlety, and a viewer can get weary watching that eyebrow that goes up like the gold curtain at the old Met. The cast includes Mary Boland, Edmund Gwenn, Melville Cooper, and a batch of girls in overstarched dresses (Marsha Hunt, Maureen O'Sullivan, Karen Morley, Ann Rutherford, Heather Angel), and a villainous Frieda Inescort, of the slurpy voice. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting May 8.)

Psycho (1960)—The Hitchcock thriller with Janet Leigh getting stabbed in the shower and Anthony Perkins with a fly on his nose. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 2-3.)

Rainbow Bridge—Directed by Chuck Wein. (Cinema Village; starting May 8. . . . ¶ Ciné Malibu; starting May 8. No evening performance on Wednesday, May 8, at 8.)

Rebecca (1940)—Magnificent romantic-gothic corn, full of Alfred Hitchcock's humor and inventiveness. It features one of Laurence Olivier's rare poor performances, but even when he's bad he's more fascinating than most actors. With Joan Fontaine, giving one of her rare good performances, and Judith Anderson (as Mrs. Danvers), George Sanders, Florence Bates—all three in superb form. From Daphne du Maurier's novel. Academy Award as best picture of 1940. (New Yorker; through May 5.)

Saboteur (1942)—A mixed-up and overloaded American spy thriller by Alfred Hitchcock, with the unengaging Robert Cummings in the lead (and an unappealing cast featuring Priscilla Lane and Otto Kruger). Nothing holds together, but there are still enough scary sequences to make the picture entertaining. (Quad Cinema; May 5-7.)

The Saga of Anatahan (1952)—Directed by Josef von Sternberg. In Japanese. (Regency; May 1.)

Samurai—With Toshiro Mifune, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki. In Japanese. Part I: "The Legend of Musashi" (1954), and Part II: "Duel at Ichijoji Temple" (1956). (Regency; May 8-9.)

Sanjuro (1963)—Toshiro Mifune as the fastest sword in the East, in a mocking melodrama directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Regency; May 2-4.)

Serpico—Al Pacino as Frank Serpico, the New York City policeman whose incorruptibility alienated him from his fellow-officers and turned him into a messianic hippie freak. The theme is richly comic, and the film is great fun, but it sacrifices Serpico's story—one of the rare hopeful stories of our time—for a cynical, downbeat finish. Norman Wexler (who wrote "Joe") is responsible for most of the rude, hip humor; Sidney Lumet directed, sloppily but effectively. (12/17/73) (Olympia; starting May 8.)

The Seven-Ups—With Roy Scheider, directed by Philip D'Antoni. (72nd Street East; through May 5.)

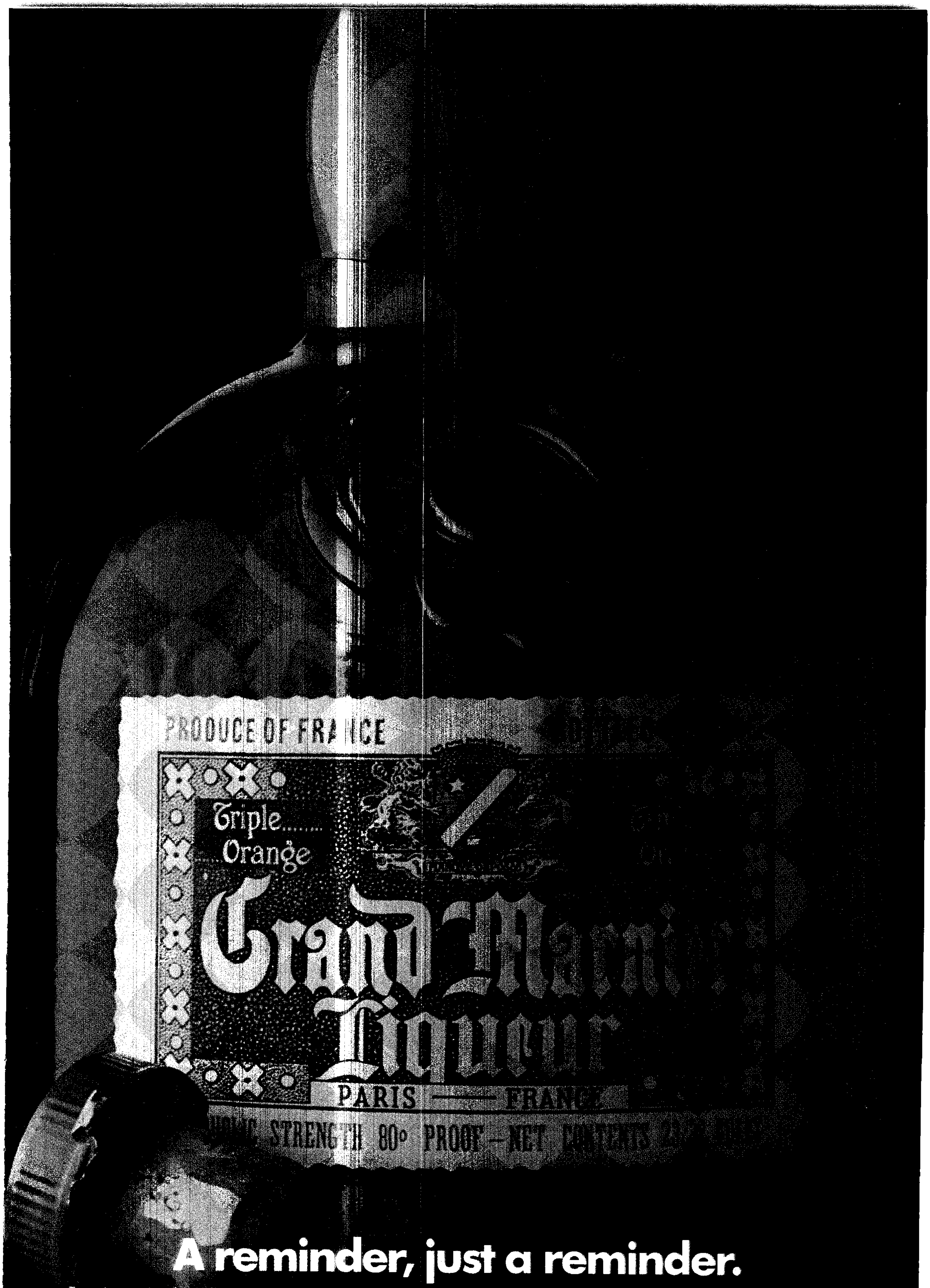
Shadow of a Doubt (1942)—The setting is quiet, clean, sleepy Santa Rosa, California; it is invaded by a psychopathic killer (Joseph Cotten), who comes to visit his unsuspecting and adoring relatives. Alfred Hitchcock considers this fine thriller (from a script principally by Thornton Wilder) to be his best American film, and he may be right. With Patricia Collinge, Teresa Wright, Hume Cronyn, Henry Travers. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; starting May 9.)

Sleeper—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it's the most stable and sustained of his films, with a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, manic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton. (12/31/73) (8th St. Playhouse.)

Spellbound (1945)—The idea is intriguing: a murder mystery set among a group of psychoanalysts, with a solution to be arrived at by clues found in a dream. It was carried out in 1945 by one of the most highly publicized collaborations of all time: Alfred Hitchcock and Salvador Dali, with Ben Hecht writing the script. Ingrid Bergman is the analyst, Gregory Peck her amnesiac patient—the murder suspect. With all the obvious ingredients for success, "Spellbound" is a disaster. It was fitting that the actress who was once described as a "fine, strong, cow-country maiden" should be cast as a good, solid analyst, dispensing cures with the wholesome simplicity of a mother adding wheat germ to the family diet, but Bergman's apple-cheeked "sincerity" has rarely been so out of place as in this confection whipped up by jaded chefs. With Michael Chekhov, John Emery, Leo G. Carroll. Academy Award for Best Original Score (!), by Miklos Rozsa. (New Yorker; starting May 9.)

The Spikes Gang—With Lee Marvin and Gary Grimes, directed by Richard Fleischer. (Eastside Cinema. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, and Juliet 1; through May 7.)

The Sting—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (12/31/73) (Murray Hill, and Symphony. . . . ¶ U. A. East. No performances May 6-7.)

The Stranger (1967)—The movie version follows the Camus novel without being able to encompass it, but it is an intelligent try, beautifully acted and well worth seeing. Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina play the leads, and Luchino Visconti directed. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 1.)

The Sugarland Express—Lou Jean (Goldie Hawn) gets off a bus in Texas, and her bouncy, determined walk spells trouble. She could have a sign engraved on her forehead: "I want it now." Whatever it is, Lou Jean can't wait for it. The film is about the foul-up she causes when she and her husband (William Atherton), who have lost custody of their infant son, try to get him back by taking a highway-patrol officer (Michael Sacks) hostage. The picture is commercial and shallow, yet it has eagerness and flash and talent. The director, Steven Spielberg, is twenty-six and a wizard at action sequences; in terms of the pleasure that technical assurance gives an audience, this film is one of the most phenomenal début films in the history of movies. (3/18/74) (Cinema II.)

Summer Soldiers (1971)—With Keith Sykes, directed by Hiroshi Teshigahara. In English and Japanese. (Regency; May 7.)

Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams—Dun-colored earnestness about a middle-aged Manhattan housewife's coldness, unfulfillment, and regrets; Joanne Woodward is less lively than in her other suffering-women roles. The screenwriter, Stewart Stern, following the structure of "Wild Strawberries," tries to equate the American woman's supposed incapacity for love with the whole American screwup of recent years but never shows the connection. Gilbert Cates directed. (12/10/73) (Quad Cinema, and Festival; through May 7.)

The Super Cops—With Ron Leibman and David Selby, directed by Gordon Parks. (86th St. East.)

The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe—French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny, about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Colette's. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Véber, directed by M. Robert. Recommended for true quixotry. In French. (9/3/73) (St. Marks Cinema; through May 7.)

Tarnished Lady (1931)—Limp. George Cukor's first directorial solo, Tallulah Bankhead's first talkie, and a flop for both. Donald Ogden Stewart shaped the script for Bankhead, and it was conceived on the elegant model of her stage successes; she's a socialite who marries Clive Brook for money and is torn when she falls in love with a Greenwich Village writer. But the Bankhead of tubercular hollows and *soigné* sagging posture who had become a stage idol was never to become popular in movies; only the latter boisterous, bellowing Bankhead succeeded with the public. And you can see why. As Cukor has said, "She had beautiful bones, but her eyes were not eyes for movies. They looked somehow hooded and dead. . . . Her smile didn't illuminate." With Osgood Perkins, Alexander Kirkland, and Elizabeth Patterson; about half of the picture was shot in New York City locations. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through May 4.)

Thomasine & Bushrod—With Max Julien and Vonetta McGee, directed by Gordon Parks, Jr. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

The Three Musketeers—As in Roger Planchon's anarchic stage production at his famous Lyons theatre, in France, Dumas's novel is kicked around in Richard Lester's film. Charlton Heston plays Richelieu in a becoming false nose, Jean-Pierre Cassel is a clothes-cluttered Louis XIII, Spike Milligan, in a nightshirt and a stocking cap, trails around muttering Goon Show-type jokes of unseating common sense. David Watkins did the overarranged but striking photography. The dozens of stars, deliberately cast against type, also include Oliver Reed, Raquel Welch, Faye Dunaway, Frank Finlay, Geraldine Chaplin, Richard Chamberlain, and Michael York. (4/8/74) (Columbia I. . . . ¶ Art. No performances May 6-7. . . . ¶ Guild. No performances May 6-8. . . . ¶ Beacon; May 1. . . . ¶ Juliet 2; through May 7.)

The Touch (1971)—A Bergman film from a great period, like "Persona" and "The Passion of Anna." The story, by him, is about the incursion of a German-American Jew—played by Elliott Gould—into the lives of a calm Swedish couple, played by Bibi Andersson and Max von Sydow. He has an affair with Bibi Andersson. The film is the best about kinds of love that Bergman has ever made—exact and very touching. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 1.)

A Touch of Class—Directed by Melvin Frank, written by Mr. Frank and Jack Rose. Glenda Jackson is a young divorced English dress designer with a wit that flickers like an anteater's tongue and a capacity to be wounded that the film's throwback to forties love-comedies doesn't manage to transmit. George Segal, showing a matching gift for sophisticated comedy, plays a flappy American. Mild, muddled fun. (7/9/73) (Ciné Malibu; through May 5. . . . ¶ Cinema Village, and Quad Cinema; through May 7. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Thalia; starting May 8.)

Trail of Blood, Part I—Directed by Kenji Misumi. In Japanese. (Regency; May 2-4.)

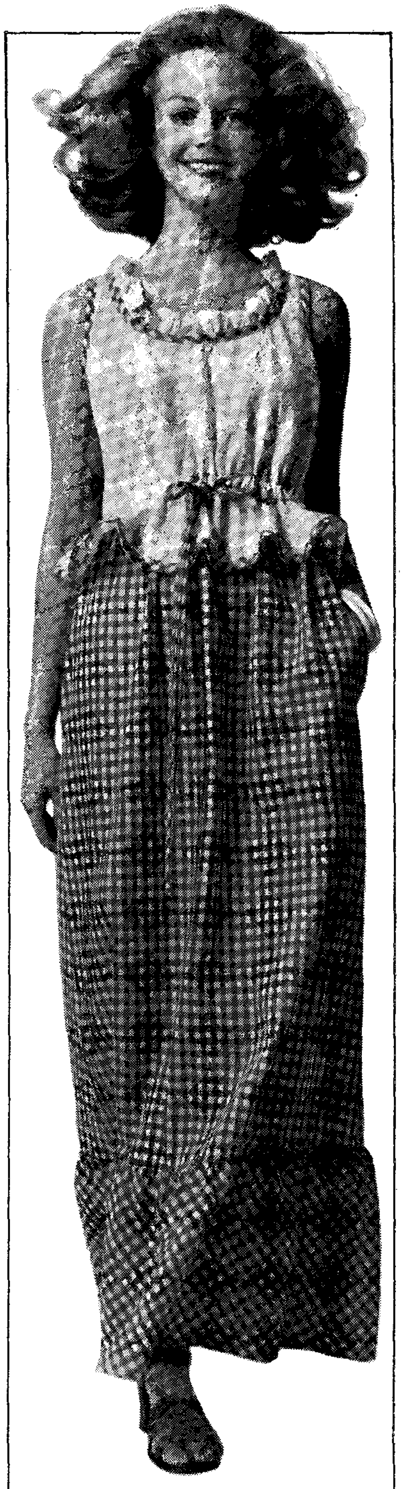
Visions of Eight—The Munich Olympics as seen by Kon Ichikawa, Arthur Penn, Mai Zetterling, Miloš Forman, Claude Lelouch, Juri Ozerov, Michael Pfleghar, John Schlesinger. There is a contradiction inherent in the Olympics, with their piety about internationalism and the fact of their furious nationalism. The film unwittingly drives it home by lacing together eight films that mostly serve to stress national clichés in the local outlook of the directors. (8/20/73) (St. Marks Cinema; through May 7.)

Walking Tall—A rabble-rousing movie that appeals to a deep-seated belief in simple, swift, Biblical justice; the visceral impact of the film makes one know how crowds must feel when they're being swayed by demagogues. Joe Don Baker gives a powerful performance as the crusading Tennessee sheriff Buford Pusser—there *is* a Buford Pusser, and he's out promoting the movie—but it's a tall tale: a fiction derived from early Westerns. The director, Phil Karlson, is brutally effective; he makes the battle of virtuous force against organized evil seem primordial. With Elizabeth Hartman as Mrs. Pusser. (2/25/74) (23rd St. Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting May 8.)

The Way We Were—Robert Redford is a straw-haired jock from Virginia who wants to have a good time, and Barbra Streisand is a frizzy-haired Communist who's always sure she's right. The picture has some atrocious sequences set in Hollywood during the blacklisting troubles, but the romantic star chemistry of Redford and Streisand turns a half-terrible movie into hit entertainment—maybe even memorable entertainment. Sydney Pollack directed; from Arthur Laurents' novel. (10/15/73) (Quad Cinema, and Festival; through May 7.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's overheated version of the great D. H. Lawrence novel sacrifices character and meaning in order to make an extravagant, sensuous movie—which turns out to be rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex. The wild Gothic tableaux and Glenda Jackson's fascinating stony performance will make more sense if you read the book first. (Quad Cinema; through May 7.)

Zaza (1938)—Overdressed, stultifying "period" picture, heavy on recriminations and renunciations. Claudette Colbert is miscast as a rowdy wench, the darling of the French music halls, who becomes involved with a married gentleman—Herbert Marshall, so respectable and courteous and boringly nice that his adulterous duplicity is scarcely believable. Colbert wears big feathered hats and works herself up to the appropriate tantrums and spasms of nobility, but it's all mild and lifeless. (The script, which had to be laundered to get through the Hays office, faded away.) Bert Lahr blooms (briefly) as Zaza's manager, and Helen Westley, liquored up and besequinned, plays her greedy stage mother; Constance Collier and Genevieve Tobin are also in the cast. George Cukor directed; the musical numbers have a little more flair than the rest of the movie. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through May 4.)



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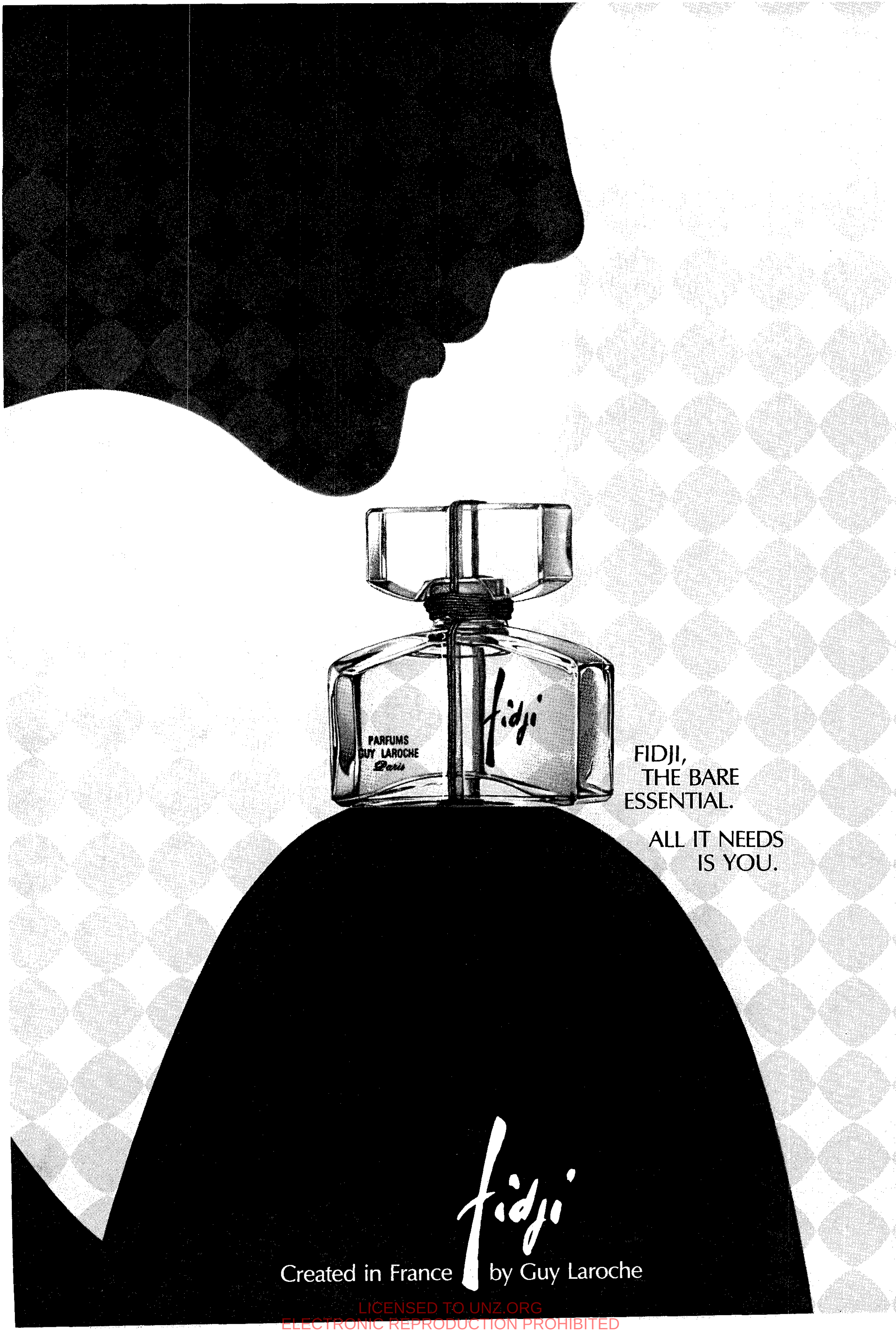
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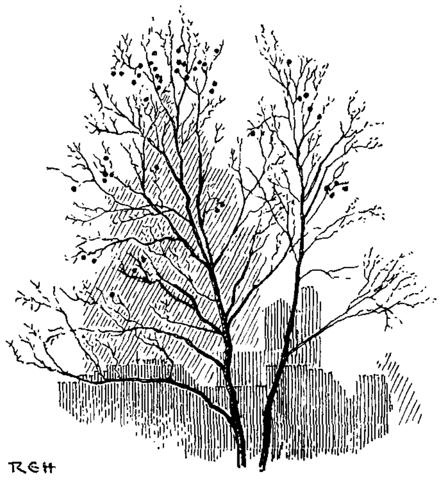
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN recent months, a spirited debate has arisen over whether the President should resign or be impeached. Some of those ranged on the side of resignation are *Time* and our own Senator James Buckley. Some of those ranged on the side of impeachment are the Washington *Post* and Tom Wicker. The argument in favor of resignation is that it would cause less turmoil in the nation. Senator Buckley has painted a particularly vivid picture of the turmoil that impeachment might bring. "The [Senate] Chamber," he says, "would become a twentieth-century Roman Colosseum, as the performers are thrown to the electronic lions." And he adds, "The most sordid dregs dug up by the Watergate miners would inflame the passions of the domestic audience." Moreover, "History would come to a stop." In the light of all this, he believes, it is the President's patriotic duty to resign. The argument for impeachment is that impeachment is the proper Constitutional procedure for removing a President, and that resignation would be an irregular procedure (although the Constitution does specify that a President may resign). It is further pointed out that if the President were to resign, he might then portray himself as a martyr, and go about the country stirring up trouble, whereas if he were impeached, convicted, and removed from office, the charges against him would be fully proved, and he would sink into harmless obscurity. One proponent of impeachment proceedings as a method of legal inquiry, Representative Walter Flowers, of Alabama, has even begged the President not to resign. "So, Mr. President, do not resign—you may be impeached, even convicted. But do not resign," he has said.

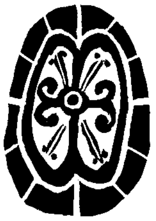
It seems to us that a misconception lies somewhere near the heart of this debate. It has to do with the fact that each of the opposing pieces of advice is addressed to a different protagonist. Those who favor resignation are talking primarily to the President. He can resign, but he cannot impeach himself. He no doubt has many reasons for refusing to resign, but it seems unlikely that the arguments in favor of impeachment are among them. The thought that he should really leave office but that his impeachment and conviction would be better for the country than his resignation—because they would give the country a marvellous civics lesson in Constitutional procedures—is not, we would think, likely to be uppermost in his mind. Those who favor impeachment are talking primarily to Congress. Congress cannot prevent the President from resigning in order that it may impeach him. To be sure, individual congressmen can call on the President to resign, but even such calls gain their force from the existence of the Congress's real power in the matter—the power to impeach, try, and convict. There is no choice between resignation and impeachment, because there is no one in a position to choose. The real issue, of course, is whether the President is guilty of whatever it is that constitutes "high crimes and misdemeanors." If he is not, then he should neither resign nor be removed by the Congress. If he is guilty, then the important thing is that, one way or another, he leave office. In that case, resignation becomes his responsibility, impeachment and conviction ours.



MacMillan's Manon

KENNETH MACMILLAN is a tall, angular forty-three-year-old Scot who has brown eyes, gunmetal hair, a neat black mustache, and a very shy disposition. Although he is just about the most untheatrical person you'd ever hope to meet, he is in fact the director of Britain's Royal Ballet and a prolific and talented choreographer. (During the fifties and early sixties, Mr. MacMillan was one of three men who helped to rescue European ballet from the extremes of abstract sterility and overproduced fairy tales. His colleagues in this endeavor were John Cranko, who died last year, and Maurice Béjart, who has moved on to mixed-media mass entertainment.) The MacMillan style is elegant, technically brilliant, and totally unpredictable. His ballets range from pessimistic introspection ("The Song of the Earth") to the romantic glitter of the enormously popular "Romeo and Juliet." His most recent work—a three-act version of the Abbé Prévost novel "Manon Lescaut"—will be unveiled next week, when the Royal Ballet, a hundred and twenty strong, arrives at the Metropolitan Opera. Although "Manon" is a traditional story ballet, with elaborate sets and costumes, by Nicholas Georgiadis, the characters—Manon, the amoral courtesan; Des Grieux, her young lover; Monsieur G.M., her old lover; Lescaut, her grasping brother—are hardly the kind of people who turn up in "Swan Lake" or "Sleeping Beauty." We had heard that Mr. MacMillan was planning a new ballet, and when we were visiting London recently, we telephoned him to ask how the project was coming along. He told us that the first "Manon" orchestra rehearsal was due to start in a matter of minutes, and invited us to drop by Covent Garden and see for ourself. “This is catastrophe morning, because the dancers have been working with a pianist up to now,” he said. “All of the tempi have to be set as we go along. The music, incidentally, is all Massenet, but none of it comes from *his* ‘Manon.’ ”

We arrived at Covent Garden at noon, just as the curtain rose on the second act. Onstage, ten girls in fluffy wigs and rust-colored satin costumes were whirling around in the center of an enormous room that was lined with tall mirrors and gilt Louis XIV furniture. When we located MacMillan in the auditorium, he explained that we were looking at an eighteenth-century gambling-house-*cum*-bordello. “This is where Des Grieux persuades Manon to help him cheat at cards,” he said. “There is a very tricky point coming up after Manon’s solo with the gamblers. I wanted to show the duality of her character when Des Grieux asks her to come back to him. On the one hand, she’s a greedy girl who enjoys money, but at the same time she’s an enormously attractive woman who really doesn’t know her own mind. So I’m trying to develop a fight between two lovers that is really not a fight, because even when Manon decides to help him she is still playing.” We watched as Manon (Antoinette Sibley), wearing a black-and-gold dress and a diamond necklace, danced a slow, sinister saraband with a group of admiring gamblers, who lifted her over their heads and passed her from shoulder to shoulder. The pantomimed quarrel between Manon and Des Grieux worked well enough to satisfy Mr. MacMillan, and the scene ended with an overturned card table and a lively sword fight. When the lights came up, we turned to MacMillan—who was wearing a green-and-red plaid suit and a long gray overcoat—and asked him why he had selected “Manon” as a subject.



“The characters fascinate me,” Mr. MacMillan said, lighting a cigarette. “You have a sixteen-year-old heroine who is beautiful and absolutely amoral, and a hero who is corrupted by her and becomes a cheat, a liar, and a murderer. Not exactly your conventional ballet plot, is it? One of the intriguing things about Prévost’s Manon is that there doesn’t seem to be any logic in the way she thinks. One minute, she tells Des Grieux that she loves him, the next minute she’s deceiving him with an elderly count. My clue to her behavior is her background of poverty. Manon is not so much afraid of being poor as *ashamed* of being poor. Which brings me to the other theme of the ballet—the contrast between great wealth and great poverty in eighteenth-century France. Nikko Georgiadis has designed a basic circular backdrop of dirt-colored rags, which we use at the beginning and again at the end to remind the audience that poverty in that period was the equivalent of a long, slow death.”

“How did you get involved with ballet in the first place?” we asked.

“Through Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, and Gene Kelly,” replied Mr. MacMillan. “I saw them all in the movies long before I saw anybody dance on a stage. During the Second World War, when my grammar school was evacuated to the Midlands, I took some lessons at a little local dancing school. Later on, I returned to my family at Great Yarmouth and found another teacher, who encouraged me to try for a scholarship at the Sadler’s Wells school. When I joined the company, at seventeen, I was considered quite a good dancer in classical roles, but I always got terribly nervous before a performance. So becoming a choreographer wasn’t too hard for me, because I never liked appearing onstage.”

“What is your next project?” we asked.

“Something short and light and funny, which I can toss off and walk away from,” Mr. MacMillan said. “Which reminds me. I have to go up there and whack off the bottom of Antoinette’s last-act costume. Her rags are so long they interfere with the choreography. I certainly can’t have that. Will somebody get me a pair of scissors?”

Friends

Abbie Hoffman, the radical writer, organizer, and practical joker, is in the worst trouble of his life. Last August 28th, Mr. Hoffman was arrested and charged with selling cocaine to two undercover narcotics policemen. A defense committee sprang up immediately, like a mushroom after a storm, and raised ten thousand dollars in cash to bail him out. The other day, when he was scheduled to appear in court for the third time in connection with the case, he failed to show up, his bail was forfeited, and the F.B.I. put out a nationwide alarm. His friends—we had a talk with a couple of them last week—fear that he is too exuberant, too gregarious, and too distinctive of face and voice to make a successful fugitive. Mr. Hoffman had taken the position before his disappearance that his arrest was a political frameup, and that he had been doing research on the drug trade for a new book. Although many medical authorities regard cocaine as a non-narcotic drug, relatively innocuous in comparison to heroin, the laws of New York State make no distinction, and a conviction would bring Mr. Hoffman a mandatory sentence of fifteen years to life in jail. In fifteen years—in 1989—Mr. Hoffman will be fifty-two.

The Hoffman friends we talked with were Anita Hoffman, who is Abbie’s wife as well as his friend, and Mayer Vishner, a twenty-five-year-old peace activist who has been serving as a spokesman for the defense committee. We met them in a conference room at 339 Lafayette Street, a three-story loft building that some people call the Peace Factory, because it houses the War Resisters League and a shifting alphabet soup of other anti-Establishmentarian groups. Mrs. Hoffman is a slim, attractive woman of thirty-two, with shoulder-length dark hair. She was wearing a pair of smoky-purple trousers and one of her husband’s tie-dyed T-shirts, and, like her husband, she has large eyes and a generous, toothy mouth. “For a long time, we’ve felt that the government would arrange some disaster that would ruin our lives,” she said. “When this bust happened, Abbie and I were living quietly in my mother’s house, on Long Island. The birth of our son, america (we spell his name with a small ‘a’), who is two and a half, put us through a lot of changes. Abbie was writing, and playing basketball, and we were putting a lot of energy into our vegetable garden. For the first time, we were getting more into psychological pursuits—trying to work out sexual and parental roles that make sense, trying to raise america without stifling him. We were beginning to think all this was behind us. But as long as I’ve lived with Abbie we’ve been under some form of government surveillance and harassment, and he has been threatened with death. Fortunately, he’s played a lot of football, and physical violence doesn’t frighten him. I’ve seen him outraged, but never frightened. When he was arrested last August, one cop pointed a shotgun at him and said, ‘Why don’t you run, so I can shoot you?’ They handcuffed him painfully, and when he complained they said, ‘Well, you preach violence, don't you?'—which he doesn't. Later, when they were leading him to a car, a sergeant yelled to the crowd, 'Hey, look at the Commie we caught!' And this was supposedly a nonpolitical arrest."

Mr. Vishner told us that it had surprised him when Mr. Hoffman, whom he has known for eight years, failed to appear in court. "Abbie has been arrested about forty times, and he's never been convicted on any charge except contempt of court, in the Chicago conspiracy trial," he said. "He's had literally *hundreds* of court appearances, and as far as I know he was on time for *all* of them—a record of which he was proud. A lot of people in the Movement think Abbie's politics are ideologically frivolous, or they think his attention span is too short, and maybe *they're* right. But everybody respects him, because he's always put *himself* on the line. He started with the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee in Mississippi in the fifties; he set up Liberty House, which sold goods made by poor blacks and whites; he was one of the first to see the connection between environment and politics. He's always believed that delight is the best teacher—remember when he rained dollar bills down from the visitors' gallery at the New York Stock Exchange? They put in a bulletproof-glass partition after that, though a net would have been more to the point. The one time he ever got some money together—he got twenty-two thousand dollars for writing 'Revolution for the Hell of It'—he immediately turned it over to a bail fund, and he lost it when the defendant chose to go underground. You know, the first time Abbie was arrested was in Mississippi. A sheriff pulled him over, and Abbie asked what the charge was. 'Running a stoplight,' the sheriff said. Abbie looked around and saw that there wasn't any stoplight. 'I don't see any stoplight,' Abbie said. 'Boy,' the sheriff said, 'are you questioning my vision?' That's a metaphor for the rest of his whole life—he's always questioning the official vision."

"This whole thing is awful—a nightmare," Mrs. Hoffman said. "But the bust brought out the love of Abbie's friends. When it's an obvious case of political harassment, everybody's on your side. But when it's a drug bust, especially involving a drug like cocaine, which people are afraid of, only the people who genuinely love you come forward. I've never known anybody who had as many friends as Abbie."

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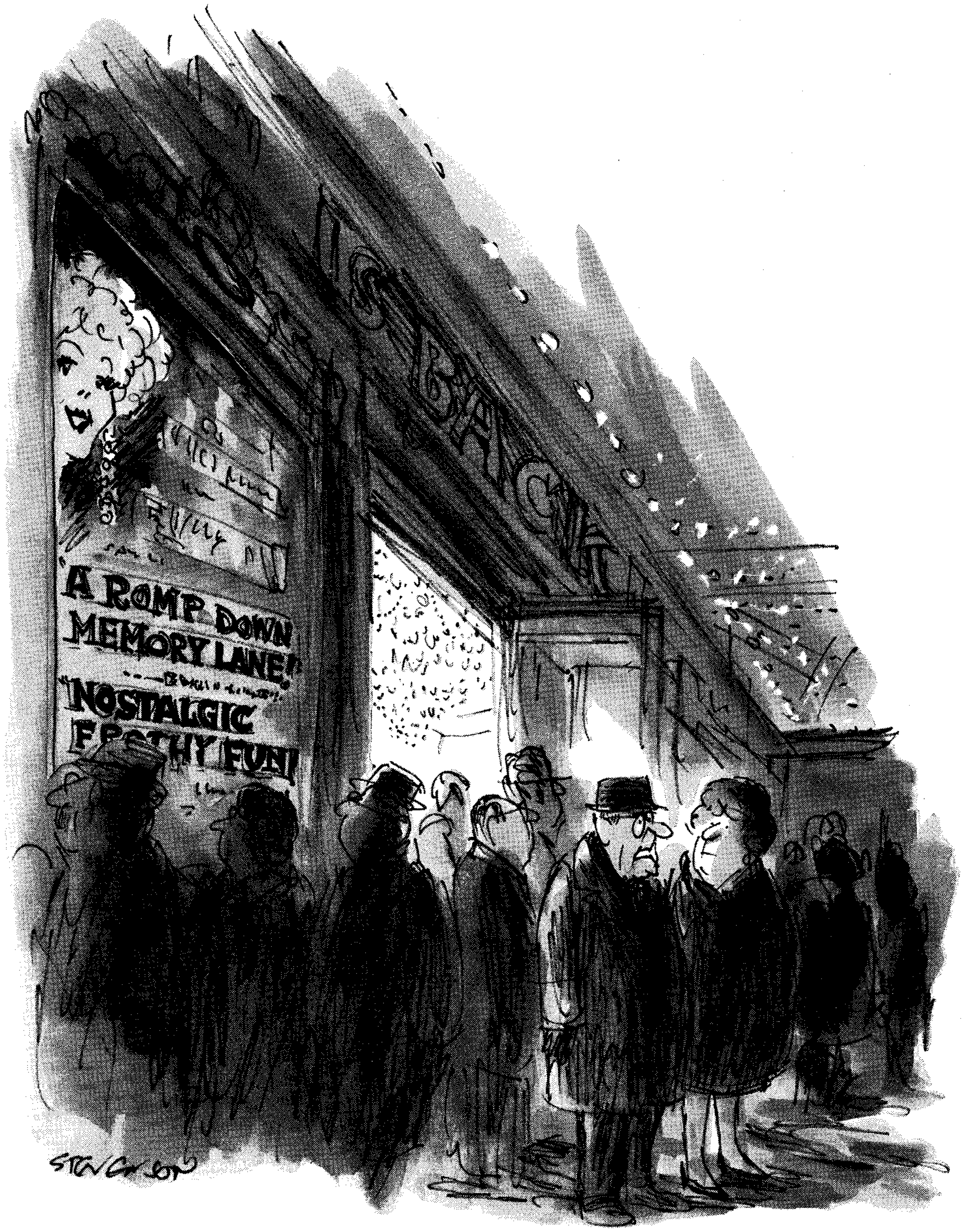
CONVERSATION overheard in front of Saks Fifth Avenue:

Twelve-year-old girl, in knee socks and jumper, to her mother, in blue-jeans and a woven poncho: "But what if


BACK
A ROMP DOWN MEMORY LANE!
NOSTALGIC FROTHY FUN!
STEVENSON

"These aging stars get an ovation when they return to Broadway, but you know what I'd get if I went back to the old office? The old raspberry."

I *want* to be just an ordinary wife?”

Mother: “Well, it’s your life.”

Over Lunch

THERE are at least three pleasing things about Betty Marshall, the energetic Korean-American public-relations woman. First of all, she plays poker—seriously and regularly. Secondly, her smile is not the blank, mirthless smile cultivated in her vocation. Thirdly, she likes to discuss her clients “over lunch.” Mrs. Marshall is not one of those tiresome public-relations people who handle the same clients year after year. When we first met her, she was very big on movie stars, and we discussed, over lunch, the warm human natures, the surprising histories, and the broad-minded social concerns of noted entertainment figures. Later on, she sidestepped into corporate accounts, and, over lunch, we discussed the surprising histories and broad-minded concerns (if not the warm human natures) of household-appliance cartels. Recently, she has been doing free-lance work for a number of public-relations agencies, working from the office of Sidney Shore Associates, and the other day she called us up and suggested we meet for lunch.

We met at a French restaurant on East Fifty-third Street. “I didn’t get any sleep all weekend,” Betty Marshall said when we arrived. “We started playing poker at seven-thirty at night and played until eight the next morning. All that work, and all I won was four dollars and sixty cents!”

“My seventy-four-year-old mother plays every Friday night,” said the bartender of the French restaurant.

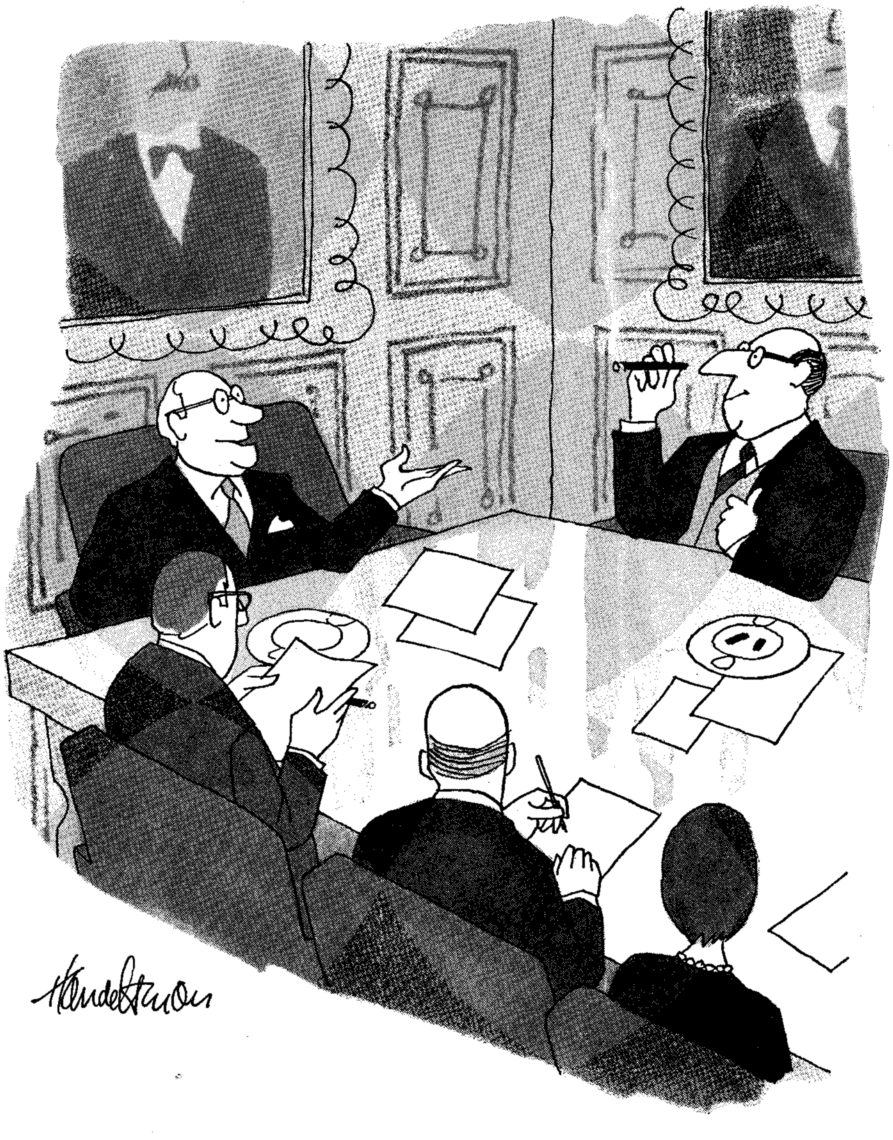
“In this town, it’s either bridge or poker,” Mrs. Marshall said.

We sat down and ordered a fairly elaborate lunch. “It’s been quite a year,” said Mrs. Marshall. “I was handling a professional ski team. The Orange Gang. I never handled a professional ski team before. They were terrific, but I don’t handle them anymore. Then I handled the National Cattlemen’s Association. They represent one hundred and fifty thousand cattle producers. That was fabulous. Do you know that they still have cattle rustlers? I thought they should call the cattle rustlers Midnight Cowboys—there was a slug right there. The president of the National Cattlemen’s Association was a wonderful guy. A really great guy. Gosh, why can’t I remember his name? When I’m through with an account, I forget everything. Then I did a one-shot for an ad firm handling Mark Traynor. Do you know who he is? He’s the one that brought in jewelled eyelids. He’s the one that invented isometric headbands for instant facelifts. Anyway, he was promoting a new concept called Color Profile. It used color psychology. They would ask people about their color preferences, and then they’d tell them what their makeup and personality should be. I think that was it. Anyway, it was a whole complete package.”

We asked Mrs. Marshall if she had had any luck promoting Color Profile.

“Well, I don’t know,” she said. “It was a little hard to sell. I tried my best. I try my best for anything within reason. Then, after that, I was working for some health salons. Oh, I don’t want to give them any space. They didn’t work out. I miss them, though, because I was getting toned up for free. Then I helped out on the press for Countess What’s-Her-Name, who had an art exhibit.

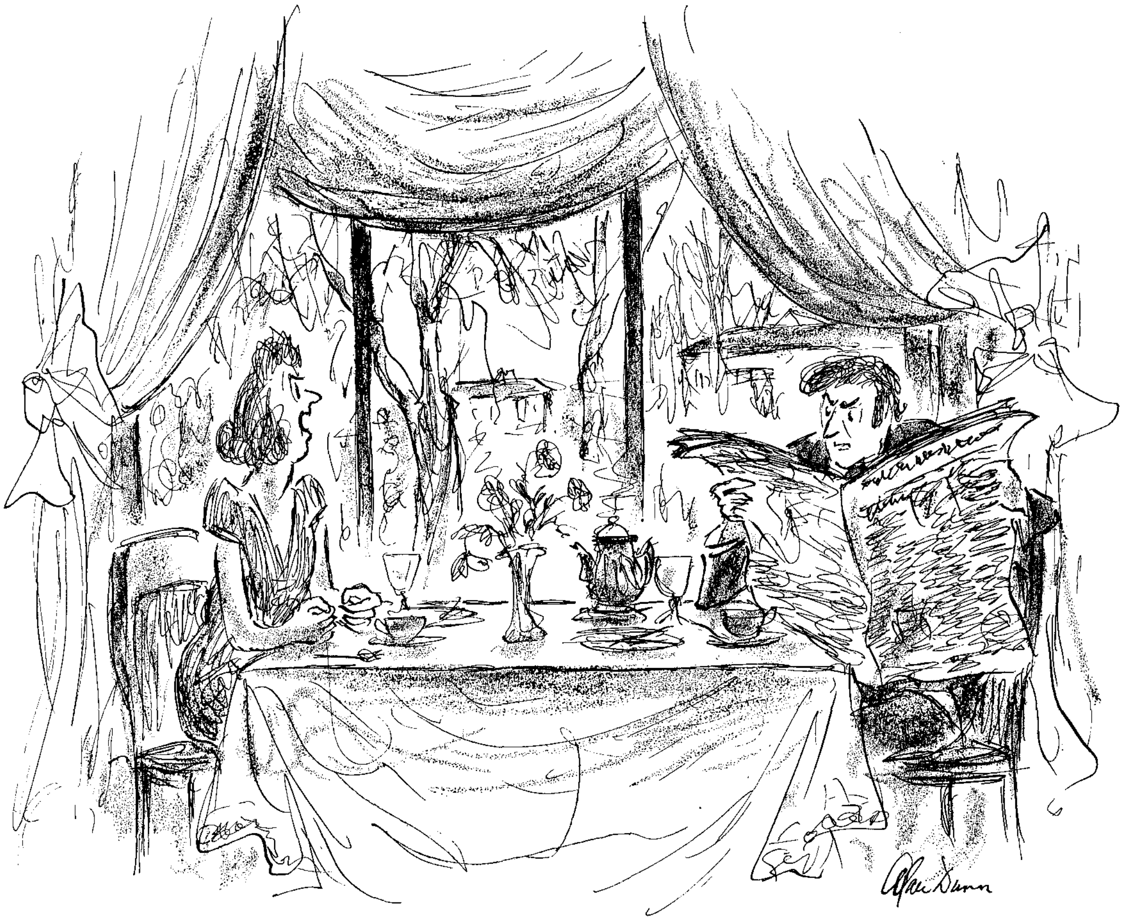
“But right now is the most exciting, because I’m telling the Spokane story. It’s Expo ’74, the first World’s Fair that nobody knows about. You haven’t heard about it, right? And it opens May 4th. They are very energetic in Spokane. The fair has this fabulous president—King Cole. I met him just last month, and he’s terrific. He went to Paris three times to try to get official designation as a World’s Fair, and then the group, whatever it is, that sanctions World’s Fairs said that Spokane could have the designation in Category 2—as a theme fair. So now they have a *theme*. It’s the first fair with an ecology theme. And Russia is coming in for the first time since 1939, and the Smithsonian Institution will have its own park, and there will be *ethnic things*. The Basques are going to do something. I didn’t know there were Basques up there, did you?



“Then it’s settled. Jensen here takes over as the presidency, and I become the chairmanship of the board.”

And you can have lunch in a lumber mess hall, which sounds fascinating. Oh, I'm forgetting one of my best accounts. The University of Denver. They're doing interesting things. They do all this *recruitment*. They came to the Warwick Hotel—now visualize this—with a *task force* of faculty members to interview kids. I saw that story as a visual experience—all those fresh young faces. The chancellor of the university is fabulous. He's a college dropout—which I think is fascinating."

The day after our lunch with Mrs. Marshall, we got a letter from her telling us that she had forgotten to mention some other projects she is working on. The letter said that she is working now to promote: the Toro Company (everything for lawn maintenance and mobile-playground equipment); the West Virginia Library Commission; the actor-singer Gene Barry; the Reliance Electric Company, parent company of Toledo Scales; Schieffelin & Company, importers of topnotch wines and spirits; and Tahiti tourism.



"'*This* is just the tip of the iceberg.' '*That's* just the tip of the iceberg.' Can't we just have the news?"

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Smoke

AT a public hearing held by the Board of Health concerning a resolution to regulate smoking in public places (which resolution, if passed, will be inserted in the New York City Health Code as an amendment to Article 181, to follow Section 181.15, headed "Tattooing Establishments"), we heard the following people speak:

(1) Assistant Health Commissioner Dr. Aaron D. Chaves. The Assistant Commissioner spoke in favor of the resolution, which calls for the segregation of smokers and nonsmokers in places of public assembly of more than twenty-five people. He referred to the "contamination of the ambient air." He mentioned "tearing of eyes," "coughing," and "nasal congestion." He touched lightly on "offensive odors" and "cloudy atmospheres." He came out strongly against "elevated carbon-monoxide levels." He was applauded.

(2) Harris L. Present, an attorney. Mr. Present told an anecdote about an occasion when he chanced to sit next to the Health Services Administrator. "I was shocked to see the Health Services Administrator just puffing away," Mr. Present said, "and I found the smoke from his cigarette extremely offensive. I just took my hand and pushed the smoke right into his face." Mr. Present was applauded. He mentioned that because of the presence of the United Nations here, New York's position on the issue of smoking in public places could have worldwide repercussions.

(3) Consumer Affairs Commissioner Elinor Guggenheimer. Commissioner Guggenheimer said, "People have a right to have as good air inside as the air we are trying to guarantee them outside." She was applauded.

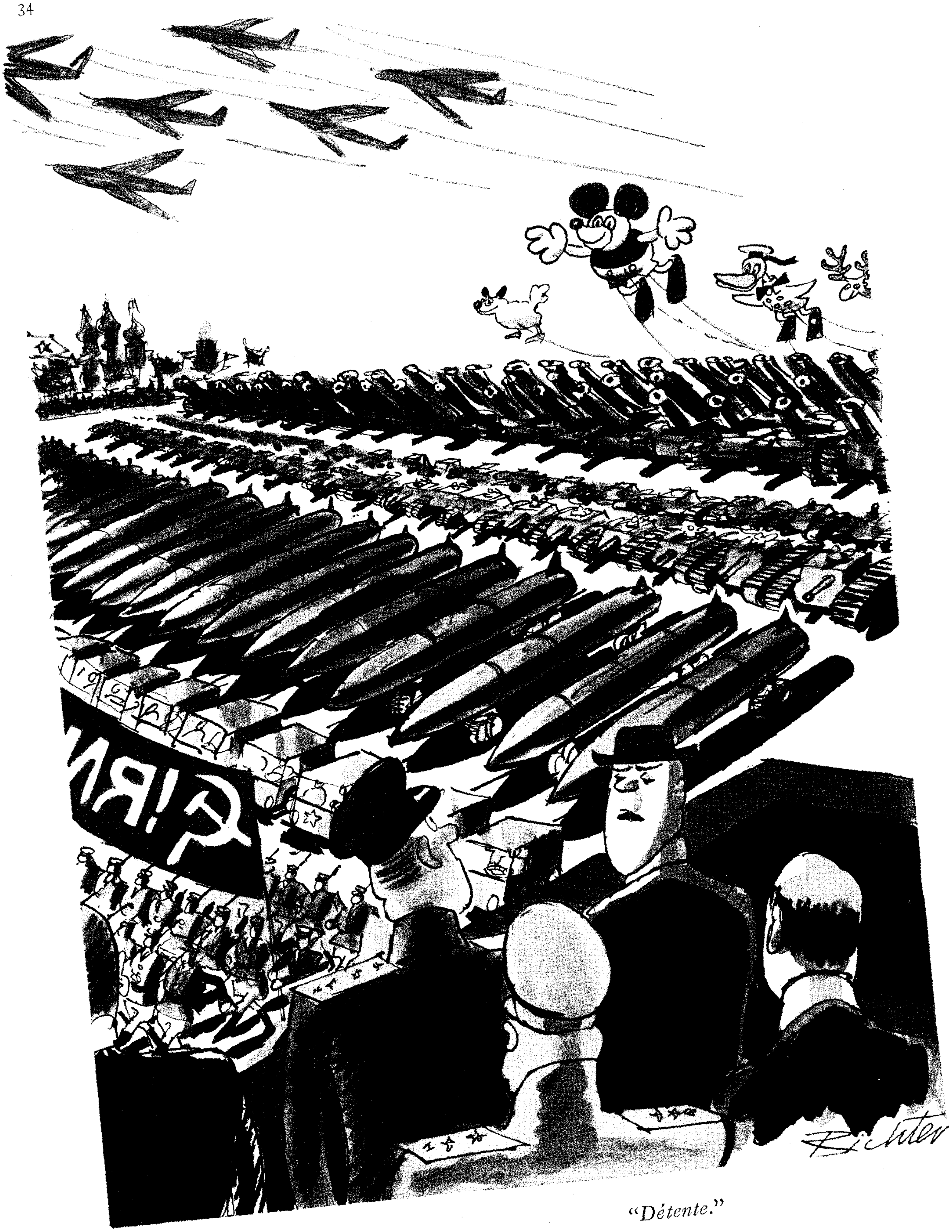
We read background material, which told us:

> Atmospheric pollutants caused by smoking are derived from two major sources: mainstream smoke and sidestream smoke. Mainstream smoke is that emitted during puffing, whereas sidestream smoke is that generated when the cigarette is burning at rest. . . . The average cigarette releases into the atmosphere about 70 milligrams of dry particulate matter. . . . The nonsmoker breathes air composed of sidestream smoke *plus* mainstream smoke exhaled by smokers.

We read other background material, which told us that in Bulgaria smoking is prohibited in offices and workplaces where there are one or more nonsmoking employees.

We talked with Miss Connie Kieglen, a welfare caseworker of thirty-one, who has been smoking nonfilter Camels since she was sixteen. Miss Kieglen said she was petrified with fear that the resolution would pass, that her office would be declared a public place, and that she would have to sneak her nonfilter Camels into the ladies' room. "I could use a Camel now," Miss Kieglen said.

We remembered something a fashionable lady told us the other day as she waited with an unlit Lucky Strike while we fumbled with a lighter. "I'll get it myself, dear," she said. "If I waited for men to light them, I couldn't have more than two a day. I don't complain, but you have no idea what chic it all used to have. All those slim gold lighters. Click, click, click. All those nice gold *briquets*. Click, click, click. Now you're lucky to get a match."



"*Détente.*"

JEWELS AND BINOCULARS

Quentin knew from his compulsory geology classes that he was walking across what used to be a glacial island. Now it was a small New England college town. All that was left of the glacier was a river stretching from Canada to New York. Last fall, he had stood on the bank of that river, along with forty-seven other sophomore geology students, and stared at several preserved dinosaur tracks and thought that his consciousness should have included memories of a father dinosaur leading his family away from the approaching glacier and into the desert to die. But his mind could rarely move beyond the short history of the town: the Indians, the pioneers, the long winters, the college, the new highway stretching as far as the river and ringed with Howard Johnson's and supermarkets. Even the Indians sometimes seemed too mystical to be real.

Quentin's roommate, Larry, walked at his side. It was a warm May evening. Music floated down from open fraternity windows. They climbed a grassy hill to the quad, where students in tie-dyed T-shirts were playing touch football. Sunlight fell through the trees in golden circles. A flag on top of the distant chapel curled slowly. A blue Frisbee was caught in a branch of one of the trees. Quentin thought of his father standing on a terrace with a drink in his hand, turning and smiling as he pushed his glasses back up his nose. Larry led the way along the edge of the quad to the war memorial. On the playing fields below, a baseball game was in progress; small figures crouched and ran.

"I used to play baseball," Larry said.

"You did?"

"Yeah. Shortstop."

They read the names on the memorial:

Peter Taylor, '16, the marne
George Mason, '40, sicily
Oscar Leventhal, '42, normandy

"Do you realize how strange it'll be to come back here in twenty years and see that baseball game still going on?" Larry asked.

"Yes." Quentin felt the presence of all the former students who had stood here—serious young men in wide white flannels and tight sleeveless sweaters.

"Let's go to the bird sanctuary," Larry said.

As they ran down the hill, Quentin remembered looking for gooseberries in Italy with his brothers. They had found a Second World War bunker buried in the woods. What was the name of the town? Beauca something. He tried to remember. Beauca. Beauca. "Bocca di Migra," he said aloud when they reached the fields.

"What?"

"Bocca di Migra. That's where we stayed in Italy one summer."

"I went to Italy once," Larry said, looking ahead at the tree line. "With my folks. Rome and Florence, that's all we saw. Museums, museums, museums."

They walked slowly across the soccer fields, past the baseball diamond and tennis courts, to a small path that led them into the woods. A hazy light filtered through the leaves. Most of the trees were pines, evenly spaced, like statues. The ground was covered with soft, damp pine needles. Birds sang in the trees.

"It sounds like they're talking," Larry said.

"Maybe they are."

"Listen."

"It's like stepping into a music box," Quentin whispered.

"I wonder who decided this should be a bird sanctuary?"

"I don't know. A good man, though, whoever he was."

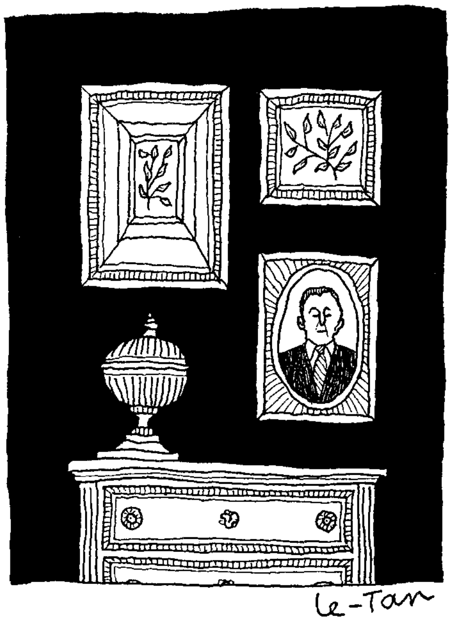
"I wish I knew more about birds," Larry said. "I wish I knew their names. I don't know anything about nature."

"Me, either."

"I mean, what kind of flower is that?"

"I don't know," Quentin said.

They reached a small clearing and lay down. Pine needles surrounded them like the sea. The light was dimming. Quentin could hear nothing but the birds and his own breathing and his beating heart. His hands lay folded on his chest. The clouds had turned a luminescent red. When he moved his head to the left or right, the view stayed with him, superimposing itself over the new view: treetops, Larry's face, treetops.



"What was Bocca di whatsis like?" Larry asked.

"I was pretty young," Quentin said. "I can't remember too much. We rented a white cottage on the side of a hill. It had green shutters, I think. I could see the water from my bedroom window. There was a beach. And a jukebox that was always playing Paul Anka. My brother collected plastic spoons."

"Spoons?"

"You know, ice-cream spoons. They were bright colors—made of plastic. He must have had hundreds of them by the end of the summer."

"Which brother?" Larry asked.

"Scobie. The oldest."

They lay and listened to the birds. An airplane droned overhead.

"It'll be dark soon," Larry said.

"I know."

"Want to go to visit George and Marty?"

"Sure. Why not?"

They laughed quietly. Quentin heard his laughter free itself from his throat and rise to the sky. The treetops were fluttering like leafy wings. He brought his hands up and covered his eyes. He could smell his fingers and remembered lying by the side of a swimming pool and smelling chlorine on these same fingers. No, not the same fingers. Different fingers. Cells had died, new cells had been born. His whole body was different. Yet something in him was unchanging, something seemed to stretch back to birth; his body shed layers of skin like a snake, but something inside his head remained permanent enough to observe even its own coming death.

He rolled over onto his stomach. A fresh, cool breeze brushed his face, and he shivered.

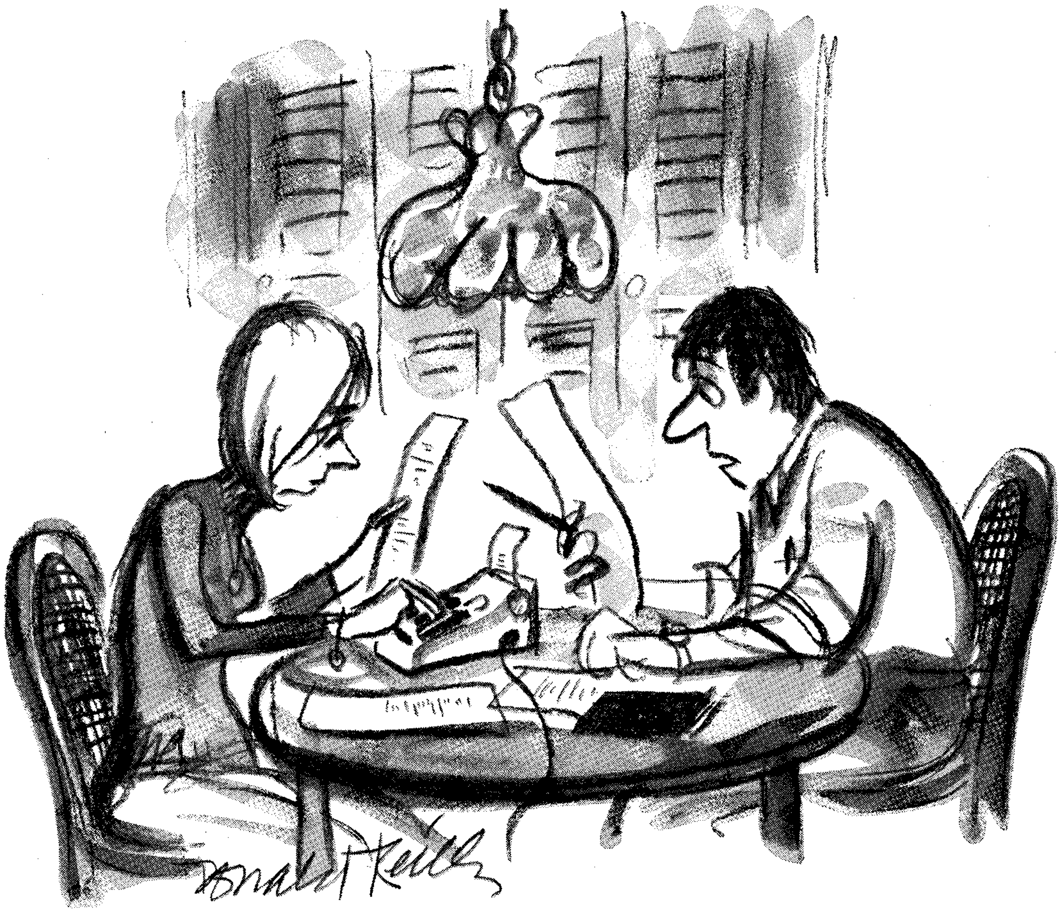
"Let's sleep here some night," Larry said.

"O.K."

"Do you have a sleeping bag?"

"Yeah," Quentin said.

Under the trees, shadows and objects merged. Quentin listened to his heart beating up through the earth. The sound of laughter reached him, disappeared. He heard car wheels on gravel, the ring of a bicycle bell. He felt as if he were staring through curtains. The birds were suddenly quiet—



"Our life style went last year. What can we cut out this year?"

someone had shut the music box. He could not understand why, a chemical himself, he did not simply become a blade of grass, or a tree. "It's so beautiful," he said.

"What?"

"Beautiful."

"Oh, yeah."

"I think we should sleep out tonight."

"We'll never get it together," Larry said.

"We should try."

"Quentin?"

"Yeah?"

"We have a visitor."

Quentin sat up and looked.

At the edge of the clearing, almost invisible in the dim light, was a white dog. He took a step forward, very slowly, straightened his back and stiffened, his right paw suspended. He was stalking. He began to move again, slowly, lifting his front legs high with each step, his nose stretched ahead like a pointing finger. He crossed the clearing and disappeared into the woods on the other side. Once, he turned and grinned at Quentin. Then he was gone.

"I'm cold," Larry said.

"Let's go."

They stood and brushed pine needles from their jeans.

"You know what my brother's girl friend said the universe was?" Quentin asked, looking up at the first stars. " 'A complex network of imaginations.' "

The path was dark. Larry led the way, groping for trees. Walking on the pine needles, Quentin felt as if he were wearing slippers, and he remembered Christmas at his grandmother's house, the blue snow light on the ceiling.

The path ended, and he followed Larry onto the field. "Full moon," he said.

The tennis courts looked like swimming pools.

"That's pretty nice," Larry said, as they climbed the hillside.

"What?"

"What your brother's girl friend said."

"Oh, yeah. She's an amazing chick. You'd like her."

QUENTIN lay on a bed in George's room and watched Marty's worried, sloping forehead gleaming as he hovered above the record-player and dropped some albums into place. He moved his hands cautiously, deliberately, as if performing a delicate operation. He'll be a doctor, Quentin thought. A candle shimmered, Indians danced on the curtains. On the other side of the room, George sat next to Larry on a sagging couch, his large, thin, freckled hands resting on his knees. Marty sat back down on a cushion on the floor, and The Grateful Dead sang through the two huge speakers in opposite corners of the room. Quentin, listening, imagined long shady streets, lawns, hedges, slow lavender sunsets, whirring sprinklers, highways reaching out to California, drugstores, drive-ins, girls in hair curlers, and empty American towns at three in the morning. The images flicked through his head like postcards. He felt as if his life lay trapped in its own past, a caged extinction. This room, his friends, the college—they eluded him. He wanted to touch Larry, he wanted to make sure he was really there. The music spoke to him of an incoherent history, an imitation mythology. He and Larry, unlike the Indians on the curtains, were dancing an unremembered dance, peeling back film upon film of consciousness only to discover that what they valued was not theirs but someone else's—the black man's, perhaps, or the Jew's, the renegade American's dream of starting over again. Quentin stared up at the swirls of light on the ceiling. They reminded him of sunspots, reflections from the sea, some childhood sensation. He flexed his fingers and sat up. The bed rolled beneath him like a wave. Larry was peering between his knees at the carpet, tapping his toe to the music. "Let's see what's happening downstairs," Quentin said.

"O.K."

"Bring the cigarettes," Marty said.

The four of them walked down to the first floor of the fraternity, then through another door and down to the long, dark bar in the basement. The room stank of stale beer. There was a jukebox against the far wall, a glowing red machine that reduced the voices in the room to a soothing electric murmur. Boys and girls were crowded around the beer keg. Many of them were drunk and laughed with their mouths wide open and their heads thrown back. Quentin, Larry, George, and Marty moved through the bar and along a corridor, past the furnace, to the "goatroom"—a small, round room with a domed ceiling, where in the old days initiation rites had been held. There were three descending tiers of wooden seats around the walls. The room was dense with cigarette smoke. A band was playing on the floor, surrounded by speakers and amplifiers.

Quentin and Larry squatted together and watched the band, like two bushmen watching the sunset.

"I need some coffee," Larry whispered.

"I'm hungry."

"Marty, you hungry?" Larry asked.

"Yeah, sure."

"George?"

"O.K."

"Marty, you drive," Quentin said.

"You must be kidding."

"No, man, you drive."

"What's a steering wheel?" Marty said.

"Oh, come on."

"I'll drive," George said.

They went out through a basement door. The air was suddenly cold and clear. They all stood in the moonlight and inhaled loudly.

"O.K., George, you're in charge," Quentin said.

"Don't worry about a thing," George said. "Now, let's see. Key. We need the key."

"Here." Marty handed him a ring of keys. "The one with the square top."

They climbed into Marty's Saab. George turned the key and revved the engine.

"Seat belts?"

"Check," Larry said.

"Lights?"

"Here. O.K. Lights."

"Let's see. I guess that's it."

"Emergency brake?" Quentin asked.

"Oh, yeah." George released the brake. "All right. Here we go."

They left the fraternity parking lot and turned onto the road.

"Where're we going?" George asked.

"Dunkin Donuts."

The night sped by outside the car window, the two-mile journey taking but a few minutes, the landscape revolving around them like a repetitious movie background, an endless string of neon lights: McDonald's, Hardees, an Esso station, a miniature golf course frozen in violet light.

Behind the pink, S-shaped counter of Dunkin Donuts stood a girl in a pink uniform. She smiled as they came in. A middle-aged man in a plaid shirt sat at the end of the counter, chewing. They sat down on pink stools.

"What'll it be?" the girl asked, pointing up to a pink menu on the wall.

"Uh, yeah, four coffees," George said.

"Black or white?"

"Oh, yeah, uh, black."

"Four blacks?"

"Uh, yeah, I guess so."

The girl laughed and shook her head. She had red hair and blue eyes and a wide smile.

"And four doughnuts," Quentin said.

"What kind?"

"Cinnamon."

"Chocolate," Larry said.

"One of each," Quentin said.

"O.K." She laughed. She left them and walked to the doughnut rack.

"She is the most beautiful girl I have ever seen," Quentin whispered to Larry.

"She is indeed beautiful."

"Larry, I'm in love."

"She is very beautiful," Marty whispered. "Very, very beautiful."

"Here you go," she said, setting down the coffee and the doughnuts.

Quentin looked at the pink name tag on her uniform.

"Lilly."

"Yes?" She smiled.

"Why is everything in here pink?"

"I don't know."

"Lilly is a beautiful name," Quentin said.

She blushed. "Thank you."

Another customer came in and she left to serve him.

"I'm in *love*," Quentin whispered.

The pinkness around him made him blink. It was blinding. He watched Lilly work efficiently behind the counter. Her hands were wrinkled and calm. Two policemen came in for a cup of coffee and Quentin couldn't keep his eyes open. "Hi, boys," they said. They talked to Lilly and made her laugh, and when they left they said, "Drive careful, boys." Larry played the jukebox. The man in the plaid shirt paid and left, still chewing. Lilly danced behind the counter.

"What time is it?" George asked.

"Three-thirty."

"I have a four-o'clock curfew," he said, standing.

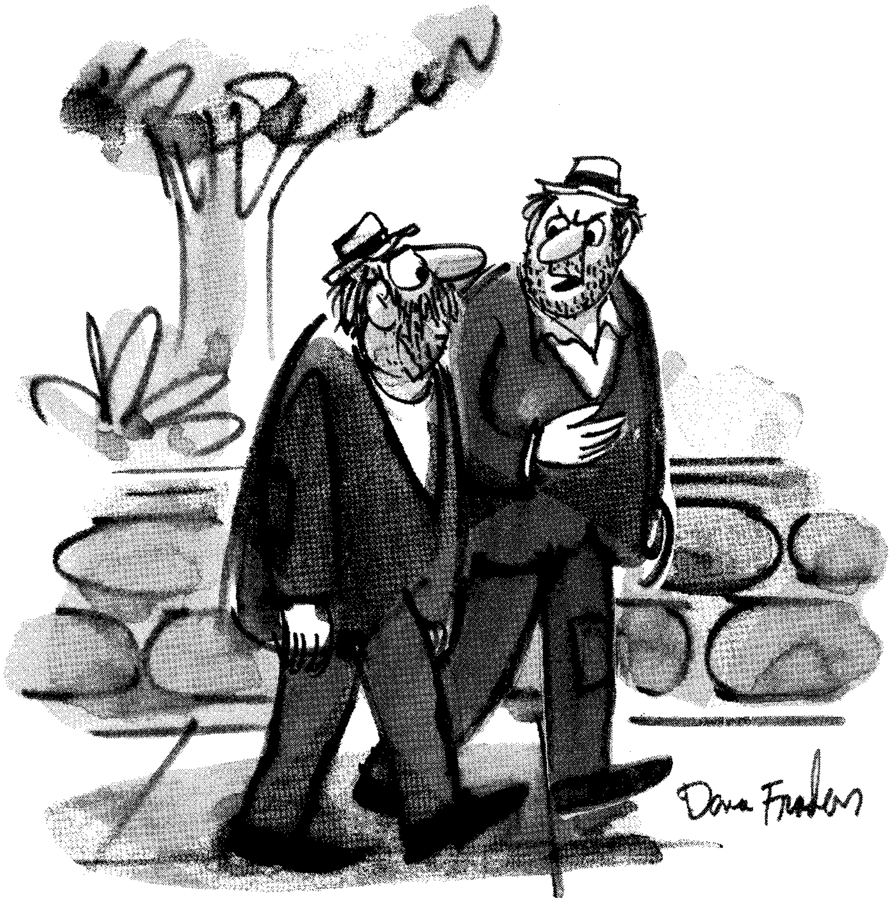
"Why?"

"I want to get up tomorrow."

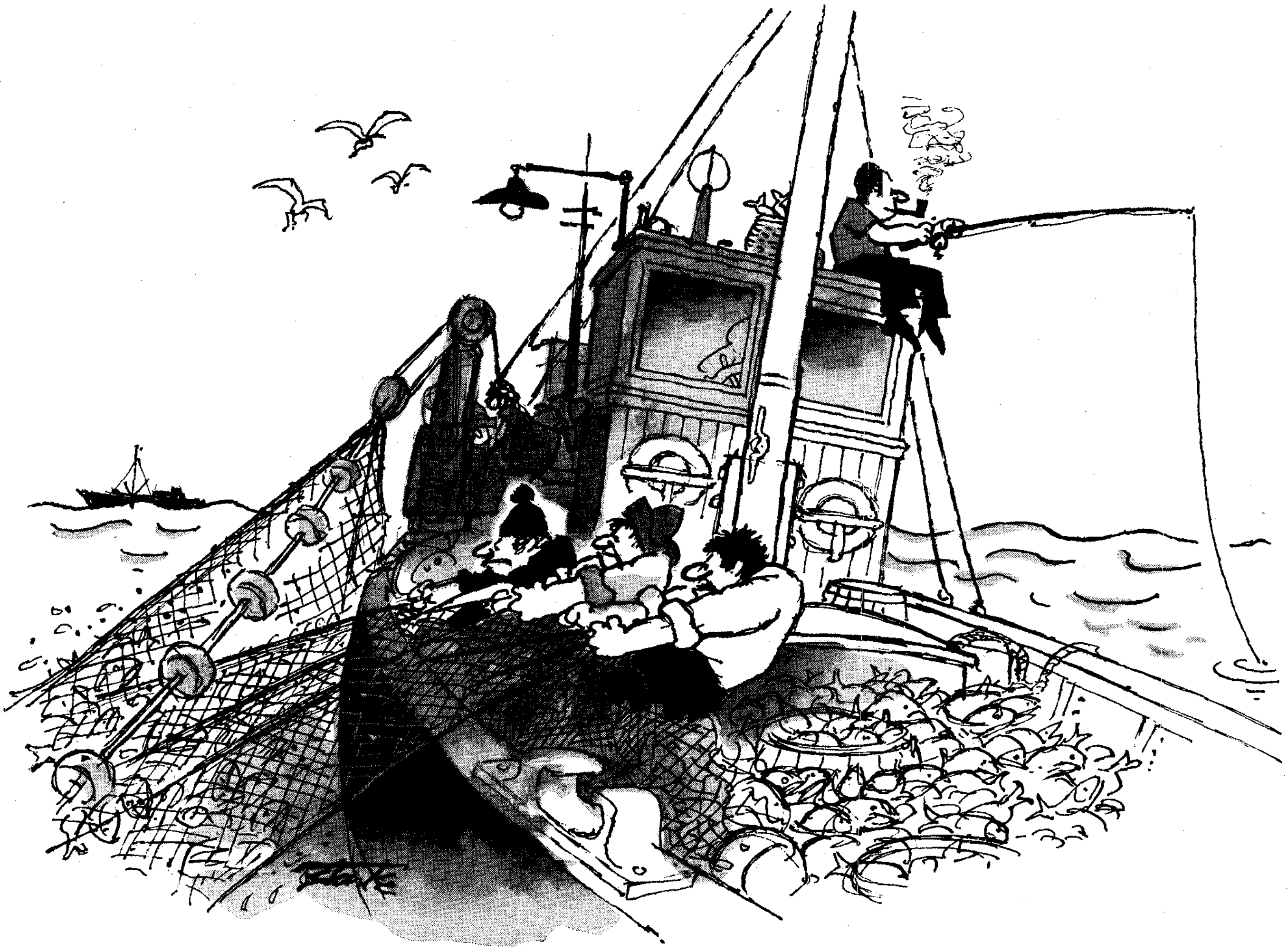
"Good night, Lilly," Quentin said.

"Good night." She smiled. "No, don't."

Larry looked down at the money in



"It's not what you know, it's who you know. And who do I know? You!"



"I think it makes us all look damn silly the way Ferguson spends his off-duty time."

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his hand and then back up at her. "No?"

"Forget it," she said. "No one will ever know."

"Far out," Quentin said. "Far out."

"Good night," she called after them.

They drove back to the college over a highway as empty as an undiscovered river. Quentin, sitting in the back seat, felt exhausted, bodiless, momentarily at peace with the thought that the earth was no longer a place to be explored, that dwelling on a lost world was a kind of sophisticated sentimentality that would never move him into time, into the fabric of things, into a flow that contained more than his own existence. Perhaps, he thought, staring through the car window, life is indeed a dream, and only those who demand a sense of reality are left unfulfilled. In the half-dark he looked at his hands, marvelling that they had once clutched the watery insides of his mother's stomach.

"Let us off at the corner," Larry said.

George stopped the car. Larry and Quentin got out. They said good night and slammed the door shut. The Saab drove slowly up the street. Quentin could see the tail-lights turning into the parking lot. The traffic signal hanging over the intersection blinked on and off. He and Larry crossed the street in silence and sat down on the dew-covered common.

"You tired?" Larry asked.

"Yeah."

A car turned the corner and vanished along the road.

"Let's race," Quentin said.

"Race?"

"Yeah."

"Where?" Larry asked.

"Across the common."

"Don't be absurd." Larry laughed.

"Come on." Quentin stood. "It'll be good for you."

"No."

"Come on."

"You're crazy," Larry said, still laughing.

"Come on, come on."

"Absolutely crazy."

"Ready?" Quentin asked.

"Wait a minute, wait a minute."

They both crouched down in starting positions.

"I just want you to remember that I was a baseball star and can run like the wind," Larry said.

"On your mark—"

"I have the speed of a tornado, my friend."

"Get set, *go*."

Quentin pushed up and started running as fast as he could. Larry was right at his side. Quentin could hear only their footsteps and their panting. It seemed to him that they were running straight into the moon. His lungs ached and his legs felt like water, but he made himself run even faster, on across the white common, on toward the shimmering dinosaur he now saw leading his family away from the approaching glacier and into the desert to die. —HENRY BROMELL

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NEW 2 bedroom, self-cleaning oven, air-conditioned, 6 miles from town.
—Adv. in the Ithaca (N.Y.) Journal.

That's no good—there are five of us, counting the dog.

KADDISH AND OTHER MATTERS

BEHIND my mother I see the ocean, the only one I knew when I was little—the Coney Island ocean. Behind that, nothing, as if the world were flat. In front of her I see a kitchen sink, a coal stove, the New York *Jewish Daily Forward*, with its oppressive, heavy black letters. The bare-board kitchen floor, flooded with sudsy water, is also a sea. She scrubs on her hands and knees, with a wooden-backed brush, while I ride the waves, my boat the unevenly balanced kitchen table. Outside the window, a monster rattles by. I transform the Myrtle Avenue Elevated into the terrifying noise and flash of the famous storm of her crossing to America on her voyage from nowhere to the here where I am born to give her substance.

I am the only one of her children delivered by a doctor in a hospital, St. Anne's in Brooklyn, and I am named Anne in gratitude for the skill that saved my four-pound life. She worries that the name is too *goy*ish, and changes it to Anna, which becomes Hannah in the sighing speech that sends her vowels airborne and, with the inevitable diminutive endearment, ends as Hannahle. I will laboriously lead it back from Hannahle to Hannah to Anna to Anne, but on the kitchen table I am Hannahle, and though her name has undergone a sea change from Feigele to Fanny to Fay, I know her only as Mama.

I make the effort to unroll her life backward across that flat ocean to the real places she really inhabited—to the London slum where she worked and married and had her first children, and beyond that to the village in Poland where she was born and grew up. The spare bits of information make a stilted history, which I reconstruct painstakingly into a sampler of my mother's early life.

When she was a little girl, she saw gold shining in the distance beyond her village and pleaded with her father to help her collect the fortune that would make them rich. Her father took her hand and walked with her across a rutted, frozen road to show her the late-winter setting sun and how the gold was fading from the windows of the houses in the neighboring village. "My father was a saint," she told me. I embroider the grandfather I have never seen in golden thread and give him her heavy-lidded, deep-set brown eyes flecked with gold.

Make it pretty. Why not? I can invent any background I please—Russian intellectual, rich peasant, colorful poor, "Fiddler on the Roof" musical comedy. There are no hard facts, no placenames, no records, no towns, not a clue to pursue.

She claimed to have been a singing teacher in England—a lie so transparent that it was remarkable on my part to have believed it until I was quite grown up. Her repertory of songs, picked up from English working-girl friends, was sung in a small, true, sweet voice, tinged with the rowdy mockery of the music hall. "Jesus loves me, yes I know. Because the Bible tells me so." "There was Brown, upside down, knocking all the whiskey on the floor." "Mother, dear, oh did you hear the news that's going 'round? I'm afraid to go home in the dark," followed by gruesome tales of Jack the Ripper. And from another part of her life a Yiddish song about the red flag, the red flag, drenched with the blood of the workingman, set, to my adolescent snobbish astonishment, to a Beethoven theme.

She left her parents when she was sixteen. She ran from a traditional marriage to a local boy, but not because of the boy. She liked her curly brown hair. It was too terrifying, having to shear it off. Bad enough to have seen her sister transformed overnight into an old woman in a black wig with a part made of seamed yellow cloth. She was smuggled across the border in a wagon filled with bales of hay. There were openings to breathe through, but she was sure that she would suffocate. In London, she spent long days in a basement workshop and the short evenings crying into a towel so as not to be heard by her aunt and uncle and their two children and the boarder from the old village.

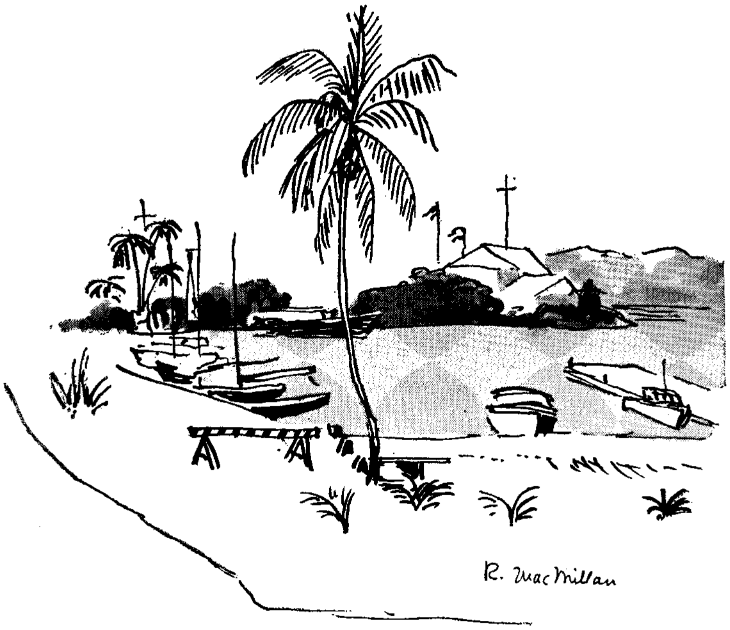
She hinted at a sad love affair with a violinist before she met Papa. Another lie? I see her in the crumpled shirtwaist of the working girl. The long black skirt outlines her graceful figure and delicate waist. She is on a crowded London street, at an omnibus stop, threatening and pleading with a young man in her shrill peasant voice. He is deserting her for another. He is a small, dark, neat man with a little mustache. He carries a violin case. He answers her in short bursts of passionate self-defense. They are quarrelling in Yiddish. She turns on the English people standing about and watching the spectacle, scolding in her Yiddish-accented Cockney speech: "Who are you looking at? Monkeys in a zoo? You think my misery is a penny show?"

In their wedding photograph, she is still pert, young, tiny-waisted, though ten years older than my straight-backed, tall, smooth-faced father. She had gone to Paris during the Exposition at the turn of the century to find better-paying work and found my father, a fellow operator on furs.

OF her seven children—two born in England, one conceived there and carried across the stormy sea to be born in America, and the rest born here—I was the last of the lot. She was then in her forties. She didn't want me and tried to get rid of me, but I stuck, draining the last drops of warmth and calcium. She had no time and place for me. She carried me in a bushel basket from the top floor of the tenement where we lived in Brooklyn to my father's grocery store, a few blocks away. She relieved him while he napped and ate his meals.

"You don't remember that," my sister Jenny says. "Come on, Anna. You can't possibly remember that."

I see my mother at the kitchen sink scrub-



bing a pot. She has wedged the pot against the cold-water faucet, and she is scouring with her left hand because the right arm is broken, immobilized in a splint and a sling. She begins to sob and to smash the pot against the faucet, and when she has completely smashed the pot she stops crying and laughs.

That must have been just before her two-week nervous breakdown. The doctor ordered a rest in the country as a cure. Only my brother Barry and my sister Shana and I shared that first American holiday with her. We went to a Jewish farmer in Connecticut. I thought of her as so totally ignorant that I didn't know what to make of her expert knowledge of the woods. She wandered about, digging, picking, sniffing, rubbing between her fingers, tasting, rejecting. She gathered mushrooms, sour grass, berries, roots, and leaves and returned to the room rented with cooking privileges carrying treasures for preparation into dishes I wouldn't touch. She milked the cow and drank the warm, frothy, disgusting milk fresh from the udders. She cured the farmer's dog of an infection, and he adopted her and slept outside our room every night. I could hear him panting his love through the space under the warped wooden door.

She found a waterfall and brought soap and towels to wash our hair under the cold, delicious spray, and when we were dry sent us ahead to the farmhouse to be free to undress and wash herself. Some teasing from my brother and sister made me run back to her. I saw silky nakedness and rounded buttocks splashed with the brilliant water of the falls in a half-lit, sprinkled sunshine. It was mystifying to recognize beauty in my harassed old mother. I ran off at once, afraid to face her with my blazing new knowledge.

She wasn't my dream parent. I would have given her up for a mother who could read and write English. I dreaded her coming to Open School Week, but she looked quite distinguished in a dark-blue suit, only a tiny edge of her curly gray hair showing from under a blue felt hat borrowed from my aunt in millinery, and was introduced without embarrassment to me as Anna's mother, Mrs. Goddard. I showed off like mad, answering every question the teacher allowed me to, drunk with relief. Still, I despaired of her understanding how smart I was. What did she know about fractions or the Boston Tea Party? What did she know about America, about being American, about my struggle to swim in this dangerous sea without markers or channels? There was no path from her past to my future. We were caught, she and I, in a misunderstanding. She was a source of shame to me, and not to be forgiven. She had been born in another country. She had come here from someplace else. She was a greenhorn. I had to squirm away from her and dig in my toes where I could stand. Remember, I told myself, remember, you mustn't be like her.

I wasn't pleased that she cried while her daughter answered questions zing, zing, zing, one after the other, absolutely correctly. I saw her take a snowy, holiday-white handkerchief out of her pocket and wipe her eyes. That wasn't what she should have been doing. She should have been watching me with a slightly sour look, the way Adele Falkenburg's mother eyed Adele. *Not enough. Not good enough.* That was the way Jewish mothers who could read and write English responded to their clever daughters.

At least, she found my friends not good enough. "I don't give two cents for Mrs. Fancy Stuck-Up Falkenburg," she said, but she stayed up nights sewing me a new dress for Adele's birthday party. It was made of white filmy stuff and had a plain round neck and long fitted sleeves. All its decoration was in the overskirt of attached lace-edged handkerchiefs and in its soft velvet sash. I earned high honors at the party for my beautifully worked dress and my beautiful hair and my beautiful manners. So my sister was told when she came to pick me up, right on time, the first to arrive to take a child home. The afternoon had been a triumph for my family. I was the only schoolmate invited who came from our side of Fort Greene Park—the slum side.

I came home sick. My mother held my head as I retched into a pail. She blamed my illness on the rich food of the party, but I hadn't eaten anything. I didn't dare. My body had threatened betrayals at every attempted move: I would spill, break, slip, fall, scream, burst into tears. The dining room was unimaginably grand, with a crystal chandelier from whose brilliance swirls of twisted crêpe paper and balloons exploded softly. In the center of the huge table an elaborate cake radiated ribbons to each child's plate which we yanked at a signal to win a ring wrapped in tissue. On my skinny finger the ring dangled weighty as a handcuff. Adele was an only child. Her parents were young; they seemed hardly older than my oldest brother and sister. But they were very different from us. How smoothly Adele's mother moved, how benignly her father's smile floated above his bow tie, how calmly, between them, they governed the holiday air of the party. The information that in my world there might be Jews to emulate made me sick with excitement.

Getting sick was a way to force all my mother's attention in my direction. Any ministration would do: a long sock filled with salt heated in a frying pan and wrapped around my throat to draw the inflammation, a shockingly cool alcohol rubdown, covers suffocatingly piled on to sweat out the poisons, eggnog with a drop of schnapps, beef tea and mint tea, and a wonderfully aromatic brew of steeped dried raspberries—even Papa's cash-register receipts to count at midnight, when he closed the store.

I thought of myself as her favorite child. We all did. Privately, we each put the question to her. "I'm your favorite. Isn't that right?" She had no hesitation in agreeing. Whichever child was at her side was her favorite. She was the proverbial Jewish wife who could cut a herring into enough parts to feed a large family, but it was herself she pieced for our hungers.

MY mother was dead before I thought to ask her all the things I wanted to know. Toward the end, I hurried.

She was living with my father and a temporarily unmarried sister in a house in Miami, cushioned in a steady material comfort at last by my brother Barry, who had cut his own path around the thicket of bankruptcies, dispossesses, summonses, and creditors that had been my father's notion of business. When I was young, I thought those terms were Yiddish words for troubles that came down only on the heads of small grocery-store owners. Barry had come up with new words—"production," "profit," "capital investment," "merger," "spinoff," "money."

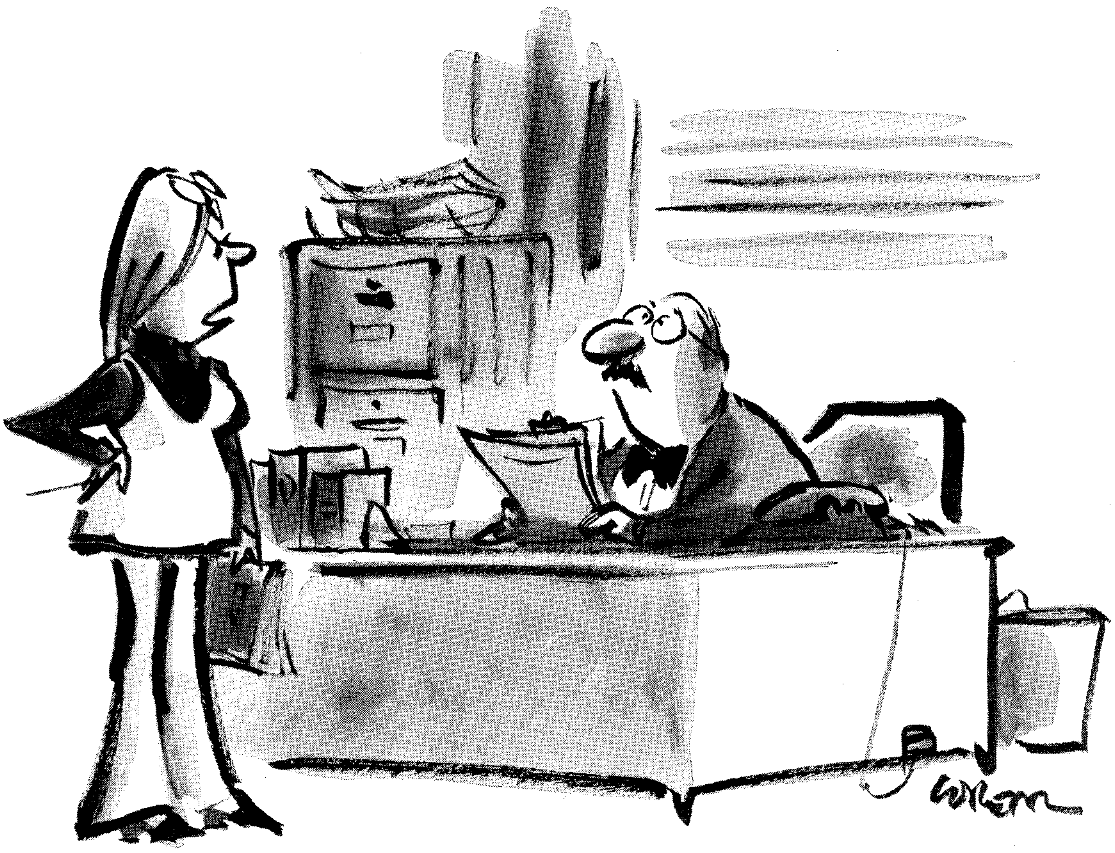
I set up a bilingual correspondence between me and my mother from New York to Miami. I explained that I would have a friend translate her letters for me. Did that information give her a stagefright that made her foolish? My friend was an expert in Yiddish literature. Perhaps he was the fool. He was embarrassed by her sentimentality, by the pages splattered with tears and endearments ("my dear child," "*mein teier kind*," "my sweet daughter Hannahle," "*mein ziese tuchter*," "soul," "*neshume*"). I took the letter from him when he stopped to explain that my mother wrote an illiterate, mawkish slop, without punctuation or structure—very difficult for him to read and translate.

"No need to go on, then," I said.

I folded the letter in my fist, protecting it from exposure. If she was going to turn out to be the fool of my father's stories, I didn't want the proof. I would stick with my own image. I put her letters away unread, answering them in the same general way: "Dearest Mama, I received your beautiful letter," and going on to what news I could find to report. I typed my meaningless letters at my desk at the office. She had taught herself to read English print.

Soon she is too ill to write, and the problem solves itself.

MY father's favorite story, which he tells me again in Miami, is about my mother's arrival at Ellis Island to join him. He had preceded her to America by three months to find a job and a place to live before sending for his family. She had met a know-it-all on the voyage, whose advice led her astray. This *chuchum* told my mother to lie to the authorities and to say that her husband had preceded her to the States by two years. They held Mama for hours, unravelling snarls in a situation that included her three-year-old and eighteen-month-old children and a pregnancy visibly too far gone to last another



"I'll bet you wouldn't have let me off so easily if I weren't a woman."

month. My father loved to mimic how Mama signalled him from her caged enclosure, holding up two fingers and winking and nodding with a satisfied show of her cleverness in outwitting the officials. Papa swore that the children, born and unborn, were his. And the officials could see for themselves that the three-year-old, my oldest brother, Saul, dressed in his best English serge knickers in a ninety-degree heat and with his soft brown hair twisted into Lord Fauntleroy curls, knew his father and was calling, "Papa, Papa."

They take their place in the mythology of the Jewish immigration, subjects in a Lewis Hine photograph, except for my mother, who cannot keep a dignified stance in the tableau. She plays the clown, even looks a little like Harpo Marx; she has vomited too much on the stormy crossing and is crazy from dehydration; she thinks my father is abandoning her there in the compound on Ellis Island.

In her last years, she looked more like Albert Einstein. She tends her garden in Miami—one avocado, one grapefruit, one lemon, one lime, one mango tree. The wind blows her white hair into a ridiculous halo. Her eyes are monkey-wise but with the pink-rimmed human vulnerability of the eyes in a Rembrandt portrait. She calls the utility shack my father has had built on the edge of a disliked neighbor's property the spite room. She mishears the phrase the new-mown hay, and calls the sweepings of the freshly cut lawn the Dumont hay. When I was in high school, learning by heart "tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow creeps in this petty pace . . ." she follows me declaiming nonsense, "*shulimdrip, shulimdrop, alle genz auf der fence . . .*" Did she lie to me about having seen Sarah Bernhardt play Hamlet with a wooden leg?

She was nobody. She has no importance.

My father liked to complain that it was she who had halted his activity in the cap-makers' union after the failure of a twelve-week strike, dividing the blame for the collapse of his revolutionary hopes between his wife and hungry children and the bad job the Bolsheviks were doing in Soviet Russia. His first job in this country was as an operator in a hat factory. It was our Aunt Sadie Jacoby, already "making good," who set him up in his grocery store.

"I don't blame him for my life," my mother says.

She is dying in a Miami hospital, fading from exhaustion, not responding to the newest drugs to soup up her failing heart.

"I kept him like a spoiled child all his life," she says to me. She is angry with him because he falls asleep in the armchair when he comes to visit her at the hospital. Still, she whispers—not to disturb him. "Women nowadays know better what to do. Don't be fools like

TWO POEMS

NOCTURNE

Do squamous and squiggling fish,
down in their fireless houses,
notice nightfall? Perhaps not.
But any grounded goer,
and all to whom feathers grant
the sky's unbounded freedom,
alter their doings at dusk,
each obsequious to its
curiosity of kind.
The commons mild their movements
and mew all their senses, but
there are odd balls: for instance,
the owl and the pussy-cat,
as soon as day has thestered,
increase their thinking and jaunt
to kill or to engender.

No couple of our kindred
obey the same body-clock:
for most the law is to shut
their minds up before midnight,
but someone in the small hours,
for the money or love, is
always awake and at work.
Here young radicals plotting
to blow up a building, there
a frowning poet rifling
his memory's printer's-pie
to form some placent sentence,
and overhead wanderers
whirling hither and thither
in bellies of overbig
mosquitoes made of metal.

Over oceans, land-masses
and tree-tops the Moon now takes
her dander through the darkness,
to lenses a ruined world
lying in its own rubbish,
but still to the naked eye
the Icon of all mothers,
for never shall second thoughts
succumb our first-hand feelings,
our only redeeming charm,
our childish drive to wonder:
spaced about the firmament,
planets and constellations
still officiously declare
the glory of God, though known
to be uninfluential.

Out there still the Innocence
that we somehow freaked out of
where *can* and *ought* are the same:
so comely to our conscience,
where nothing may happen twice,
its timely repetitions,
so variant from our ways,
immodest scandal-mongers,
the way its fauna respect
the privacy of others.
How else shall mannerless minds
in ignorance imagine
the Mansion of Gentle Joy
it is our lot to look for,
where else weak wills find comfort
to dare the Dangerous Quest?

A CURSE

Dark was that day when Diesel
conceived his grim engine that
begot you, vile invention,
more vicious, more criminal
than the camera even,
metallic monstrosity,
bale and bane of our Culture,
chief woe of our Commonweal.

How dare the Law prohibit
hashish and heroin yet
licence your use, who inflate
all weak inferior egos?
Their addicts only do harm
to their own lives: you poison
the lungs of the innocent,
your din dithers the peaceful,
and on choked roads hundreds must
daily die by chance-medley.

Nimble technicians, surely
you should hang your heads in shame.
Your wit works mighty wonders,
has landed men on the Moon,
replaced brains by computers,
and can smithy a "smart" bomb.
It is a crying scandal
that you cannot take the time
or be bothered to build us,
what sanity knows we need,
an odorless and noiseless
staid little electric brougham.

—W. H. Auden
(1907-1973)

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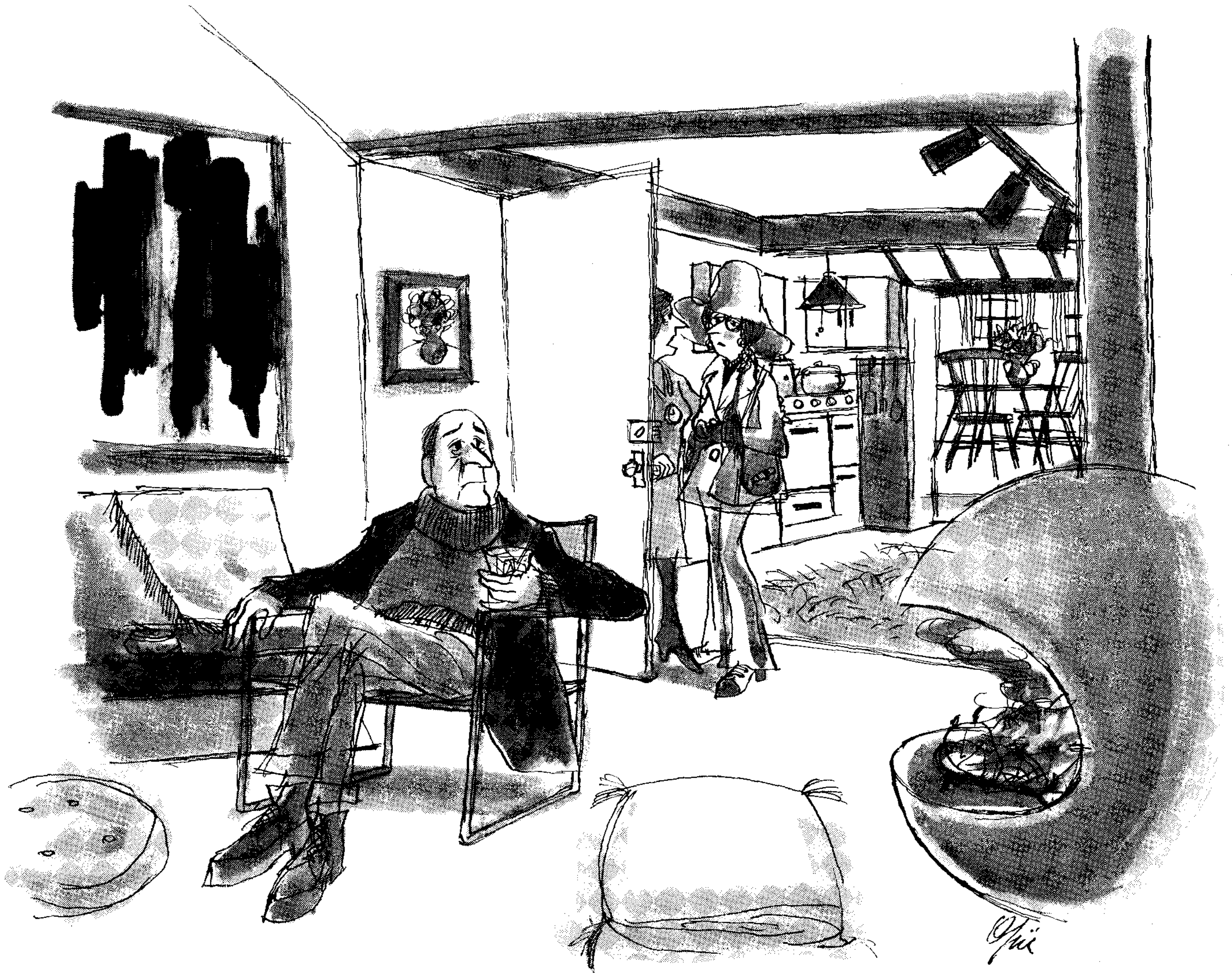


"Don't be misled. He's looked as if he's about to say something for thirty-seven years now."

• •

us." I was in the middle of a divorce. "Don't get married again. But if you do, don't have any more children." She closes her eyes. My father is snoring. With her eyes shut, she says, "Will I see a book with your name on the cover, please God, before I close my eyes for good?"

She was always old. She was always having trouble with her teeth. Pyorrhea—another Yiddish word. I am ten years old. The first one home from school, I am the first to see her false teeth. They are such *false* false teeth. She turns my dismay to comedy, grotesquely working the teeth in and out of her mouth, jabbering ape noises. Fifteen years later, when I am twenty-five and visiting in Miami, she is again having trouble with her teeth. The original, clumsy upper plate has long been replaced. This is bottom-teeth trouble. She has cataracts, she is deaf, and her feet swell with long sitting, but my father and I insist that a movie will do her good. We enter in the middle of a double-feature program. She asks a lot of questions about the plot into which we've been plunged. I try to answer them briefly, while my father shushes us and darts fierce, condemning glances at her. She has brought things to eat in a paper bag—nuts and grapes and a couple of oranges and apples. There are more furious glances from my father, but he eats everything she offers us. So do I. The orange she peels yields a marvellous scent. She falls asleep in the middle of one movie and wakes in the middle of the other and on the walk home puts them together into an entertainment better than the one we had seen. My father laughs and calls her a fool, pleasantly.

As little as there is to tell, I make her still less in the telling. What's wrong?

WE are crossing Brooklyn Bridge on an open trolley car. I am five or six years old. We are going to or coming from a shopping expedition to the lower East Side. I am in an ecstasy of excitement and revelation. She is pointing out the marvels to me—the wonderful bridge, the water below, the boats, the bridge traffic, the buildings of Manhattan. "Look, Hannahle, look!" At the end of the day, walking from the trolley to our tenement apartment, she puts down the heavy shopping bags and we sit on a stoop and watch a flock of pigeons wheeling and flashing the golden undersides of their wings against a tall building cutting into the endless space of a clear violet-blue sky.

We are living in Rockaway Beach in a ramshackle apartment behind a store she tended with my father. I am eight or nine. Mama and I are walking along the shore of the empty beach. It is early spring. The sun is hot. My mother is carrying a small, pointed shovel, a strong, blunt knife, and a cut lemon. We are barefoot. Mama's feet are squat and ugly with corns and bunions. The sand is firm and cold under-foot. Mama is digging clams. She explains that a clam breathes through tiny holes in the sand, and that is where she digs. She pries the shell open, rinses the gloppy mess in the seawater, squirts lemon on it, and swallows it. She tries to persuade me to try one, but I will not. "Don't tell your father on me," she says. "It's not kosher."

We moved almost every year. We moved from Brooklyn to the Bronx to Brooklyn, to Rockaway to Brooklyn to the Bronx. How did she endure all that moving?

Now I am fifteen and she has been sick for a long time. She has had a spinal operation and is immobilized in a cast. Though we were all coöperative in the beginning, we are tired of her illness. Nobody wants to be responsible anymore, even if we did drain the calcium. My father has still another failing store, in the South Bronx. My brother helps him after he comes home from work, between sessions at night school. It's a matter of weeks before the creditors will descend. After the settlement, we'll all make a trip to carry off as much stock as my father thinks we can get away with. For the next few months, we'll eat a lot of canned salmon, and so will the families of my sister and brother, who have married and got free of us. Another sister is working. My next-eldest sister, a year out of high school, is staying at home to take care of Mama. I am in my senior year at school. I'm supposed to rush straight home this day. My sister must do something important, and Mama will be alone for an hour or so before I'm due to arrive.

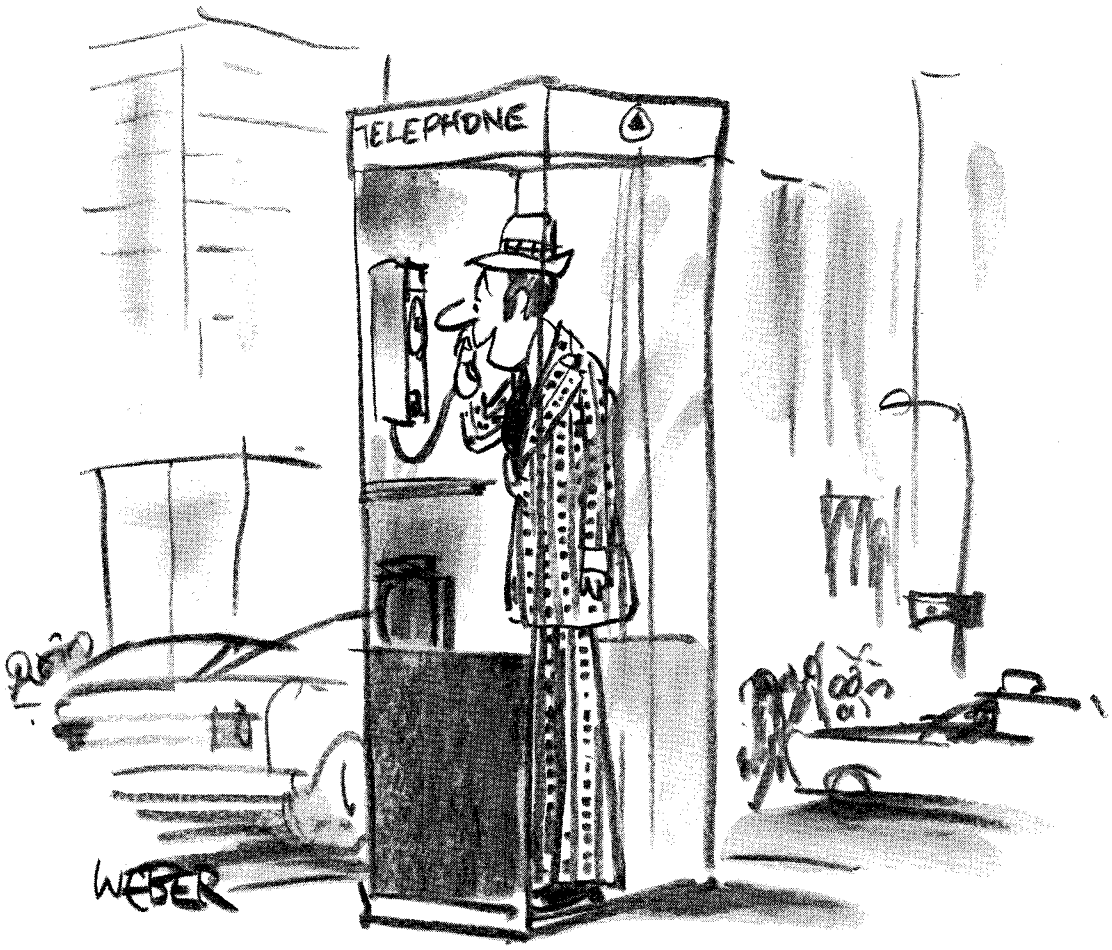
I can't get myself to go home. I can't drag myself away from my friends, the charged, silly talk, the electric promise in the air that everything is possible. I'm in love with a dozen people. One is an older, married English teacher, who takes me for a ride in his car and parks under the trees on the Pelham Bay Road and strokes first my right and then my left eyebrow with a trembling finger as we discuss D. H. Lawrence. He's even *Irish*. One is the school's leading poet, a beautiful girl, younger than I, who has read everything—Robinson Jeffers, Ezra Pound, Gerard Manley Hopkins—and can quote whole poems. There is a real American-looking, square-faced football star, who admires me wordlessly and then invites me to the senior prom, and whose first name, shockingly, turns out to be Moishe. Most important is Miss Dillon, another English teacher with whom I begin a passionate friendship as puzzling and searing as anything I will ever experience. This afternoon, she has brought around a new girl and a new boy—two of her "specials." We are all her "specials"—that's how we meet. Miss Dillon's "specials" call her Beth. Beth thrills me by showing open displeasure that the other English teacher, my Irishman, has spoken possessively of her Anne. The English Department has been discussing graduation awards. It looks as if I will get the gold medal. Beth is jealous of the other teacher's involvement in my fate. It makes me drunk to think of it. The new girl intensely watches the scene Beth and I are playing. She responds, magically, to everything we say—nodding, laughing, opening her eyes wide, just as I would have her do in a daydream. The new boy is on trial. He is dark and romantic-looking in a coarse, Italian fashion. But he, too, turns out to be Jewish. He doesn't make the effort to follow what's happening. It's enough for him to feel cherished and to have been allowed to join us. He rolls an orange up one arm, along his shoulder and the back of his neck, and down the other arm, and catches it neatly with a twist of his wrist. Then he juggles three oranges successfully. "For love of three oranges," I say, and win an admiring nod from Beth. We make fun of the new boy's lowly skill, and he joins us to laugh at himself. He has passed the test. Perhaps I'll be in love with him, too. He has an empty house. His family is visiting relatives in Philadelphia for the weekend. He knows how to make spaghetti with meat sauce. He'll cook it and we'll all eat it together, in an empty house. We make plans to meet in an hour.

"I told it like it was."

At last, I hurry home. My mother has wet herself. She doesn't look at me or speak as I change her bedding and nightgown. She is encased in the steel support of her cast and in a cold, solid despair. Her feet have become shapely and white from the long year's invalidism. They twist my heart. I don't care. I don't care. I just want to go to my friends. I dump the wet things in the kitchen washtub and run water and add suds and leave the drainboard off so that someone will notice the linens and take care of them. I wash my face and change my blouse and brush my hair and am ready to run off as soon as someone arrives.

My mother calls me. She keeps her face turned aside, but she forces herself to speak. "Help me make Shabbas, Anna," she says. I place tall white candles in the brass candlesticks brought from England, and I hand her a clean white dish towel. I light the candles, and she covers her head with the towel and waves her arms over the flames in the mysterious beckoning motions of the Sabbath ritual prayer. Her now fine white hands cover her eyes, and she sways as she prays. When she finishes, I want to joke as my brother would: "Did you put in a good word for me, Mom?" But her face is forbidding.

I have no part in that, anyway. Though I have had a little Hebrew education and can say a decent *brucha*, blessing the wine and the bread as well as my brothers can, it is her sons who are her prayer insurance. They will say Kaddish when she dies.



"This is the incomparable Stuart Hollobaugh. You remember. Last night, at Daly's Dandelion."

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I LEAVE my children with a babysitter and take an hour's trip to attend early-morning services with my father and brothers. My mother's body has been brought to New York for burial in a Brooklyn cemetery plot. The family gathers daily at my brother's grand, comfortable house in Westchester for the mourning period. We sit Shivah on fine period furniture and eat food prepared by a Negro cook or ordered in from a delicatessen catering service. The men go to temple in the morning and evening. They are astonished that I join them this morning, but they accept my action as a sign of distraught grief.

My brother is a member of both temples in this suburb—the reform and the conservative. We are in the conservative one—a new, square, simple structure more like a Quaker or Unitarian church—in which the old rituals are carefully observed. I am surprised to see young, vigorous executive types wrapping themselves in the surgical-looking tapes and patches of the *tephillin*. My father eases his real grief with the considerable consolation of his son's success, which he wears as if it is his own. Is it not? How preposterous of me to have ever worried that Jewish was not American.

I have come to hear poetry. I have come to connect with my mother through a magical and powerful incantation. I have come to hear Kaddish said, but the long service drones on without it. I turn the pages of the prayer book, looking for the mourner's prayer, but my father thinks I'm lost and he does for me what he always did for my mother. Without interrupting his singsong murmuring, he takes my prayer book, finds the right place, and, keeping his finger firmly on the spot, returns the book to me. He is a dignified, senatorial figure in his prayer shawl and silken skullcap. The service has reached that part where the congregation is blessing God for an assortment of good things. The men bless God because He has not made them women. The women, in smaller print, bless God for having made them according to His will. I am the only woman in the temple. I turn the book away from my father's overseeing gaze to find what I was looking for, the transliteration of the mourner's prayer:

"*Yisgadal v'yiskadash . . .*"

I read to myself, not bothering with the English translation, giving myself up to sound alone.

"*Yisborach v'yishtabach v'yispo-ar v'yisromam v'yisnaseh v'yis-hador v'yis-alch v'yis-ha-lol . . .*" When I finish, I am peaceful and comforted and feel free to go outside into the air to cry.

I have other magic. Now I keep my mother's candlesticks in my kitchen on the Franklin-fireplace mantel of my New England cape. From my garden I cut a spray of fresh dill and add it to the last cooking minutes of the chicken soup and evoke her in the delicate, sharp scent. I insist on her existence, and on my own. —HELEN YGLESIAS

•

VERBIER, SWITZERLAND

More than 6000 feet up in the Swiss Alps, seven young American tourists—including a girl streaked on skis.

Clad only in plastic shoes and warmed by bright spring sunshine, they made several runs down the slopes above this fashionable resort before crowds of bemused weekend skiers, eyewitnesses said yesterday.

Nixon

—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

For a minute there, we'd almost forgotten.

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

AT THE OPRY

THE Monday-morning train rolled south through the hills of Tennessee, the sun rose in little towns along the line, and in the first coach I woke up to the voices of two women in the seat behind mine.

"When I point, you look and you'll see the house where that freight train went through."

"Did anybody get killed?"

"No, it was a freight train. He and his wife were out late at a dance and it went right through their bedroom."

"It's a wonder nobody was killed."

"But there was nobody there."

The women, whose names were Margaret and Lottie, had boarded in Louisville and were going on to Birmingham to visit Margaret's daughter and her four children. They had packed a box of ham and meat-loaf sandwiches, fruit, pickles, crackers, and pecan pie, which they now opened for some breakfast. They asked me where I was going. I said, To Nashville to see the Grand Ole Opry. Friday is the last show in the old Ryman Auditorium before the Opry moves out to Opryland U.S.A. I'll be there a week and maybe write about it. I am a writer.

"Well, it must be hard on your family," said Margaret, after asking if I had one. "I sure do hate to leave my little ole Bob," she remarked to her friend.

"Does Bob cook pretty well?" asked Lottie.

"I fixed him quite a bit before I left," Margaret said. "He told me last night, he said, 'Hon, you stop worrying about me and go have yourself a good time.' "

"That's what you ought to do, all right."

"But I can't!"

"No," Lottie admitted. "It's hard, that's for sure."

It is hard. I had got to feeling good and lonesome already, sleeping upright with my legs stuck out in the aisle, and no sooner did I hit Nashville and set foot on Broadway toward the Opry than I wanted to catch the next train back home where I belonged. From Union Station, Broadway rises to the United States Courthouse and then falls into a valley of bars, pawnshops, peep shows, souvenir shops, and massage parlors that lie behind the warehouses on the Cumberland shore. Rising above it all like a mammoth brick tent is the old Ryman, and not a hundred feet from its fabled back door a woman lurking in a purple-painted doorway greeted me and stuck out a lurid green brochure offering a relaxing massage for twenty-one dollars, by one of twenty-two topless and bottomless women.

"No, thanks," I said. I am a family man myself, and what I require is not paid pleasures of the flesh but a good breakfast in my *own* kitchen *every* morning, and seeing the elm tree still standing, and conversing with ones I love. This dusty street with garbage bags piled on the curb and the 1952 Cadillac Hank Williams died in displayed in a showroom and loudspeakers at the Gray Line tour terminal offering a look at Johnny Cash's house I did not need.

What decided me on staying was a good lunch at Linebaugh's Restaurant, across the street, a song I heard on the jukebox there, and what happened right before lunch. I walked into a new-and-used-instruments store on my list of sights to see. A young clerk was showing a customer a box of guitar picks. I looked over the guitars hanging on the wall, at a dobro (which is a cousin to the Hawaiian guitar), and at a mandolin. Behind the counter, looking out the front window, an old man in a black beret scratched away at a fiddle. I thought I knew him, but I didn't recognize the tune. "You don't happen to need a fiddler?" he said.

The clerk said, "Well, I'd say you're as good as Roy Acuff anyway, but we don't have need of one today. Try us tomorrow."

"Yes, that is about as good as I am, and I'm getting sorrier and sorrier." The old man laid the fiddle away and left the store.

I asked the clerk if Mr. Acuff came in there often.

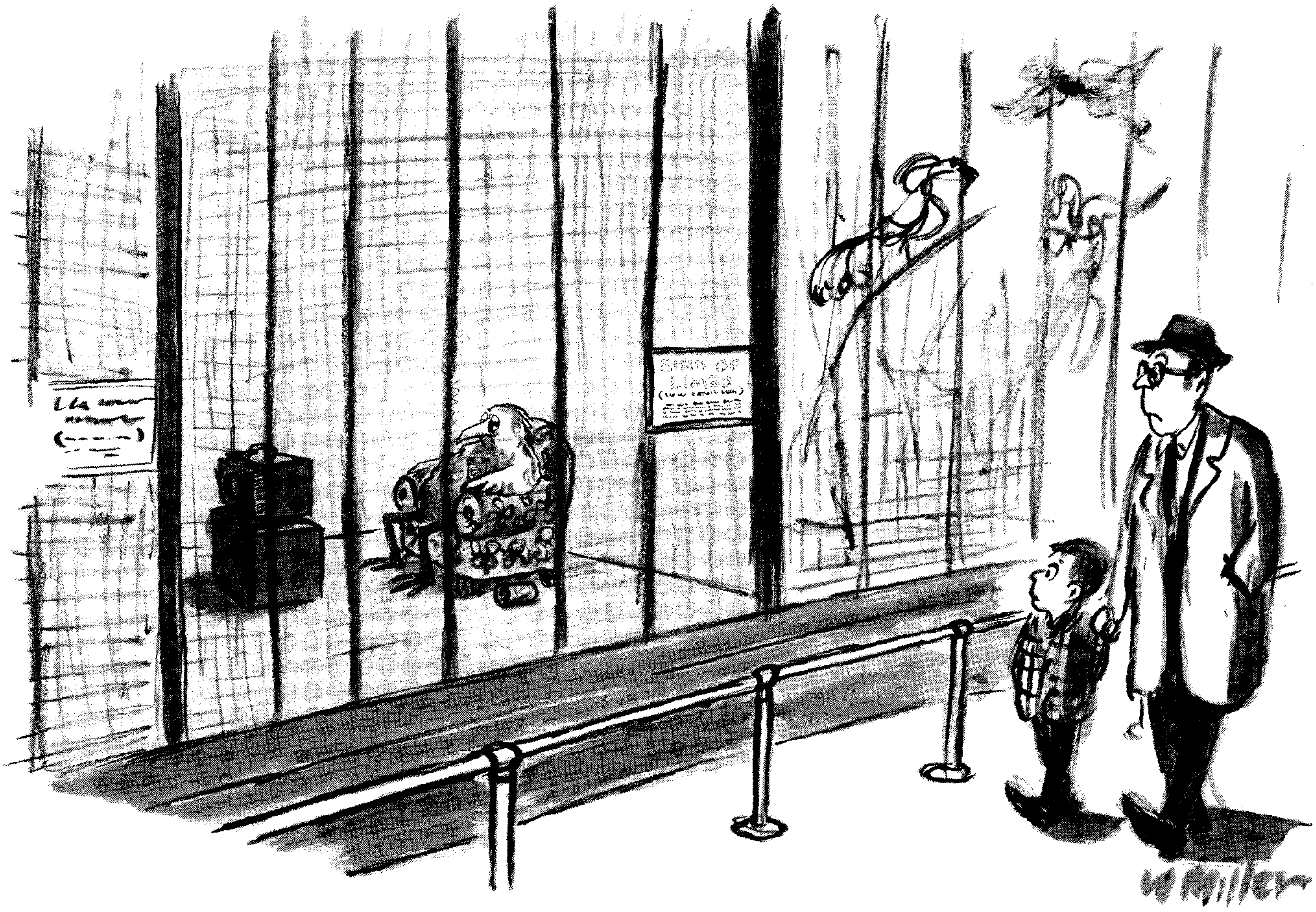
"Every day," he said.

Mr. Roy Acuff is the King of Country Music. Born 1903, Maynardsville, Tennessee. Once a ballplayer, like many country stars. Tried out for the Yankees but suffered a sunstroke. He is a wealthy man, a partner in Acuff-Rose Publications, and a lifelong Republican who ran for governor in 1948. Scheduled to introduce President Nixon at the dedication of the new Grand Ole Opry House at Opryland U.S.A. on Saturday evening. He has the gift of a truly distinctive voice, and if you've heard "Wreck on the Highway" sung right, or "The Great Speckled Bird," or "Precious Jewel," you've heard Mr. Acuff or somebody who learned it from him. He is one of my favorite singers. However, he didn't know this, and when I caught up with him half a block away and asked if he was sad to be leaving Ryman, he shot me a look that would have made a lesser man run for the train.

WIGS
CLOSED 2 WEEKS

"Ryman should've been torn down long ago," he said. "The real Opry fan won't be sad to leave Ryman. He'll be a lot more comfortable out at Opryland."

RYMAN AUDITORIUM, the Mother Church of Country Music, was built in 1891 as the Union Gospel Tabernacle and later renamed to honor Captain Tom Ryman. According to the popular legend, Ryman was the owner of a Cumberland riverboat fleet notorious for liquor and prostitution, was converted through the Reverend Sam Jones' preaching of a sermon entitled "Motherhood," and subsequently gave a lot of money to build the tabernacle. Even with the stage, added later, Ryman looks and feels like a gospel hall, where the Word was shouted and the old revival hymns were rocked out on those long hot Sunday summer afternoons and nights. In its oaken pews, the buttocks slide into a slight hollow worn there by bodies that have gone before. Relatively few of those bodies sat under conviction of sin, though; after the balcony was built for the 1897 Confederate reunion, Ryman could seat thirty-three hundred, more than would come to revivals every week, and it soon became a concert hall and theatre. Caruso sang in it, and John McCormack, and Galli-Curci; Will Rogers ("The Poet Lariat") spoke; W. C. Fields appeared in 1928, with "Mirth Provoking Lampoons on the Popular Games of Golf and Pocket Billiards." The Earl Carroll Vanities ("60 Scenes of Lavish Splendor, 56 of The Most



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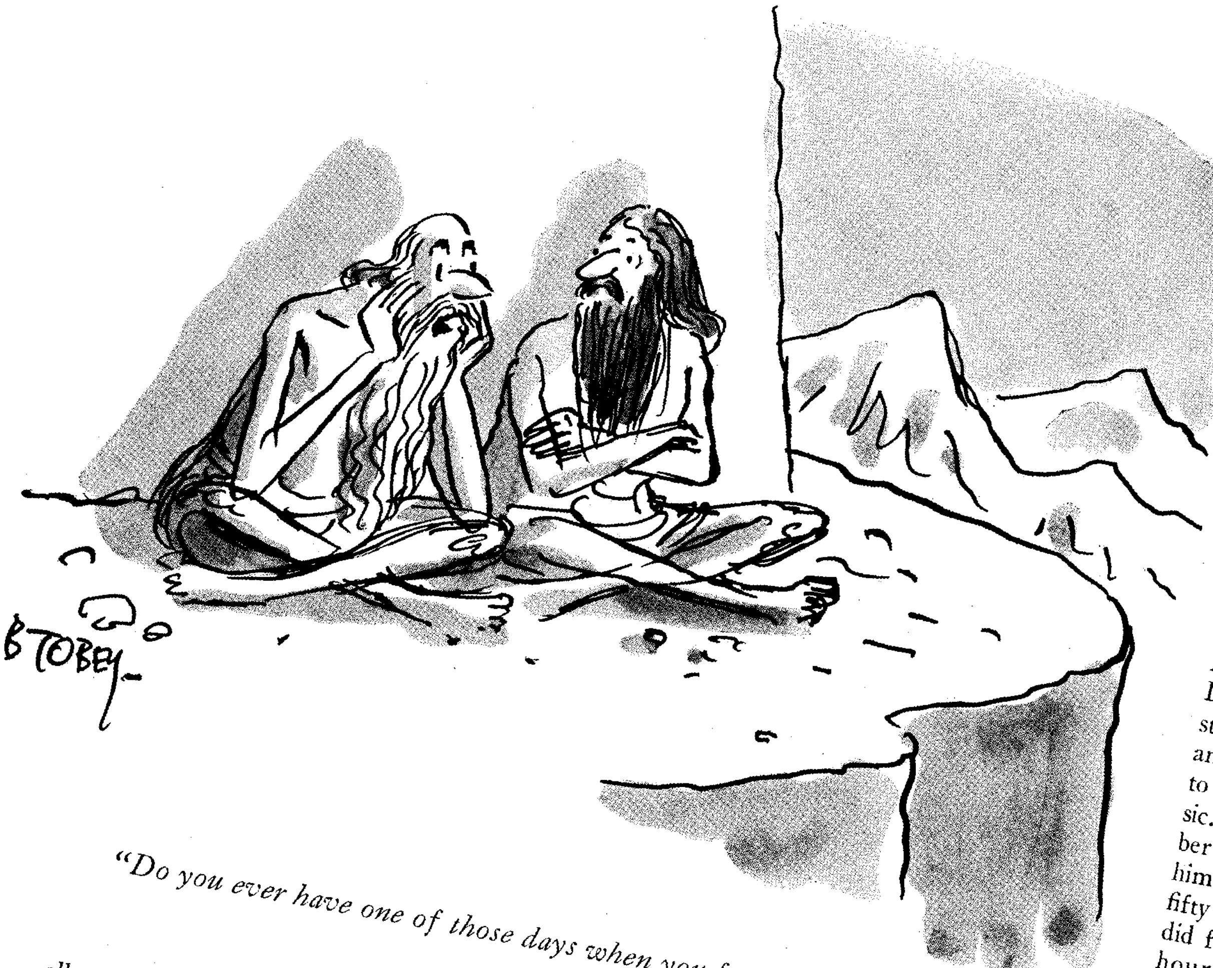
Beautiful Girls in The World, 1000 Laughs"), and Paul Whiteman (Himself) and His Orchestra. Aimee Semple McPherson took Ryman for five nights in 1934. Tallulah Bankhead played in "The Little Foxes." Eleanor Roosevelt spoke on "The Relationship of the Individual to the Community" in 1938. The Opry came to Ryman in 1941. In 1963, the National Life and Accident Insurance Company, the owner of the Opry, bought Ryman and changed its name to the Grand Ole Opry House, but it was still called Ryman, even in Opry literature.

The Grand Ole Opry is the oldest continuous radio show in America today. It was originally called the "WSM Barn Dance." Its founder—George D. Hay (born 1895, died 1968), a former Memphis newspaper columnist who was known as the Solemn Old Judge, hired by WLS in Chicago in 1924, voted most popular radio announcer in America by readers of *Radio Digest*—was also founder of the "WLS Barn Dance." The twenties were a good time for fathering institutions. Hay was hired early in November of 1925 by National Life to run its new station, WSM ("We Shield Millions"), in Nashville, and at 8 P.M. sharp on Saturday, November 28th, he stood before a new carbon microphone in Studio A and announced the "WSM Barn Dance" and its first performer—Uncle Jimmy Thompson, an eighty-year-old fiddler who claimed to know a thousand tunes by heart and who would, Judge Hay said, honor any requests. A few tunes later, the telegrams began to arrive.

In a matter of weeks, the program became a show. Fans came to look through the studio glass and watch Uncle Jimmy and the new string bands that soon overshadowed him, such as Dr. Humphrey Bate and the Possum Hunters, Sam and Kirk McGee and Fiddling Arthur Smith (the Dixieliners), the Gully Jumpers, the Fruit Jar Drinkers, and the Crook Brothers. (In a booklet that the Judge wrote about the Opry in 1953, he said of the early musicians, "They are down-to-earth men. Most of them have large families.") After the show moved to a larger studio, a policy decision was made at the highest level of National Life to let the fans come in and watch. Later, to accommodate the crowds, the show moved to the Hillsboro Theatre, then to the Dixie Tabernacle, in East Nashville, then back downtown to the War Memorial Auditorium (where the Opry started charging admission), then to Ryman.

"The Grand Ole Opry is as simple as sunshine," the Judge wrote in later years, explaining its success. "It has a universal appeal because it is based upon good will and with folk music expresses the heartbeat of a large percentage of Americans who labor for a living." By 1927, the show had grown to three hours of folk music and good will (the Judge liked to read letters on the air and send out birthday greetings). It followed "The R.C.A. Hour," with Dr. Walter Damrosch conducting the New York Symphony Orchestra. It was still called the "WSM Barn Dance." The new name came to the Judge in a flash of inspiration. "For the past hour, we have been listening to music taken largely from grand opera," he exclaimed on December 10, 1927, after Dr. Damrosch had concluded his program with a remark about the inappropriateness of realism in the classics, "but from now on we will present the Grand Ole Opry!" He was some namer, the Judge. Other country-music shows remained Barn Dances or Jamborees, but with one majestic stroke the Judge put his on a mountain. Neither grand nor old, it suddenly became the Opry. The stars joined, so that when they toured they could come "Direct from the Grand Ole Opry," directly out of the radios



"Do you ever have one of those days when you feel all contemplated out?"

• •

all over half of the U.S. that tuned to 650—clear-channel WSM, "The Air Castle of the South"—on Saturday nights. And National Life, too, found out how useful it was to be from the Opry; so many more doors opened when the insurance agent said, "Hello, I'm from the Grand Ole Opry, and Roy Acuff asked me to give you this brochure personally."

As I was waiting for lunch in Linebaugh's on Monday, a song title on the jukebox caught my eye and I played it, and played it again, and again. "Precious Memories (Of the Grand Ole Opry)," by Tommy Howard. It reminded me of that beautiful old hymn: "Precious mem'ries,/ How they linger,/ How they ever flood my soul;/ In the stillness of the midnight,/ Precious, sacred scenes unfold." Tuesday, I took a long walk up past the train station and across the Interstate to Music Row, the neighborhood of recording studios and old houses made over into music-publishing companies, to find Tommy Howard, only to be told that Mr. Howard was a cook at Linebaugh's and that Toward Records, which released his song, was his own label. At Linebaugh's, the word was that Tommy Howard *had* been a cook there for quite a while but now he cooked at another restaurant. A waiter told me that Howard came by Linebaugh's every afternoon, though, so I waited, and while I did I listened to "Precious Memories (Of the Grand Ole Opry)." Voices sing, "Precious mem'ries,/ Oh, how they linger,/ That portray the past to me/ With that soulful country music/ From the Grand Ole Opry stage." Then a man's voice full of age and Texas and memories steps into the music to recite a poem about the last night in Ryman Auditorium—how it brings back a vision of "Uncle John some forty years ago;/ Yes, it was on Uncle John's radio that I heard the *first* Grand Ole Opry show:

> No, he wasn't really kin, but he
> done his neighbors right,
> And we all went to see him every
> Grand Ole Opry night,
> And by that old R.C.A. battery set,
> the gooseneck speaker type,
> Everybody was all ears in a kero-
> sene lamp light."

It seemed such a truthful song that when a man sat down beside me and introduced himself as the author, I was glad to see he was old enough to have heard that first show. He was dressed up in a black coat and bow tie and had a black bowler in his hand; his face was well weathered, wrinkled and tanned, though very boyish in expression.

"When I wrote 'Precious Memories,' they were talking about tearing down the old Ryman," he told me. "But you notice I didn't mention that in the song, and I'm glad now I didn't, because it looks like they might not. I recorded it last February up here at L.S.I. Studio. George Lewis—he owns the studio—produced it, and he got somebody to write down the music. I don't remember who, but I paid him seven dollars and fifty cents per song. We did four songs in three hours. There was a man and a woman sang harmony—I don't sing myself—and a blind man played the piano, and there was a lead guitar, a bass guitar, drums, and a fiddle. It cost me a hundred and two dollars per man, and twice that for the leader. I just told them to make the fiddle sound like Bob Wills and the guitar like Ernest Tubb and the piano like Del Wood. You see, I was in a hurry, of course, and we had to get it done in three hours or pay extra.

"I had a thousand copies pressed in five days—they worked overtime to do it—and I paid two hundred and sixty-one dollars for the pressing. I mailed out about sixty records to radio stations—that's about thirty-five cents a copy for *that*—and altogether I figure 'Precious Memories' cost me a thousand dollars. But I wanted to do it right. So far, I've heard it's being played on a station in Fort Worth, but that's just hearsay. And that's all I've heard. I'm *hoping* to sell some myself this week."

He had to go, he said, to see about the posters he was having printed up to publicize "Precious Memories" (and "The Conversion of Tom Ryman," which is on the flip side of the record), but he left me sheet music for four of his songs, a mimeographed booklet of selected lyrics, and a photograph of himself as Professor Odie Thinkendore—a comic but philosophical character he hopes to take on the road as

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soon as "Precious Memories" sells a lot of copies or he otherwise comes into demand as a performer. He promised to meet me again on Thursday.

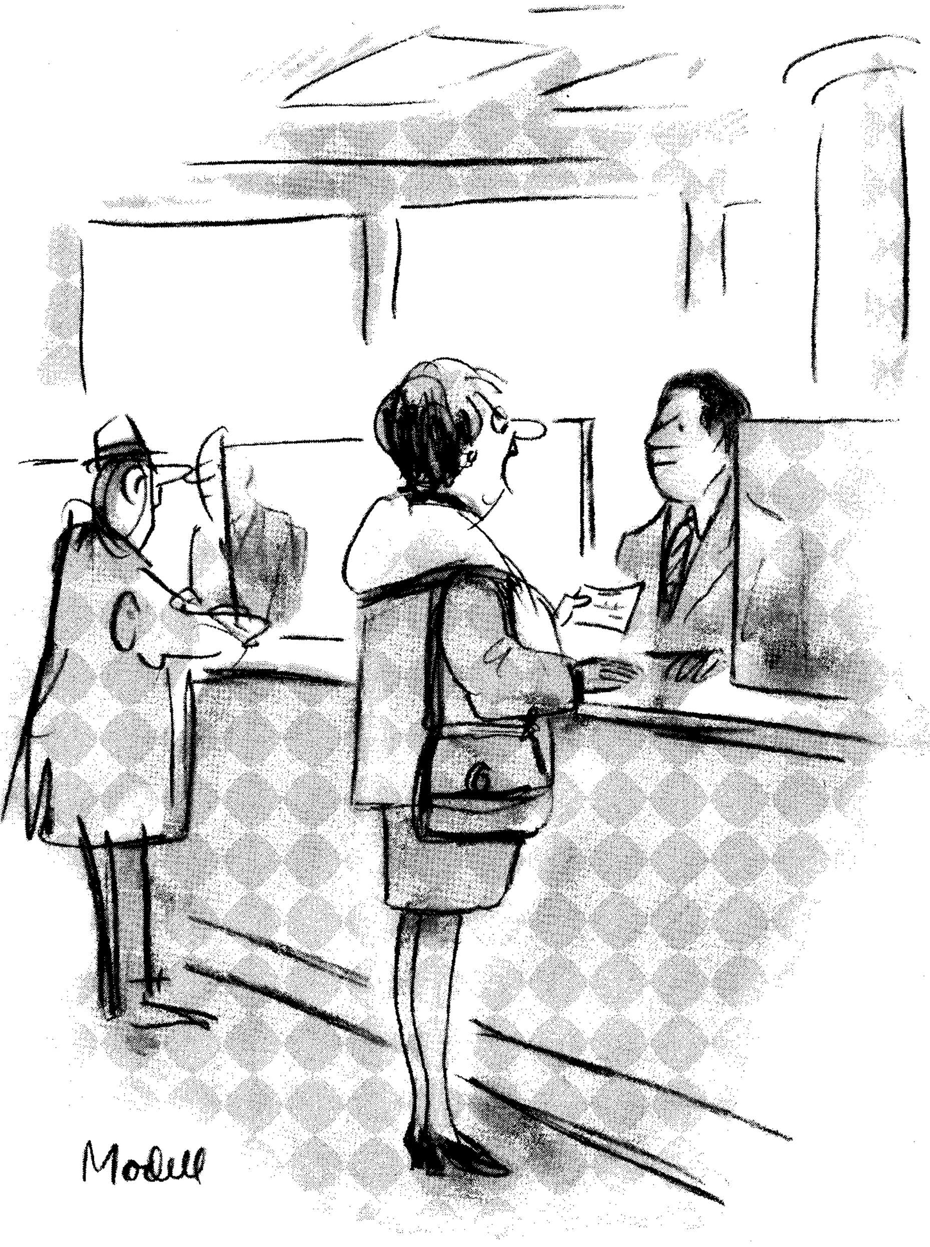
THE first star of the Opry was Uncle Dave Macon (the Dixie Dewdrop), born 1870, a longtime farmer and drover (the Macon Midway Mule and Wagon Transportation Company) turned comedian and banjo picker, and everybody's favorite for twenty-six years after he came on the show, in 1926. The Opry's move to Ryman put Uncle Dave back into the neighborhood of his youth. Uncle Dave grew up on Broad Street (now Broadway), where his parents operated a small hotel. ("Two doors up from here," Mr. George P. Linebaugh told me. "They catered to show folk. Circus people and the like.") Uncle Dave attended Fogg High School, at Seventh and Broadway, two blocks up from Ryman, and it was at a circus on a vacant lot where the Courthouse now stands, at Eighth, that the young man viewed Joel Davidson, the celebrated comic banjoist, and was inspired to try his hand at picking.

Uncle Dave played the Opry until a few weeks before his death, in 1952, played the Loews vaudeville circuit in the South, played for his neighbors at parties, and toured in tent shows. His records are out of print, all but a few songs. Photographs show a portly gentleman decked out in black suit and vest, a plug hat, and high-top shoes, flashing a golden smile as he leans dangerously far back in his chair, kicks up a leg, and flies off into a choice selection from his large and varied repertoire, anything but his showstopper. The stopper was a standup number. He called it "Uncle Dave Handles a Banjo Like a Monkey Handles a Peanut." Those who attempt a description of it today say that mere words cannot do it justice. The banjo was passed behind the back, between the legs, and over the head, swung out to the side, fanned with the hat, and set upright on the floor and danced around—and not a beat was missed, not even when the old man was old.

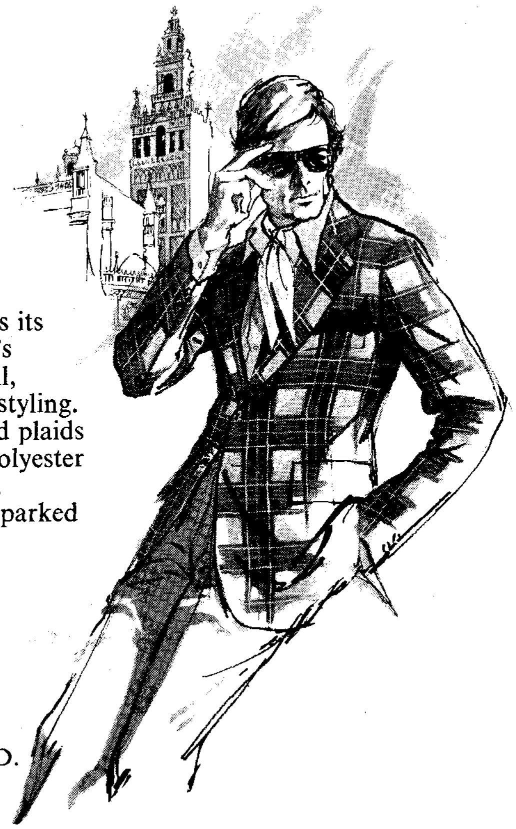
When he was in town for the Opry, the Dixie Dewdrop always used to stop in at Linebaugh's to enjoy the plate lunch. Bill Monroe, who is the Father of Bluegrass, still does, and so does the King of Country Music, and so does Ernest Tubb, the Texas Troubadour. "On nights he played the Opry, Uncle Dave would stay at the Merchant's Hotel, next door," Mr. Linebaugh told me. Mr. Linebaugh is seventy-four. He runs a plain restaurant, and he speaks one sentence at a time between slow drags on his cigar. "Uncle Dave would have his dinner with us every night he was in town. He wore his red bandanna, and of course everybody recognized him. He loved people and he loved to tell stories. He was quite a character, Uncle Dave, and he was a good man."

Linebaugh's is famous for the young songwriters who are supposed to have written big hits on its napkins, but Mr. Linebaugh's own friends are the older musicians, like Beecher Kirby (Bashful Brother Oswald), who is the dobro player and comic in Roy Acuff's band, and Sam and Kirk McGee. Sam McGee is eighty, lives on his farm near Franklin, and picks guitar on the Opry. He first saw Uncle Dave perform more than sixty years ago. Sam and his brother, who plays fiddle and banjo and guitar, recorded with the old man in New York in 1925, and they joined the Opry the same year. "I am the oldest man living still playing on the Grand Ole Opry in service and age," Sam McGee writes in the Opry souvenir picture book, "and unless I'm out of town, making a personal appearance, I'm going to be there for our 11:00 P.M. show with my brother, Kirk."

IN 1968, National Life and WSM decided that the Opry needed a new auditorium. "When they began thinking in terms of space for parking and other considerations," an Opry brochure reads, "the plan for a park was conceived." The park opened in 1972. "Opryland U.S.A., a 369-acre complex, is designed to be 'the home of American music,' " the brochure continues. "The park is divided into entertainment areas that combine live



"Now, you're not going to blab it all over Washington every time I take some money out, are you?"



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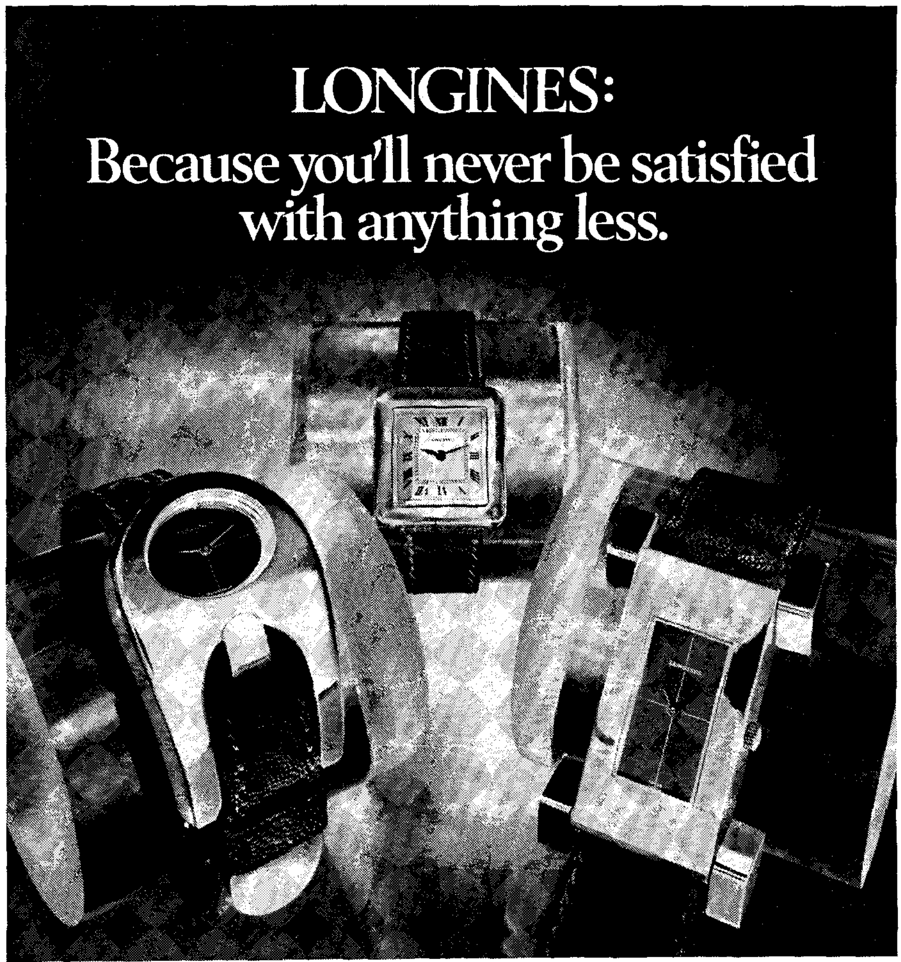

Three from the Serge Manzon Collection. All Solid Silver. Genuine brown elephant hide straps. Buckle $375, Clasp Case $235, Cubist $325. Available at authorized Longines-Wittnauer jewelers.

musical shows, natural animal habitat areas, restaurants, gift shops, and sensational thrill rides." In 1971, National Life announced that it intended to tear down Ryman; in December of 1972, the company reaffirmed its decision and said it planned to "enshrine some of [Ryman's] materials" in a chapel to be built at Opryland. Meanwhile, some people, including members of the Tennessee Historical Sites Foundation (now called Historic Nashville, Inc.) and the Historical Preservation Committee of the Nashville city council, had taken an interest in saving Ryman, and the company took note of their views in its 1972 statement. "In the past couple of years, of course, there have been a few individuals who have undertaken to promote interest in preserving the Ryman," the company statement said. "Some of this promotion has even assumed the proportions of agitation." The agitators suggested that the federal government might be pleased to acquire Ryman as a historic site. In response, the company brought in a New York consultant, who concluded that Ryman was not worth saving as a theatre. The agitators considered his report inconclusive. The Historical Preservation Committee called a public hearing on the matter. The company reconsidered, and said it had not yet made plans to tear Ryman down. The hearing was postponed until the various proposals could be studied by National Life.

That was last spring. Since then, the New York *Times* has come out for preservation, as has Dinah Shore, who is from Nashville and taped part of a television show in Ryman in February, as well as an architecture historian for the National Trust for Historic Preservation, who said, "There is so much heritage connected with the Ryman that, in my opinion, it could easily qualify as a national landmark." Its hand strengthened, the committee called a new public hearing for the Tuesday night before the last show. The hearing was held in the Metropolitan Courthouse. A National Life spokesman, a vice-president, spoke first. "I want to put at ease the rumor that National Life intends to tear the Ryman down," he said. He said the company had not reached a decision and would keep an open mind, welcoming the viewpoints of all concerned. It was left to the agitators to commend the company's forbearance, while simultaneously urging that Ryman *not* be torn down but be preserved by all means at anyone's disposal. Ryman's "intimacy of scale" was attested to by an archi-

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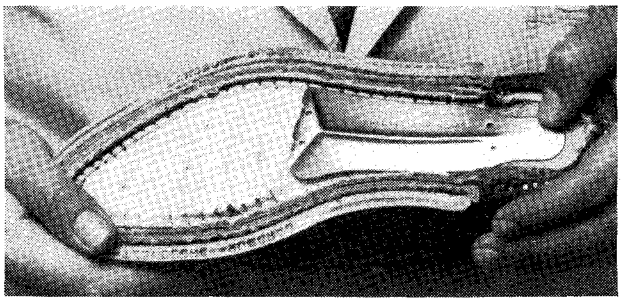

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Long before man had shoes, man had feet.

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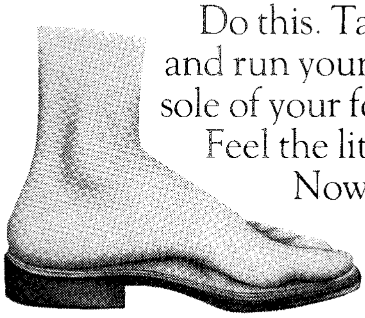

The little hollow in the sole of your foot.

Do this. Take off your shoe and run your hand along the sole of your foot.

Feel the little hollow there?

Now put your hand inside your shoe. See if you feel a little "bump" that corresponds with the hollow of your foot.

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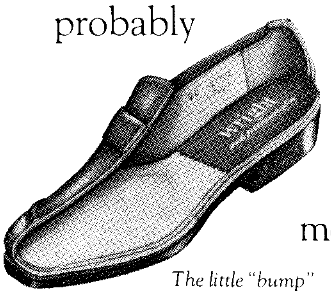

The little "bump" built into our shoe.

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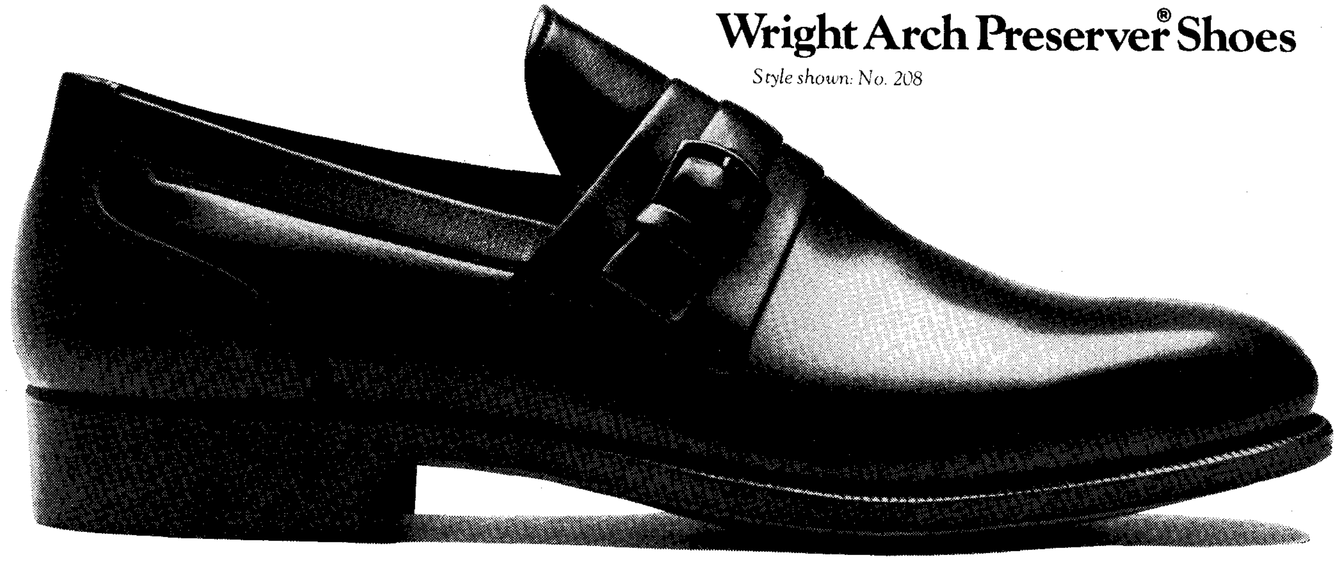
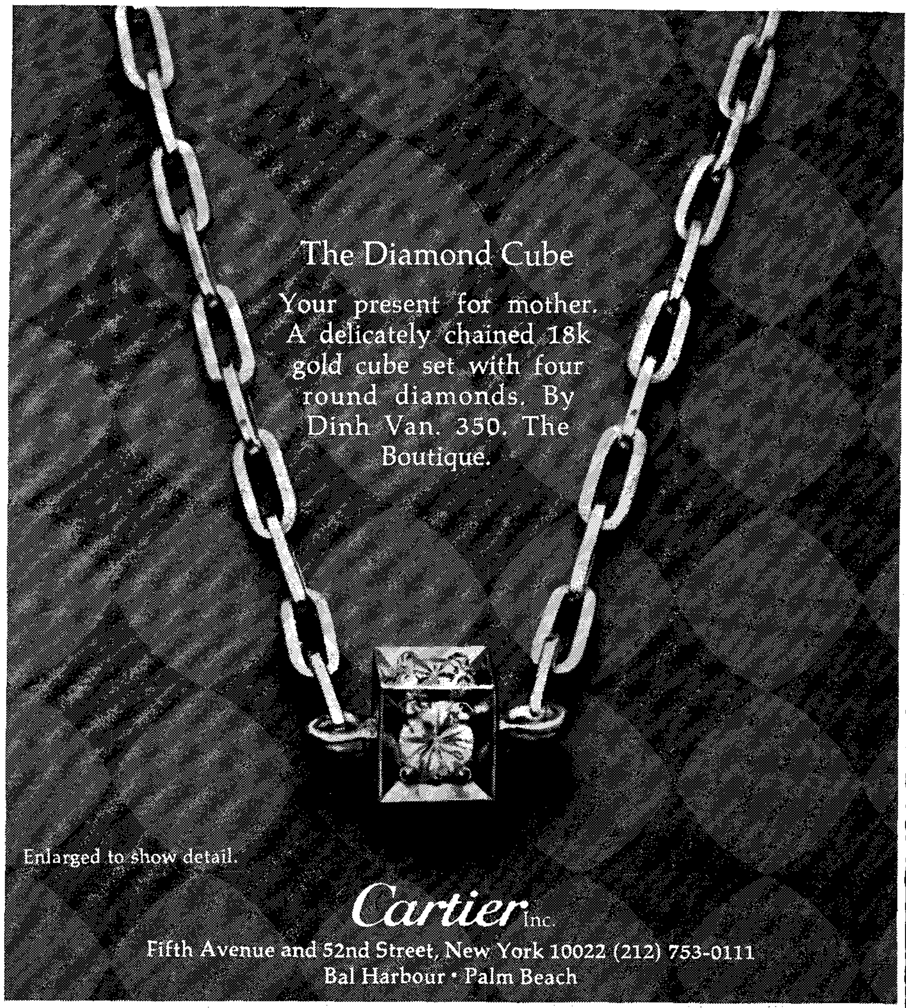


tect, its acoustical qualities by a local music critic, and its safety by the city fire marshal; its heritage was warmly spoken of by everyone.

The heritage that got mentioned that night was more of the Caruso variety than of the Acuff, and I got the distinct impression that preservationists are not, by and large, real country-music fans. This impression was strengthened by the testimony of a spokesman for Historic Nashville, Inc., a private group of wealthy citizens interested, he said, in buying old buildings and finding new uses for them. The spokesman said that Ryman might be used as a conference center or dinner theatre, or perhaps as an intimate theatre-conference center with offices and small shops built in under the Confederate balcony. The word "boutiques" was used. *Scented candles where once we sat and looked on Ernest Tubb? Kahlil Gibran greeting cards in The Stationer Shoppe, and a Red Lion Publick Alehouse to greet the visitor seeking the spot where Hank Williams stood?* I thought of a newspaper clipping I'd read that afternoon at the library in the Country Music Hall of Fame. An Opry publicist, the story said, had delivered a speech to a local women's club, defending the Opry as a "cultural institution." He cited a number of Opry performers who had attended or graduated from college, and he mentioned two opera singers who had recently attended Opry shows. It made me want to weep.

"THE Opry is a warmhearted show—we have always looked after our people," Grant Turner, who has been an Opry announcer for thirty years, told me Wednesday afternoon. "My only worry is that we keep the people in our imagination and not build the Opry too big." Mr. Turner had come into Tootsie's Orchid Lounge to reassure Tootsie that the Opry people wouldn't forget her after Friday night. Tootsie's is the most famous tavern on Broadway; its back door is across the alley from the back door of Ryman. This week, the hit song on Tootsie's jukebox was "What's Tootsie Gonna Do (When They Tear the Ryman Down)?," by Bill Sterling and John E. Denny. ("Tootsie has fostered more hillbillies than anyone I know," Mr. Denny, whose father, the late Jim Denny, managed the Opry in Hank Williams' day, told me later. "Roger Miller, Hank Cochran, Wayne Walker, Mel Tillis, and hundreds of others ate on the cuff in Tootsie's before their royalties came in, and a lot of them,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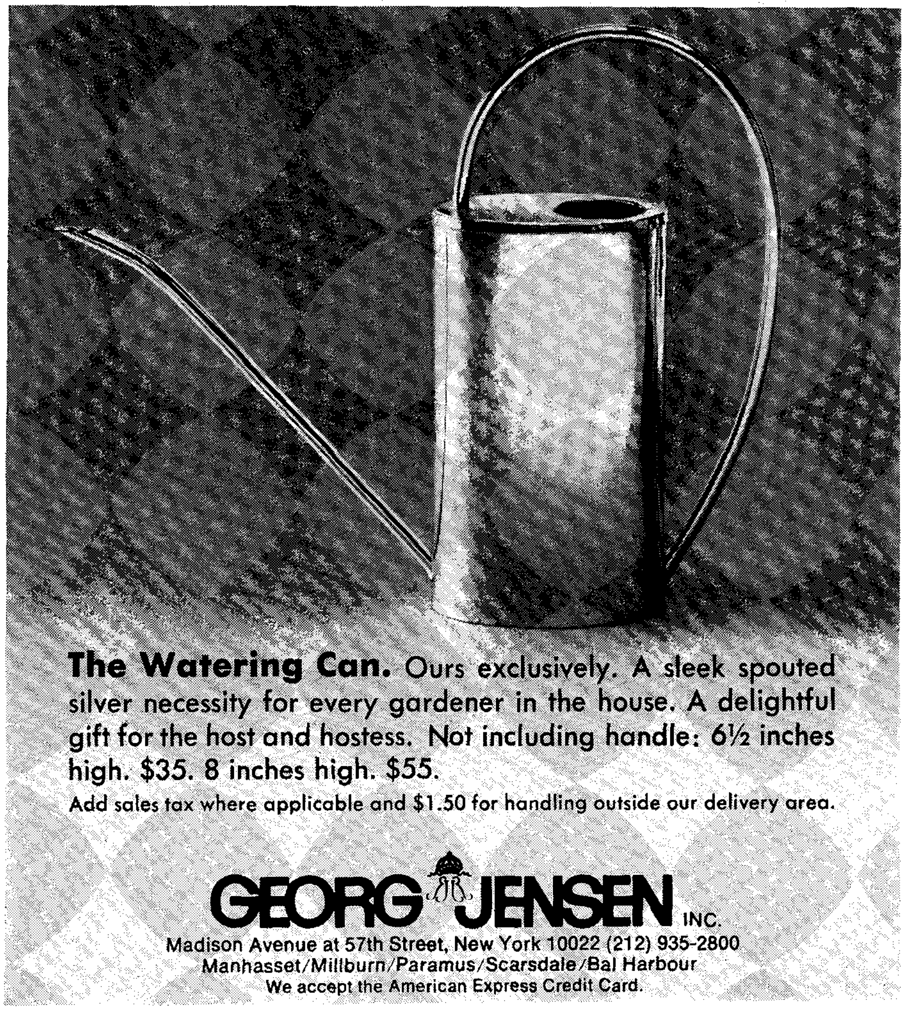
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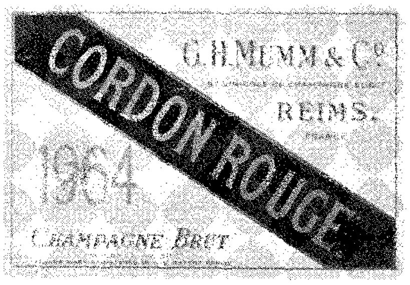
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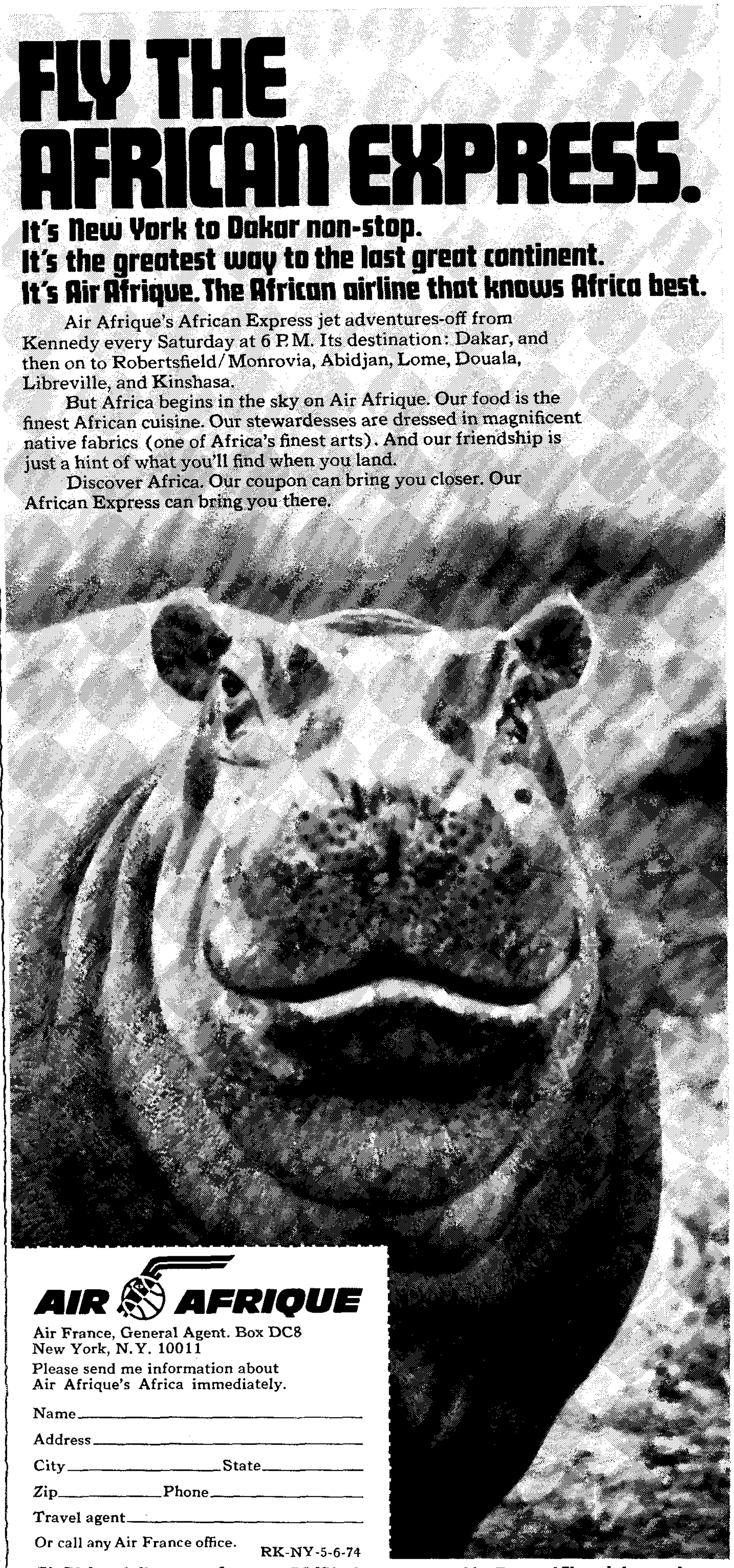
their royalties never did come.") Photographs and album jackets cover the wall over the bar, and patrons have autographed almost every square inch of the tabletops and the other walls. "Professional radio people who visit the Opry are amazed at the confusion—the musicians are milling around the stage, and so on—but that's part of its appeal," Mr. Turner told me. "You know, the Opry is like an old department store with stuff stacked in the aisles. You can move it to a nice new building, but will the people still come? Nobody goes to a *building*, you know. But the new Opry House is really quite beautiful. It makes me think of a castle. 'The Air Castle of the South,' as we used to say. You must come and see us out there."

TO save money for his recording ventures, Tommy Howard lives in a seventy-dollar-a-month three-room apartment a few blocks from the Opry. I visited him Thursday evening in his living room, which is also his office. Dozens of tapes and boxes of unsold records were stacked on a desk in the middle of the room and on a metal bookcase behind it, and a microphone on a floor stand was plugged into a tape recorder set into the top of a table beside the desk. "*Sometimes* I wonder if I'll ever make it," he said. "I get discouraged now and then, sure, but it's just one of those things. You got to believe in yourself."

Tommy Howard was born in Haskell County, Texas, north of Abilene, during the winter of 1912, he told me. Uncle John in "Precious Memories" was a friend of the family, name of John Lackey, who farmed nearby. "He was the same as us. Sharecroppers, I guess you might say. We farmed on thirds-and-a-fourth; a third of the feed and a fourth of the cotton went to the landlord. Uncle John lived in a little four-room house, same as ours, with his wife and four children. Weekends, his family'd go visiting, but he wasn't much for that, so he'd stay to home and have me down Saturday night, and we'd fix pancakes and listen to the Opry. It was a battery radio, like I wrote in the song, with the gooseneck speaker you'd set up on top. Sid Harkreader, Sam McGee, Uncle Dave—we heard all of them, but I guess my favorite was Roy Acuff. We'd listen to the whole show—sit there all evening, never say much—and then I'd walk home. Uncle John's oldest daughter, Opal, married one of my cousins, and just to mail them a copy of the record made it worth it for



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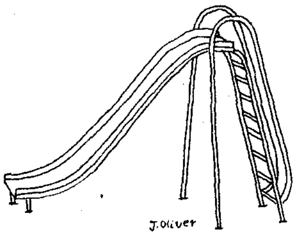
me. The family thought enough of me that they had me say a few words at Uncle John's funeral. I just made mention that he wasn't a churchgoing man but he loved the Lord. That was around 1938, 1940."

By then, Mr. Howard was a preacher in the Assembly of God. He was married, and he and his wife adopted a son. He told me he couldn't talk about those years, because it would make him too sad. In 1958, his wife divorced him. "I went thirty days without sleep and thought I was losing my mind after she left. Went to a doctor, he said I was just shook up and would get over it. But I seemed to stay tore up all the time. So I quit the ministry. Seeing people happy together, I'd think of what happened to me. I guess I just loved her too much. I started writing songs after that—heartbreak songs mostly, to get my mind off it. Nowadays, I write mostly gospel. In September, 1963, I came to Nashville with a songwriter named Aubrey Gass. He'd written 'Dear John,' that Hank Williams recorded. We got in backstage at the Opry and I met Ernest Tubb, but we got to talking and I never got around to showing him my songs. I spent all my money on that trip. In fact, had to write a hot check to get out of the hotel, and went back to Dallas and sold my pickup to cover it. I came back for good in June, 1965. Paid a week's rent, had three-eighty in my pocket, and went to work at Linebaugh's as a cook on the night shift, six to six. We called it the can-to-can't shift—you work as much as you can until you can't."



Mr. Howard made the rounds of music publishers, and when none of them bought his songs he started a series of desk-drawer publishing companies of his own—Tommyjard Music, Drawot Music, and his current company, Thinkendore—and began recording on his own. His first record, "Mom's Menu," came out in 1966 on the Rose label, he told me, and earned him $5.28 in royalties. "It was about a rooming house and café that Mom and Pop Freeman used to run up here on Fifth and Broad, across from the Opry." He said that his second, "Talk About Me," was released in 1967, on the Snap label. "I paid for a thousand copies," he said, "and I've still got a lot of them." "Mom's Menu" is one of Mr. Howard's many Broadway songs, which deal with Linebaugh's ("The tables there at Linebaugh's have stories of their own"), the songwriters who hung around Broadway and the Opry, the conversion of Captain Ryman, and the street in general ("Folks talk about their boulevards, avenues, and streets,/ But have you heard of Broadway in Nashville, Tennessee?"). And Ryman Auditorium.

It was one of those songs, "Goodbye, Dear Ole Ryman," that got Tommy Howard his first break. "First somebody recorded it with a seventeen-piece band, but it never came out, which was too bad. He had nine violins and three cellos on that session; it must've cost plenty. Then I brought it out myself in April of 1972 on the Delta label. I paid for two thousand copies, but it didn't get anywhere. Then I got a call down at Linebaugh's to go see somebody at R.C.A. Victor. It turned out Hank Locklin had liked it and wanted to record it." Hank Locklin is a regular on the Opry, an older star whose big hit, after two decades, is still "Send Me the Pillow You Dream On." On "Goodbye," which is still on Linebaugh's jukebox, he sounds like a young man as he sings, in a clear tenor voice, "Goodbye, goodbye, dear ole Ryman,/ The home of the Grand Ole Op-e-ry;/ As long as my mind will let me,/ Forever you'll be in my memory." Nonetheless, the record didn't sell well, and it wasn't included on the next Hank Locklin album. "Goodbye" earned Tommy Howard, as writer and publisher, a little over eight hundred dollars. The money was invested in "Precious Memories."

ON Friday, the day of the last show in Ryman, Tommy Howard was busy putting his posters in the windows of music and record stores along Broadway. Backstage at Ryman that afternoon, Opry manager Hal Durham was working in his office, finishing up preparations for that show and the Saturday-night show at Opryland. He told me he'd started lining up acts for the show three weeks before, calling the agents of the sixty Opry regulars to see who would be available for this weekend. Opry regulars, he said, are committed to at least twenty-one appearances on the show per year, for which they are paid musicians' union scale—thirty-one dollars for each fifteen-minute segment in which they perform. Bill Monroe and Lester Flatt were on the road this weekend, he said, and so was Loretta Lynn, but he expected to have thirty-three acts Friday night and fifty or more on the Saturday show. The President's scheduled visit to the Sat-

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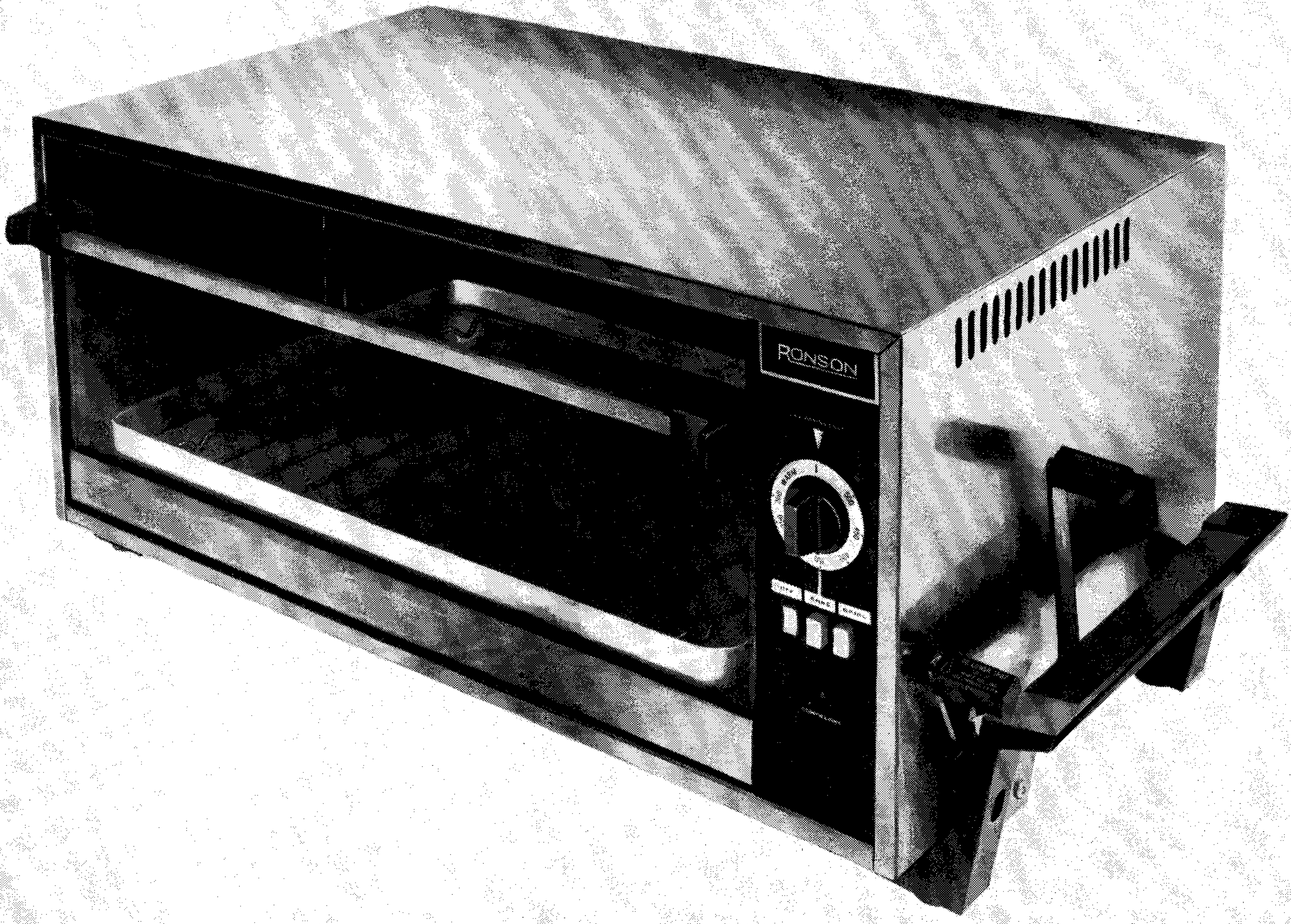

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urday-night show and the opening of the new Opry House had brought to Nashville scores of writers and photographers, most of whom had asked to attend the Friday show as well, and Mr. Durham said he was trying to figure out what to do with them all. "They'll all want to be backstage," he said, "but you can see for yourself there *isn't* much backstage. And the fact is, you can't hear the show back here."

From the manager's desk, it is about six strides through his secretary's office to the Ryman greenroom. Illuminated photos of Opry stars look down on a small, narrow area furnished with canvas chairs and patio tables, a Coke machine, a table with a coffee-maker on it, a pay telephone, and signs reading "No Smoking On Stage" and "No Admittance To Stage Except Entertainers & Announcers." A door opens onto a circular stone stairway that leads down to the alley. A cast-iron stairway leads up to the radio control booth in the balcony. A ramp dips down and up onto the stage.

At the Hall of Fame, I'd seen an old photograph of Uncle Dave leaning against what looked like a log hitching rail with big wooden pegs stuck through it and rope lashed to the pegs, and, walking across the stage, I saw the rail, looking exactly as it did when it was photographed. The rope leads up to the flies and backdrops hanging high over the stage; looking up, I could make out a Martha White Flour backdrop and one for Beech-Nut Chewing Tobacco, and the Opry backdrop, a painted canvas barn almost the width of the stage. After examining the hitching rail, the backdrops, the oak floor, the piles of equipment—poles, risers, microphone cable—at the back of the stage, the old upright pianos (two), the stage clock with the jump second hand, the microphone stands (enclosed in white box sleeves with "WSM Grand Ole Opry" painted on vertically), and many other things that I would have liked to look at longer, I approached, indirectly, the front of the stage and stood, hat in hand, at center stage before the very footlights. In the late-afternoon light, I could just make out the inscription on the face of the balcony ("1897. Confederate Gallery"), the refreshment stands at either corner to the rear of the balcony, and the two great half circles of pews. I stood there for some minutes, thinking thoughts that shall remain solely my own, until somebody sitting in a rear pew on the main floor shot off a flash camera, and I walked

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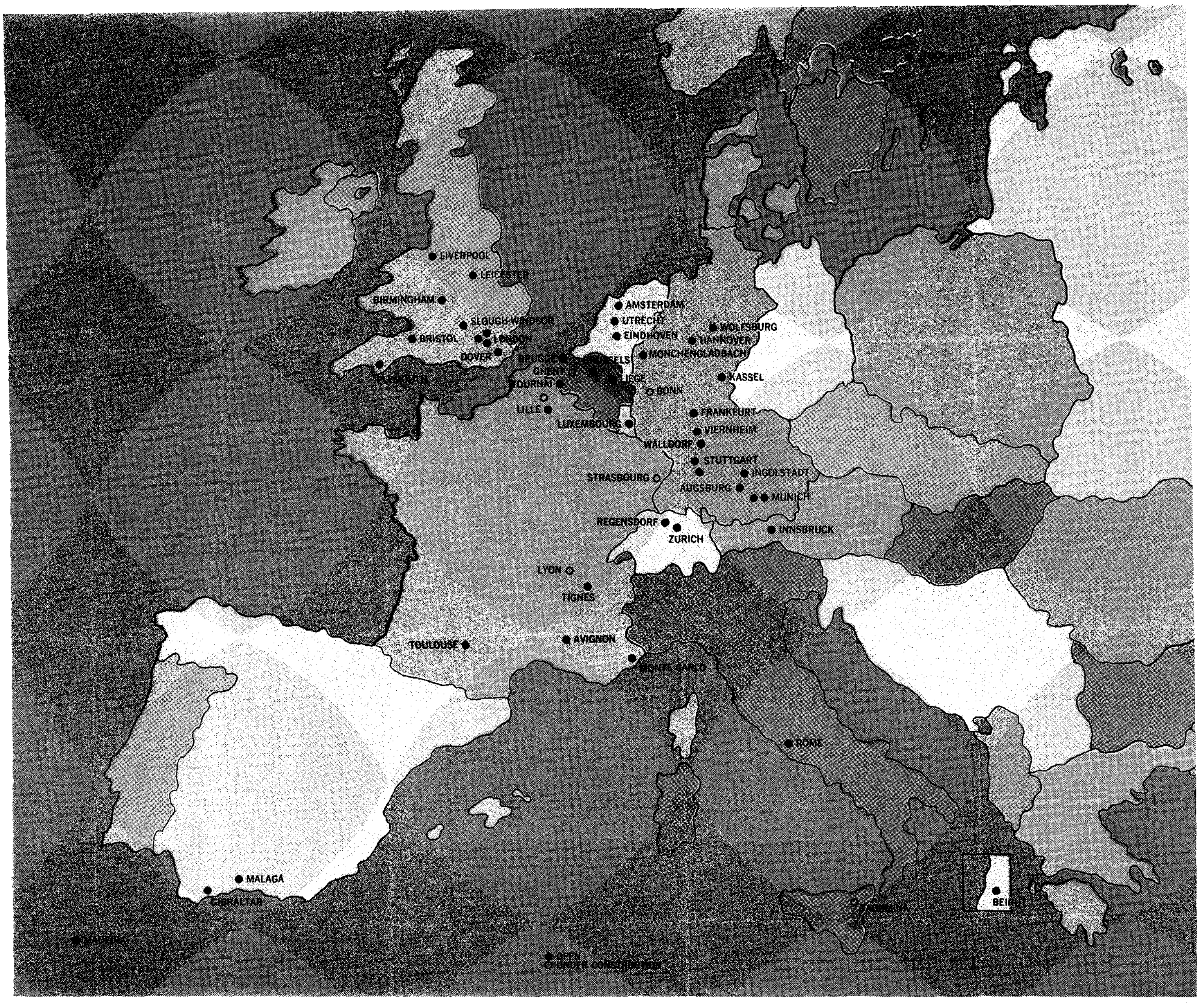
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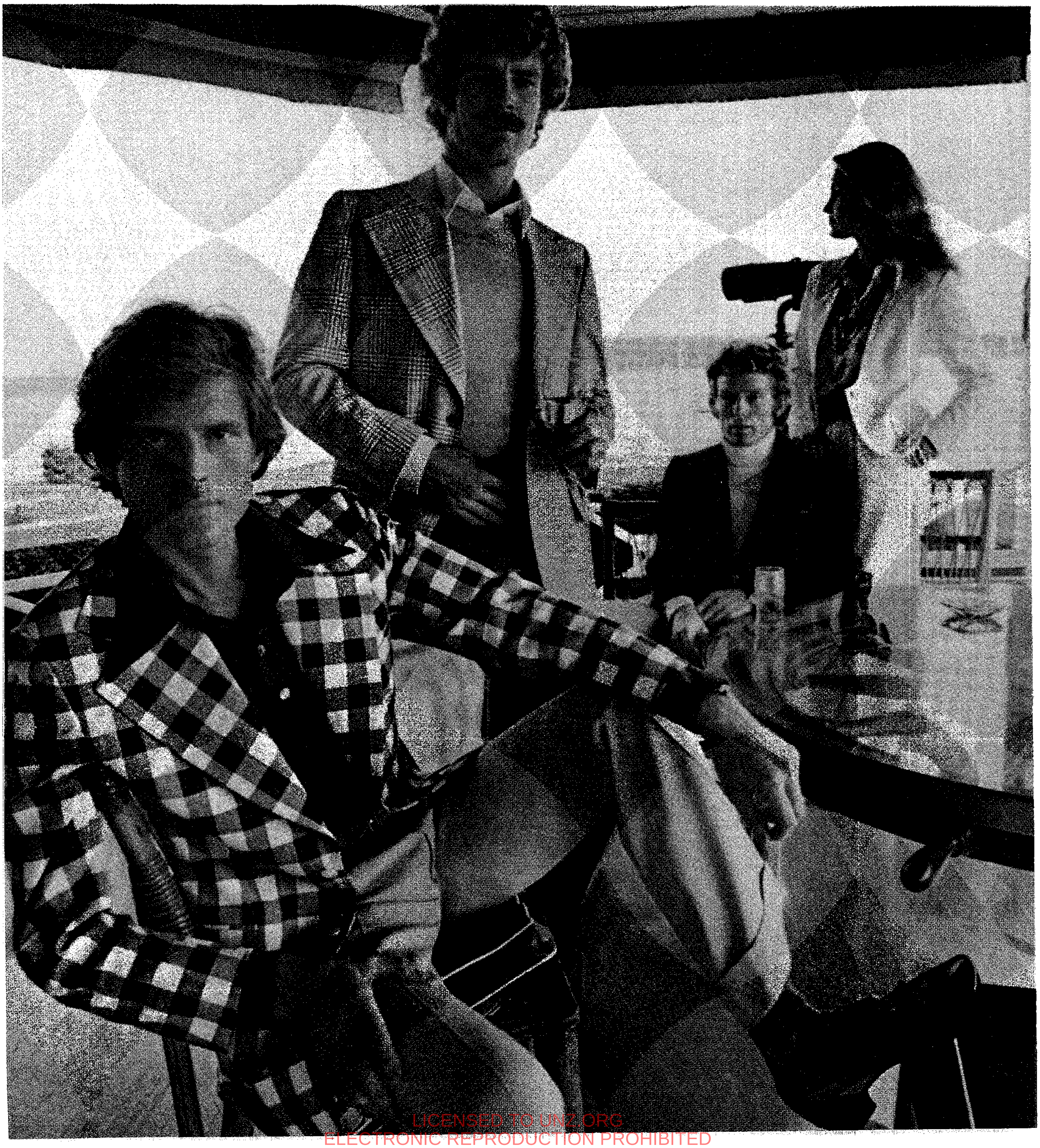

quickly offstage, as if I had someplace to go.

I walked down the curving stone stairway and stood in the alley beside the stage door to get some fresh air. I was dressed in a white linen suit, brown cowboy hat, and brown boots. Across the alley stood a family—a man and a woman, two girls, and a boy—who suddenly took an interest in me. The children stared and tried to not stare, the woman nudged the man, and finally, with great effort, the man managed to come over and stand by me. He looked beyond me up the stairs to the door for a few seconds, and then, still looking up there, said, "I hate to bother you, sir"—I flinched; he was old enough to be my own dad—"but we came down from Indiana this morning, and I was wondering if you might know where we could get tickets."

No, I was sorry, I didn't. Had they signed up at the ticket office? The ticket office would put them on a waiting list, and if there were any cancellations— No, he said, the waiting list was full, you couldn't even get your name on it. If there were just one or two of you, I said, you could try sneaking in, but— Well, tell you what, I said, go around to the back door and ask for Sy Gordon and ask him if he won't just show you around, not to see the show but at least to give you a look inside.

I'd met Mr. Gordon a few minutes before. He's a captain (retired) in the Nashville Fire Department, who has been a guard at the Ryman since 1944. The family headed for the back door, and I cut up the stairs and onto the stage to tell him they were friends of mine. By the time I got to the back door, he had already let them in. He led them backstage, through the greenroom, and out onto the stage. He was explaining something to the man, pointing up at the flies, when suddenly the woman realized she was onstage. "My Lord," she said, and she put her fist over her mouth. "Children," she said. The boy and the two girls walked right up to the footlights and looked out into the auditorium, but their mother stood fixed in one spot until her husband took her arm and they walked slowly up the ramp offstage and past the pews and out the door they had come in.

What inspires such awe in us—her and me, too—I don't claim to know, but radio is mysterious in its ways. You listen to the Opry and pretty soon you have a place in mind—a stage where Uncle Dave sang and told jokes and swung the banjo, where the Great Acuff wept and sang "The Great

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AA					x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	
A			x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	
B	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
C	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
D	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
E	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	
EE			x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	
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	4	½	5	½	6	½	7	½	8	½	9	½	10	½	11
AAA			x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
AA	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
A	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
B	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
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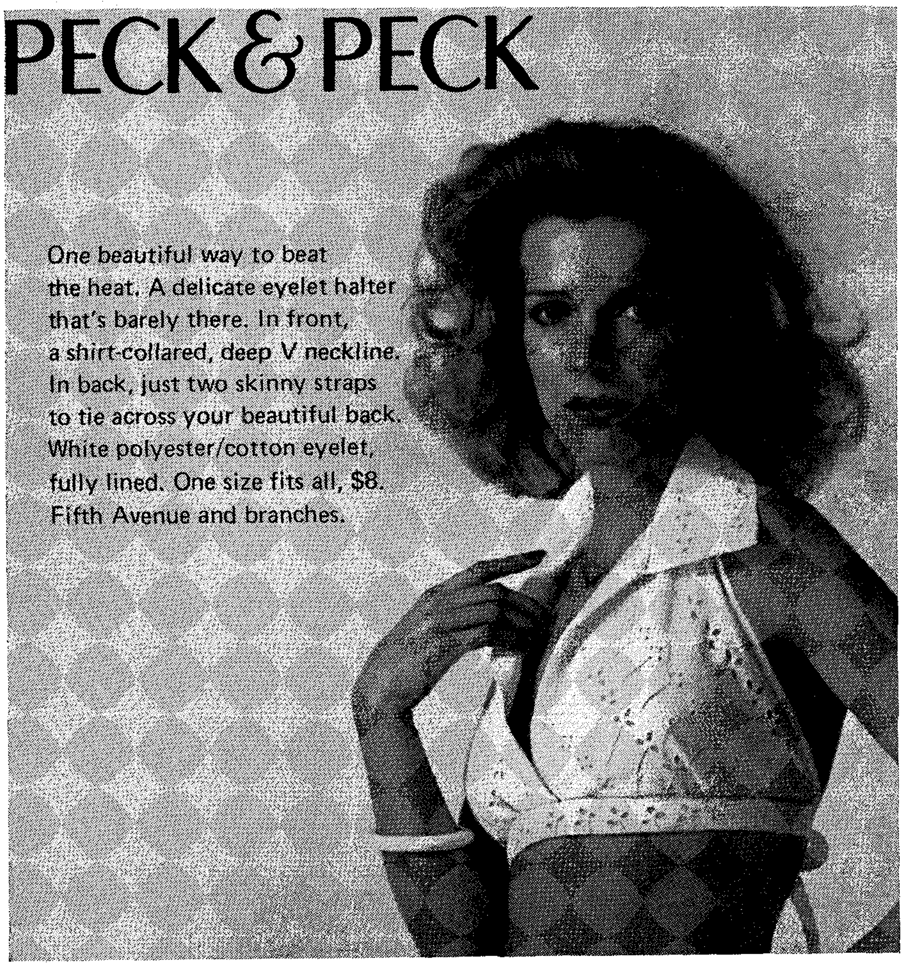

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Speckled Bird,” where Hank Williams made his Opry début with “Lovesick Blues” (offstage, Uncle Dave turned to Cousin Minnie Pearl and said, “Who *is* that boy?”) and the crowd wouldn't let him go, where Elvis sang (and Bill Monroe sings) “Blue Moon of Kentucky,” where Cousin Minnie calls out “How-*dee!* I'm just so proud to be here”—and eventually you have got to go (average distance travelled, four hundred and seventy miles, according to an Opry survey) and be there, too.

I remember my first trip to the Opry, driving a night and a day from Minnesota with a friend, listening to the Friday-night show coming down through Kentucky, getting into Nashville Saturday morning and finding that the Saturday-night show was sold out. I watched my first Opry from the Allright parking lot beside Ryman. It was a hot July night, and Ryman is not air-conditioned; the windows on the Allright side were open. Leaning over the stone wall of the parking lot and looking through a window of the auditorium, which was about ten feet away, I could see the lower two-thirds of Lester Flatt as he sang “Is Anybody Going North to Cincinnati?” Even from outside, the Opry had much to recommend it. The music drifted out—high lonesome voices, sweetened with steel guitars, singing about being left behind, walked out on, dropped, shunned, shut out, abandoned, and otherwise mistreated, which a fellow who's driven eight hundred and sixty-one miles to crouch in a parking lot can really get into. Scores of others crouched, too, or listened to transistor radios. A man, sunburned neck and Braves cap, sat in a camper parked against the wall I was looking over and listened to the camper radio, his two boys sitting and lying on the hood. When Stonewall Jackson came on, the man climbed out and crouched beside me to see Stonewall for a minute and then brought his boys up for a look. “That's Stonewall,” he said. “You see him? Now let Curtis have a turn.” Then standing in the alley on the other side of Ryman with a hundred others, waiting for Loretta Lynn to come out of her blue touring bus out front and walk down the alley and in the stage door. When finally she came out, it had started raining a little. She wore a long white gown, and the crowd whispered when they saw her, she was so lovely. Flashbulbs, a few, and some women called out “Hi,” or “Good to see you,” and she smiled a magnificent shy smile. Then we ran around to the parking lot to see her sing "Coal Miner's Daughter":

> Well, I was born a coal miner's daughter,
> In a cabin on a hill in Butcher Holler.
> We were poor but we had love; that's the one thing that Daddy made sure of.
> He shovelled coal to make a poor man's dollar.

THE first musician to arrive for the last show at Ryman was Harold Weakley, drummer in the WSM staff band, which backs up singers who don't bring their own. He walked onstage an hour before show time while two stagehands were still setting up: three floor microphones (with guitar mikes attached) up front, and microphones for the piano, the snare drum, the guitar amplifiers, the announcer's podium, and the Four Guys, the staff vocal backup group. While they worked, the guards opened the front doors, and in filed the people who had been waiting for more than an hour already, lined up on the sidewalk in both directions from the entrance. A family took seats in the front row and opened a brown sack full of sandwiches. We all watched the stagehands. And then the backstage crowd arrived and spilled out onto the stage: musicians and their families, people who looked like musicians but wore street clothes, people who looked like newspaper or magazine writers or public-relations men or Opryland executives, and one man in a plaid sports jacket who, even from the balcony, where I was sitting, looked to be the definite Roy Acuff.

The writers and photographers took up positions at both ends of the stage, behind iron railings that had been erected to keep them from wandering into the middle of the show. A stagehand untied a rope at the hitching rail and lowered the red barn. A man carrying a large suitcase walked through the barn door leading a little girl by the hand. He knelt at the front of the stage, opened the case, and assembled the legs and pedals of his pedal steel guitar. He was joined by a fiddler and a piano player. From the stage and backstage came the sounds of the first tentative chords and runs, the fiddler tuning to the piano, and the steel man tuning to himself.

Even before the curtain closed and opened and the last show began, the attention that the audience directed at the stage was intense. By the time Bill Anderson and the Po' Boys came on and the first notes came out and Grant Turner raised his arms for applause, it

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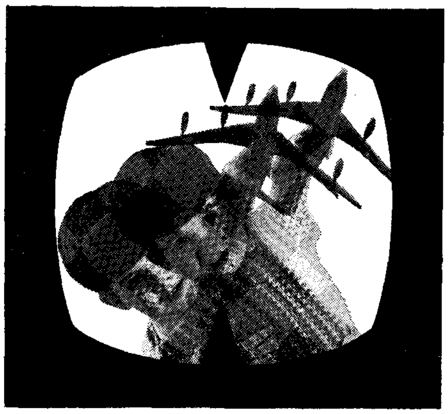

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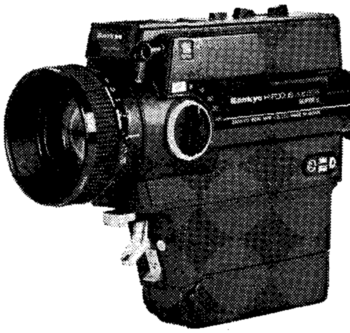

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seemed as if the show, which looked small compared with what you'd imagined at home as you listened to the radio, couldn't bear up under this scrutiny, would sink from view under all the passengers onstage. Photographers worked the show from four sides: they squeezed under the railings to get in among the musicians, they came in through the barn door, they crept along the footlights. Television news cameras worked the audience as well, switching on brilliant floodlights to sweep a section of crowd (filming the reaction of the crowd, which was stunned by the light); and, crowded up to the railings, the stage audience of reporters and important people (who, I found out later, couldn't hear the show very well) peered at the outer audience, which looked at them. Young children had been brought to see this and were told to remember it; all of us knew it was something we'd always remember, yet the harder we looked, the more it slipped away.

I will always remember: a father patiently explaining to a boy about five why the stage was so crowded, why this show was different; Brother Oswald coming up to the balcony to see the show (people reached for his hand and brought children over to meet him), then going back down to put on bib overalls and play dobro on "Wabash Cannonball," sung by Roy Acuff; musicians coming and going between songs, checking the lineup sheet tacked to the back of the piano, talking and tuning up off-mike, then, when the moment was nigh, getting right in place and playing instantly; Joe Edwards, fiddler and sometimes lead guitarist on the staff band, jumping in on a moment's notice and playing as cleanly as if he'd been rehearsing all afternoon; the Four Guys, huddled around a floor mike behind the piano, improvising vocal harmony; Hank Locklin singing "Goodbye, Good-*bye*, dear ole *Ry*-man." But every time the floodlights came on, every time a photographer angled right up to a scene and stuck his camera into it, I felt the show receding from memory even as I watched it; and I got up and went downstairs, backstage.

I was walking across the stage, behind the barn, heading for the control booth, when I spotted an old man standing alone at the back wall, out of the traffic. He smiled, and suddenly I knew him from a picture in a country-music history book which had showed the same lopsided smile on the face of a young man with a fiddle in 1926. It was Fiddling Sid Harkreader, who had played with Uncle Dave. Mr. Harkreader was glad to talk with me, because he was eager to clear up a point of history to anyone who would listen. "It has been reported in the newspapers," he said dryly, "that I claim to be the first fiddler who ever played on the Grand Ole Opry. That is not true. Uncle Jimmy Thompson was. What I said was—and you take this down—I *said* that I was the first fiddler to play on *WSM*. That was shortly before Judge Hay started the Opry, on November 28, 1925." He looked to make sure I had it right so far. "I was also the first country musician from Tennessee to make a commercial recording in New York. Along with Uncle Dave Macon. That was on July 12, 1924. We made eighteen sides for Vocalion. Uncle Dave and me were also the first country musicians to play here in the Ryman Auditorium. We played here on December 19, 1925."

I asked Mr. Harkreader if it had been fun playing with Uncle Dave.

"Uncle Dave was always fun," he said. "We had a *lot* of fun. I remember him singing, 'When my sugar walks down the street,/ All the little birdies go tweet, tweet, tweet.' "

"The music is a lot louder now than it used to be, isn't it," I remarked, apropos of nothing in particular.

"Sometimes it is *too* loud," Mr. Harkreader said. He was looking for a reporter who had misquoted him on Monday, he told me. "He was standing just as close to me as you are now," he said, "and he goes and writes I was the first fiddler on the Opry. Well, I'm going to put him *straight.*"

Take care of yourself, Mr. Harkreader, it was good talking with you.

Before the show, Gordon Evans, a WSM engineer, had invited me to visit the control booth. When I got there, after talking with Mr. Harkreader, Jim Hall, Evans' co-engineer, had just finished a half-hour shift at the controls; Evans sat in a close space between high equipment racks, adjusting volume levels on a desk-sized control board in front of him and watching the stage through a double-pane window to see which musicians would be playing on the next song. I counted thirty sliding volume knobs (called "pots," or potentiometers) that appeared to be in use. For each song, Evans adjusted at least six or seven of them, conferring occasionally with the announcer, Grant Turner or Hairl Hensley, over an intercom, talking over a telephone to an engineer in a sound truck in the alley who was recording the show for Opryland Records, or talking over a second

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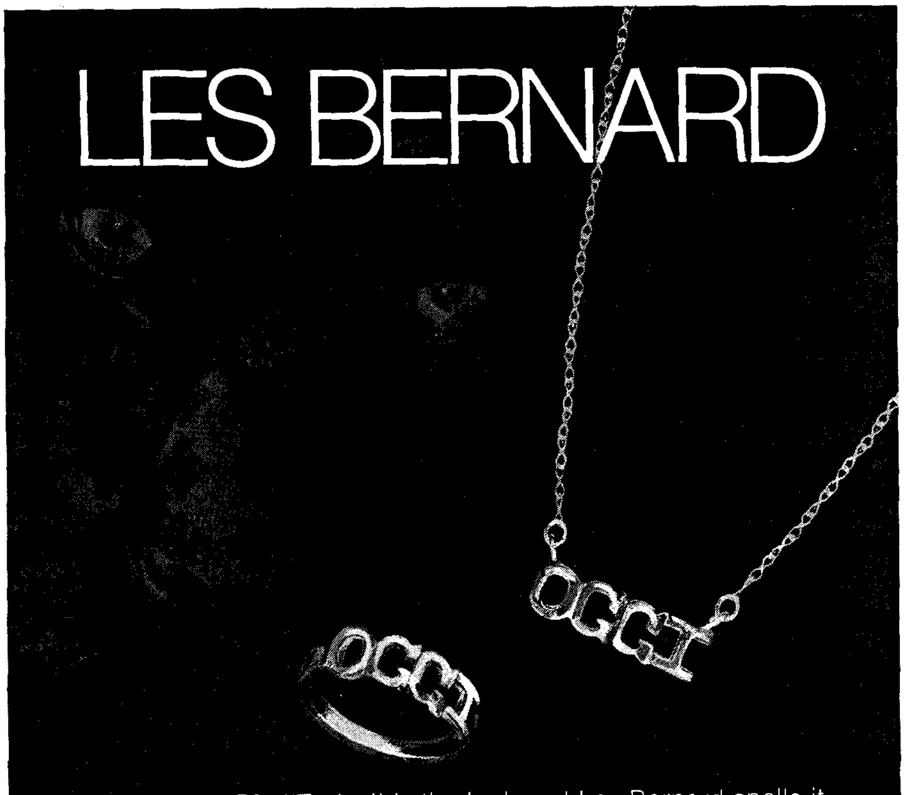

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telephone to an engineer at the WSM studios. Out of the monitor above his head came Jim and Jesse McReynolds singing, in high bluegrass harmony, John Prine's song "Paradise" ("When I was a *child*, my *fam*ily would travel/ Down to *west*ern Kentucky, where my *par*ents were born"). With his right hand, Evans brought up the volume on the fiddle and bass, turned down the drummer, faded the applause mike, and picked up the telephone to the sound truck; his left hand had already adjusted two dials on the equipment rack, and now, as he told the recording engineer to expect a steel guitar on the next song, it was waving in time to the music; when the chorus came ("And Daddy won't you *take* me back to *Muhl*enburg County,/ Down *by* the Green River where *Par*adise lay"), he was in it, humming bass.

The best place to see the Opry that night, I decided, was in the booth with my eyes shut, leaning against the back wall, the music coming out of the speaker just like radio, that good old AM mono sound. The room smelled of hot radio tubes, and, closing my eyes, I could see the stage as clearly as when I was a kid lying in front of our giant Zenith console. I'd seen a photograph of the Opry stage in a magazine back then, and, believe me, one is all you need. So it was good to let the Opry go out the same way it had first come to me, through the air in the dark. After the show, it was raining hard, and the last Opry crowd to leave Ryman ran.

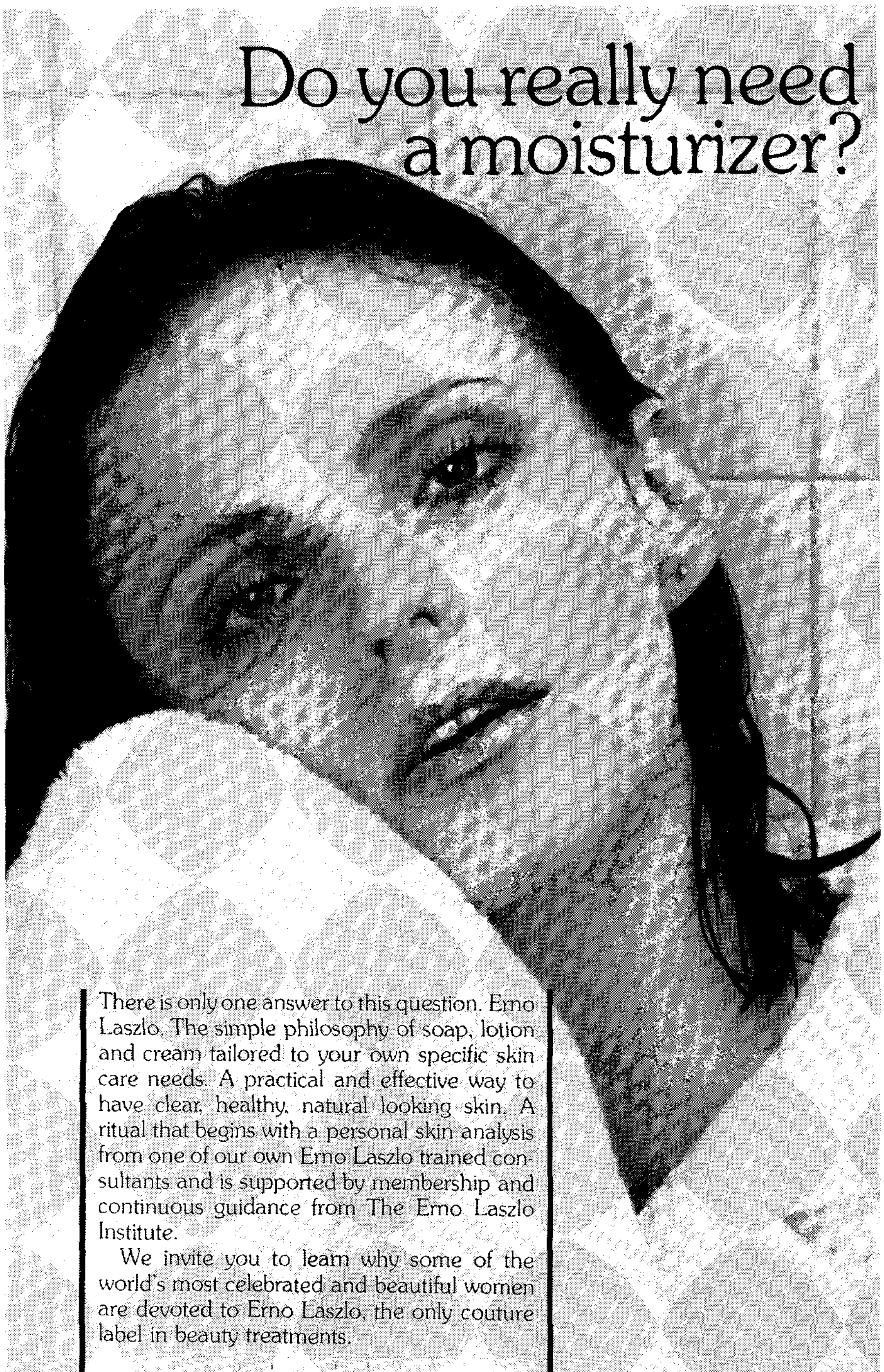
THE first President to visit the Grand Ole Opry, Mr. Richard Nixon, was scheduled to touch down at 6 P.M. Saturday, ride to Opryland, watch a little bit of the first show in the new Opry House, unveil a plaque, speak, play the piano, ride to the airport, and take off shortly after eight. (He kept close to schedule.)

As I awoke, slowly, Saturday morning, it dawned on me that I didn't know where Opryland was, or how to get there, or whether I wanted to go. By midafternoon, I knew that Opryland was eight miles from the hotel by freeway and six by river, either way as practical as the other. There was no bus to Opryland; a rented car could be returned on a Sunday only at the airport, and I was leaving on the Sunday train; the route by road was not direct, one would have to hitch two or three rides to get there; and my boots weren't made for walking. My dad's cousin Harold, the only Nashvillian I knew well enough to ask if I could borrow a car, was out of town for the weekend. So it was more than prudishness that kept me from Opryland, but I was relieved not to be able to go and not to have to see the President introduced by Roy Acuff, or to sit in the "specially designed contoured pew-type benches covered in burnt orange colored carpeting," or to lay eyes on this "vibrant and viable" building that "conveys a feeling of intimacy, informality, warmth and charm . . . yet contains the ultimate in modern electronics, acoustics, lighting, and audio-visual equipment," all described in an Opry brochure. This was nothing but plain prudery, and priggishness, and ordinary low-grade snobbishness on my part; I was ashamed of it, and I intend to correct it, but I hadn't time to correct it right then, and I left the hotel lest somebody call and offer me a ride.

I bought a green transistor radio for $6.95 in a pawnshop across the street from Linebaugh's. After dinner, I walked around looking at the old warehouses on Second Avenue North, also on my list of sights, got back to the hotel around five-thirty, took a long bath, and climbed into bed and turned on my radio. The Saturday-night Opry had just begun, with Roy Acuff singing "Wabash Cannonball," and he followed it with "You Are My Sunshine." Wilma Lee and Stoney Cooper did "Midnight Special." There was a minute of dead air, then long, long applause for the Nixons as they entered and took their seats. The President's appearance at the Opry didn't sit quite right with me, but Roy Drusky, who was the next performer in this alphabetical show, put it right with a heartfelt rendition of "Satisfied Mind":

> How many times have you heard someone say
> "If I had his money I'd do things my way."
> But little do they know that it's so hard to find
> One rich man in ten with a satisfied mind.

The Crook Brothers, Herman and Lewis, played a dance tune for the President, and Billy Grammer (who had sung at rallies for Wallace for President) and Stonewall Jackson sang. Then the President. Another standing ovation. (The President is considered a patron of country music, because he has invited Merle Haggard, Johnny Cash, and Roy Acuff to perform at White House functions, and earlier in the week I had been surprised to find, in a morning of research, no country songs about him. I found two about Watergate—"At the Watergate the Truth Come Pourin' Out," by Joan Wile and Alan Thomas, and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"Senator Sam," by C. Hicks and C. Burt—and several about Governor Wallace, including "Man from Alabam," by Ray King and W. Morris, and "The Solid Man," by Tommy Howard. But "Man from San Clemente" and "President Dick" remain unwritten.) The WSM staff band brought Mr. Nixon onstage with a lilting "Hail to the Chief," played like an Irish fiddle tune, which it probably is. The President's selections on the piano were "Happy Birthday" (for his wife on her birthday), "My Wild Irish Rose," and "God Bless America." "He is a real trouper, as well as one of our greatest Presidents," Mr. Acuff said. Mr. Nixon spoke. He said country music comes from the heart of America, it speaks of family and religion, and it radiates a love of country that is much needed today.

Most of this was done in the name of Mrs. Grissom's Salads and Rudy's Farm Country Sausage. After the President left, on the Goo Goo Cluster candy portion of the Opry, Jim and Jesse McReynolds sang "Freight Train" and Hank Locklin "Danny Boy." Hank Snow gave us "I'm Moving On," his all-time great hit, and Ernest Tubb did his, "Walking the Floor Over You." Dottie West sang "Country Sunshine" for Stephens Workwear, Western Jeans and Slacks, and the Wilburn Brothers did "Arkansas." And then—then—the moment I'd been waiting for. Sam and Kirk McGee from sunny Tennessee played "San Antonio Rose." It was the acoustic moment of the show, when the skies cleared and the weeping steels were silent and out of the clear blue came a little ole guitar duet. Stunning and simple, and so good after all the *sound* I'd heard that week—the sweetest "Rose" this side of Texas. I turned out the light, turned off the radio, and went to sleep on it.

In the morning, the radio was on the floor, its plastic cover cracked. I believe it would still work, but I will never play it again. It is my only Opry souvenir. Inside it, the McGee brothers are still picking and will forever, Minnie Pearl cackles, the Crooks are dancing, Jim and Jesse ascend into heavenly harmony, and the Great Acuff rides the Wabash Cannonball to the lakes of Minnesota, where the rippling waters fall.

—GARRISON KEILLOR

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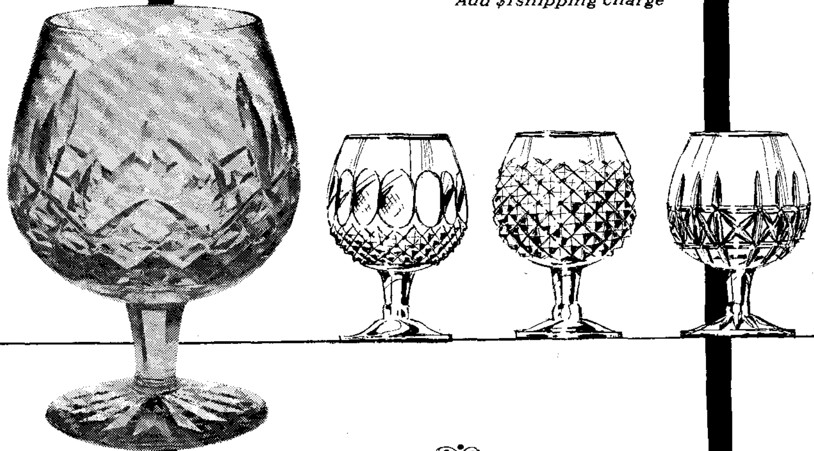

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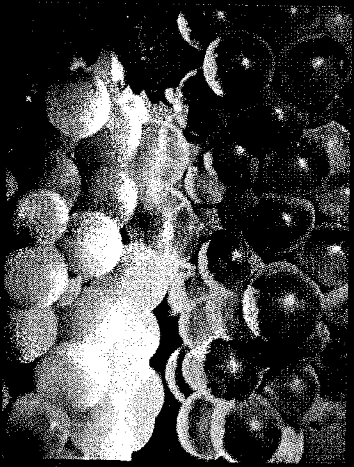

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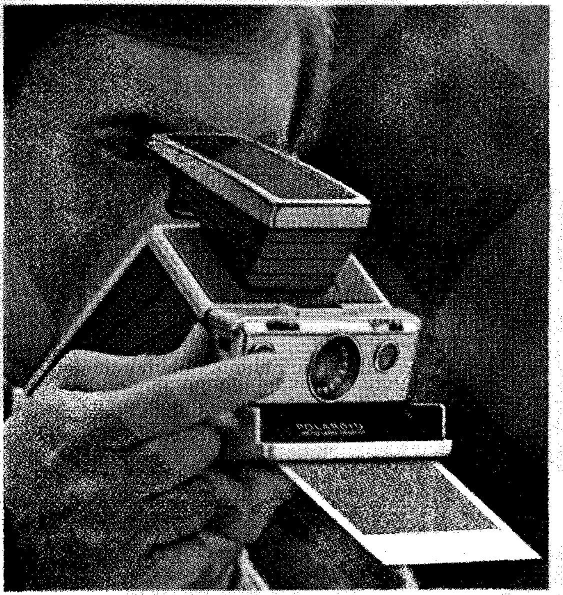

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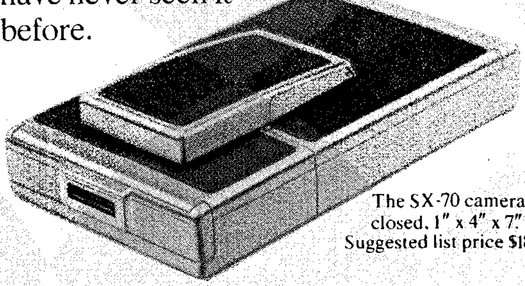

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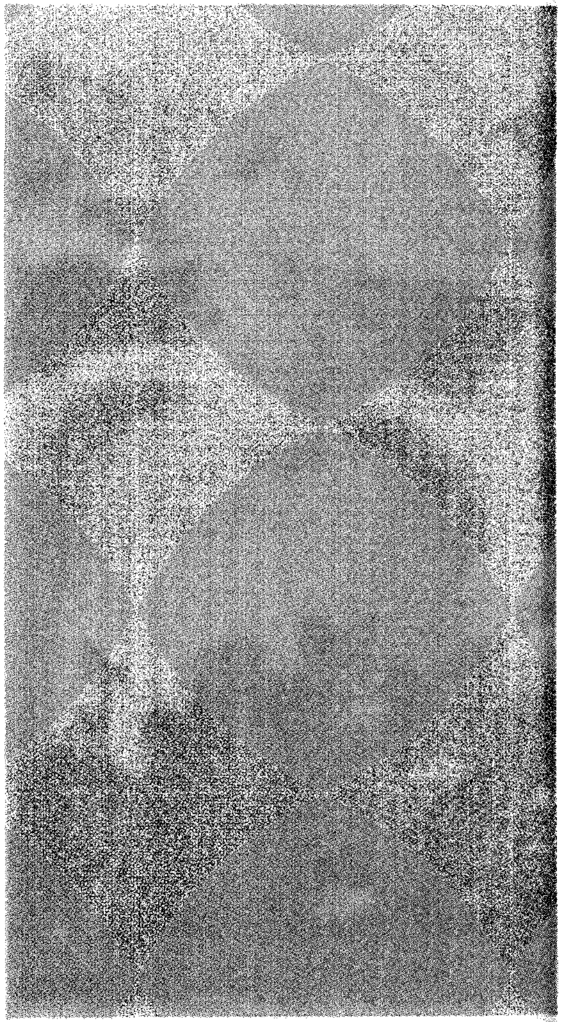

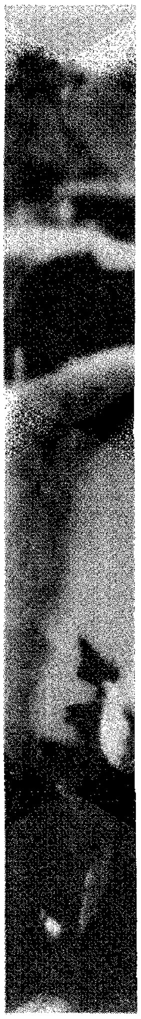

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THE THEATRE

TUMBLING ONTO THE TRUTH

WHOSE mind does Tom Stoppard's mind put one instantly in mind of? Why, that of no less a person than the Reverend Mr. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, a man never happier than when making up riddles so perfectly logical that they seem at first glance nonsense. Mr. Stoppard's play "Jumpers," at the Billy Rose, is a series of riddles presented in the form of pranks. One set of pranks is mental, the other physical. The mental pranks manifest themselves in the boustrophedonlike ruminations of a dithering professor of moral philosophy at some fortunately unnamed English university. He is preparing an address for an audience that is likely to prove skeptical of his intricate metaphysical speculations, and no wonder; we perceive that the professor has learned more than is good for him. Through the sedgy weir of his mind drift twigs and dead leaves of Wittgenstein, Ayer, Whitehead, and George Moore (to complicate matters, the professor himself is named George Moore), and every step that he takes in pursuit of the indisputable leads him farther and farther into Cloud-Cuckoo-Land.

The physical pranks that weave themselves loosely in and about the professor's inattentive person serve as objective correlatives to his maundering discourse. At a party celebrating a political victory, a number of the professor's colleagues, costumed as gymnasts, perform astonishing feats of tumbling; meanwhile, Dotty, the professor's wife, attempts and fails to sing a variety of old hits that had once earned her a reputation as an entertainer. In the course of the gymnasts' elegant exercises—and Mr. Stoppard appears to hint that what these masked figures are striving to tumble upon is truth—Dotty causes the death of a professor of logic. His bloody corpse makes an awkward presence in Dotty's bedroom; hidden in a closet, it refuses to remain hidden. Inspector Bones of Scotland Yard arrives to take charge of the case and quickly falls in love with Dotty, who is enjoying psychiatric counselling as well as sex with a dashing rascal and Jack-of-all-occupations named Archie. It is perhaps the chief of Mr. Stoppard's riddles that his play never properly ends; instead, it dissolves into a murderous acrobatic nightmare, which one imagines being awakened from by the sound of one's own voice screaming.

What Mr. Stoppard and the Reverend Mr. Dodgson have in common is an interest in symbolic logic, in puzzles that embody that logic, and in animals that embody the puzzles (a hare, a tortoise, and a goldfish play significant roles in "Jumpers"); they are also interested—if I may animadvert upon so delicate a topic without disturbing Dodgson's diffident ghost—in naked girls. Dodgson as a photographer and Stoppard as a playwright use nakedness as a metaphor for purity of apprehension; in Dodgson this would imply innocence, in Stoppard experience. "Jumpers" opens with a girl (Joan Byron) stripping to the buff as she swings in trapeze fashion from a crystal chandelier that swoops in great, death-defying arcs above the stage of the Billy Rose; later, the heroine, played by Jill Clayburgh, spends much of her time wandering cozily about the set in her skin. Professor Moore, the hero of "Jumpers," is acted to perfection by Brian Bedford, fully, if dowdily, clothed. Equally well covered, though far better dressed, are Remak Ramsay as the debonair Archie and Ronald Drake as Inspector Bones. Their energetic officiousness makes an admirable foil for the dim sputterings of the Professor.

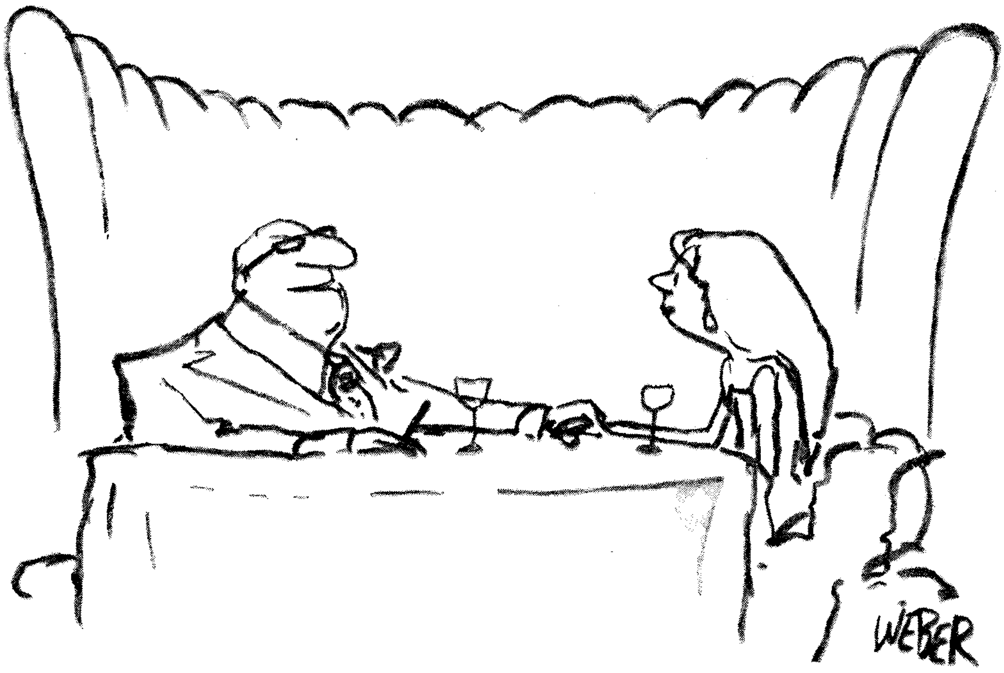
Because Stoppard is such a fiendishly clever fellow, anything I say about his play after but a single viewing of it is bound to be provisional, save this—that I find it as amusing as it is mysterious, and that a few more viewings of it will no doubt diminish its mystery without diminishing my amusement. The setting of "Jumpers" is by Josef Svoboda, the costumes are by Willa Kim, the lighting is by Gilbert V. Hemsley, Jr., the musical arrangements are by Claus Ogerman, and the choreography and tumbling are by Dennis Nahat. The director is Peter Wood.

SAMMY DAVIS, JR., is at the Uris Theatre, in an evening of entertainment that bills itself, with self-confident simplicity, "Sammy." Although assisted by Freda Payne, the Nicholas Brothers, and a twenty-eight-piece orchestra, Sammy is indeed the star of the occasion, and, as usual, he is a star burning himself up for the sake of his audience, in bursts of song, dance, wry jokes, reminiscence, laments over the onset of age, tributes to friends, and stern self-exhortation. It is a performance intended to be rousing; instead, it is touching, perhaps because in the vast, cool reaches of the Uris Sammy strikes us as tinier and more vulnerable than ever. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Unrepented Pleasure

THE Royal Shakespeare Company closed the season of British Theatre at the Brooklyn Academy last week



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with a second anthology, "Pleasure and Repentance," which alternated during the week with "The Hollow Crown." This "lighthearted look at love" is as heavenly—especially if you find Heaven unimaginable without merriment—as that clear-eyed look at royalty. Again the chairs are arranged in a semicircle; enter Sir Michael Redgrave, Sara Kestelman, and Paul Hardwick (Mr. Hardwick played some performances, James Grout others), along with their invaluable troubadour, Martin Best. The program opens and closes with a poem, "A Description of Love," by Sir Walter Raleigh. The selections and songs in between cover every aspect, every mood of love; Ogden Nash and e. e. cummings mingle comfortably with Shakespeare and D. H. Lawrence and John Donne and Thomas Hardy and William Hazlitt. Mr. Best sings our "Cotton Eyed Joe," as Miss Kestelman cradles her script and sways in rhythm. Mr. Best sings Byron's "So, We'll Go No More A-Roving," to a lovely tune of his own. Sir Michael reads a letter in which Bernard Shaw describes the cremation of his mother—a triumph of love and humor and grief resolved. There is a letter from Keats to Fanny Brawne in which his spirits suddenly soar before our ears, because he receives two notes from her while he is writing it. Mr. Pooter, of George and Weedon Grossmith's "Diary of a Nobody," describes (via Mr. Hardwick) his house and domestic arrangements with endearing, comic satisfaction. There is the proposal scene from "The Importance of Being Earnest." In another scene, the dynamic Miss Kestelman, hand on out-thrust hip, appears as a Mickey Spillane moll, with Redgrave as narrator and Hardwick as supersleuth. The choices were made by Terry Hands, and there isn't a dud among them. How starved we are for literature in the theatre! How eloquent these actors are, and how well trained in eloquence! They were directed by Patrick Tucker.

THE most attractive aspect of "Ionescopade" is the relish of the young, inexperienced company of ten that sings and speaks the words and dances and mimes to the lively, tongue-in-cheek show music of Mildred Kayden. It is my hunch that much of what is wrong with the show is Theatre Four, where it opened last week; perhaps in smaller, less formal quarters the players would not feel that they had to belt out every joke and song and routine of this "vaudeville musical entertainment." (How hard they are working, I kept thinking, and that is the last thing that should enter one's mind at any sort of entertainment.) The words, of course, are Eugene Ionesco's, and although the absurdist movement seems to me to have about run its course, and the imitators to have become more and more trying, the writings of the founder still sound surprisingly fresh. Most of the time, at least. Along with the acrid, fantastic humor, the high spirits and the profound pessimism and the startling originality, there are—as there have always been—passages of numbing cuteness. The show, which is made up of several complete brief plays of Ionesco's and adaptations of passages from his longer plays and from his journals and other writings, has a lot of variety. (The selecting and adapting was done by Robert Allan Ackerman, conceiver and director, and Miss Kayden wrote the lyrics as well as the score.) My favorites among the routines were those full of verbal tricks—a sketch near the beginning in which everyone fires off peculiar adverbs at breakneck speed, and a sketch near the end in which someone walks into an auto salon to buy "some car." There is also a funny sketch about a family of six, all of them named Bobby Watson, suggested by a reference in the blessed "Bald Soprano." The chalky clown makeups that many of the actors wear much of the time, and their red, white, and black costumes, designed by Patricia Adshead, are very effective.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

THE COLORS

In Europe, black,
the first forests, the feared
privation of light, being
beneath the ground,
the starless night.

In Egypt, yellow,
the sands, the sun,
and leaves when they fall
and flowers when they fade.

In China, white,
the purity of the dead,
the sunrise, the mountains
peaked with snow.

In Turkey, blue and violet,
blue the hoped-for happiness,
violet the present sorrow.

In Ethiopia, brown,
the earth, the streams
when it rains.

So various,
the colors of mourning.

—WILLIAM HEYEN

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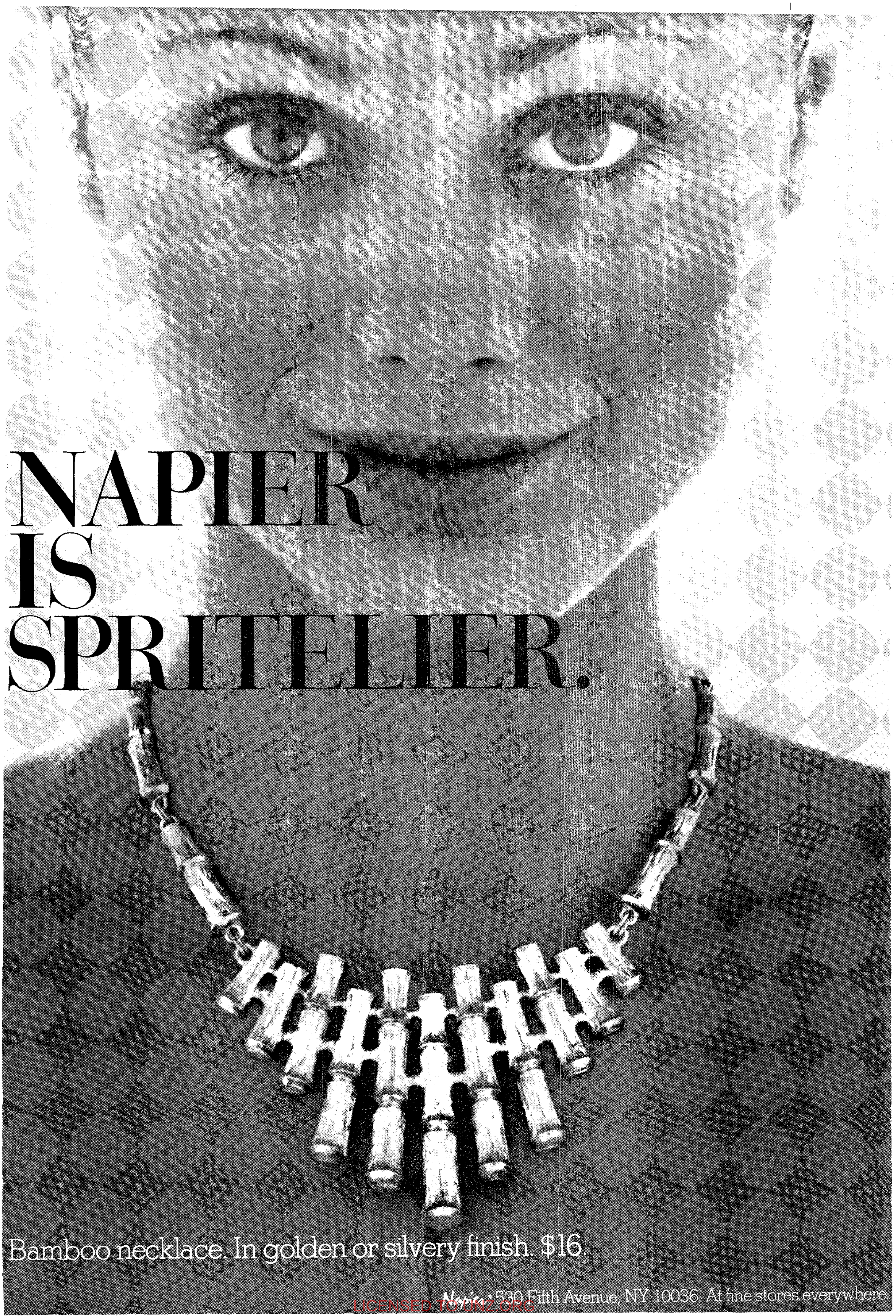
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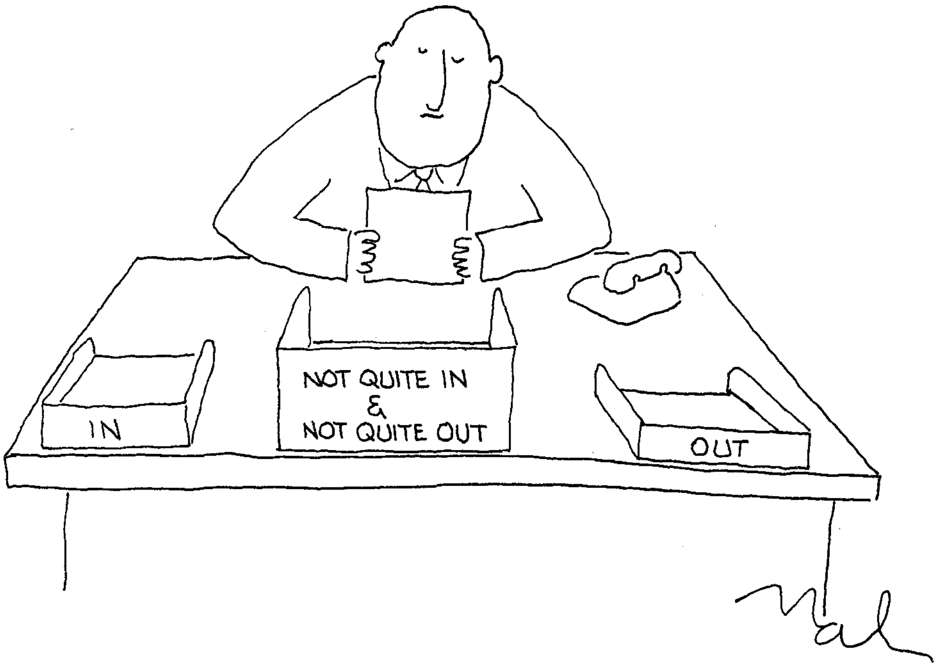
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

CALL it inflation, recession, or simply jitters, there is something in the economic air these days that is making women think hard before spending money on clothes. The old interest in the cautious principle of spending more on fewer clothes of better quality is back. Unfortunately, though, quality is more elusive than ever for those of middling means. The dwindling supply of skilled labor in the fashion industry and astronomical increases in the cost of cloth mean that an investment which seemed only recently to guarantee quality now insures progressively inferior goods. It is a reflection of this and other dismal dilemmas of those who cater to the middle ground that among all the designers who presented collections in recent months—collections conceived under the full onslaught of economic anxiety about energy—the surest voices in America came from the two extremes marked by James Galanos, who lives by the most costly high fashion, and Clovis Ruffin, who produces some of the least expensive designs.

Alongside the current renaissance of the ideal of high quality in the puffs and downdrafts of the Western World economy there is also a growing pride among the privileged few who know that they alone hold the key to high quality—hard cash. (One indication of this surge of Money Pride is the breathlessness with which the peregrinations of jet-setters and their gigolos to ostentatious parties are being chronicled again.) Wherever luxurious clothes continue to exist, they can be sure of support from rich people whom the times are making richer as well as from those whom the times make insecure enough to prompt them to show visible proof of their wealth. Even rich young girls, it seems, are shedding their blue-jeans and their scruples about extravagance and discovering the couture. The Paris couture, which bloomed all through the Depression and the rise of Hitler, is looking less nervous this season than it has for years. With a sigh of relief, it has let its Maoist work clothes and other dabblings with the unsettling present go hang and is lining up with Beauty and the Idle Rich. With a studiously complacent languor, it is reproducing the sort of thing it made so exquisitely in the nineteen-thirties (which comes now from Saint Laurent and Dior) or the confident years on either side of 1960 (at Givenchy and Patou). America's closest approach to the Paris couture, James Galanos, is feeling quite smug about the market for his two-thousand-dollar dresses, too. The California designer—virtually the sole survivor of a whole group that flourished around the Hollywood lovelies of the nineteen-fifties—recently presented his enormous summer collection at Bonwit Teller, and his dreamily elegant tone comes straight out of race meetings, garden parties, tea dances, and those other pleasant aspects of the nineteen-twenties and thirties that today's consciousness has conjured up in the interests of romance. The great majority of styles in the Galanos collection are gowns for evening or "late day," with skirts falling either to the ankle or to the bottom of the calf. This low-calf length is dubbed the "restaurant length," suitable for dining in the remaining de-luxe restaurants of the world, which, in Galanos's opinion, deserve to be visited by people in more sumptuous attire than dungarees and khaki. Many of the dresses, which were shown with low cloches and T-strap shoes, involve crêpe de chine, layered silk chiffon, or feather-light silk failles from the Swiss firm of Abraham et Cie., which may be the last manufacturer of really magnificent fabrics in the world. Some of the stuffs have hand-screened prints of hothouse flowers and tea roses, or revivals of Dufy prints from Abraham's archives; other Galanos outfits are simply a gauzy cloud of almost foolishly beguiling white. Delicate silhouettes are the sum of countless little tricks of flattery—slender, low-waisted bodices ending in points above a wafting, bias-cut skirt; the softening effect of tucks at the breast, capelets on the upper arms, and discreet gathers at the waist; and bias-cut cape backs to float out from the shoulder blades in graceful, mobile folds. The gowns are finished with elaborate, meticulous care. After the show at Bonwit's, Galanos picked up one of the airy silk creations of his workrooms and peered appreciatively at hand-rolled hems; hand-piping and hand-facing; a cuff cut on the bias to move with a gesture of the wrist; a cobweb chiffon lining; and a bustline gently molded rather than forced into an ugly dart. "If women want luxury, they shouldn't go looking for feathers and sequins," the designer said, with a superior smile. "*This* is what luxury really means."

GALANOS, from his ivory tower, takes mischievous delight in observing that women get better value for money in a dress from Sears, Roebuck than in "an average seven-hundred-dollar Seventh Avenue dress, which is a manufactured product, designed to a businessman's formula." Certainly, to judge by *their* summer collections, the top Seventh Avenue men who compete for space on the rung of the financial hierarchy somewhat below Galanos are nowhere near as sure as he of what can be offered to whom, or why. Instead, they choose to offer something for everybody (except, perhaps, for fools old-fashioned enough to want to stand out in a crowd), and they succeed rather well in coming up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with some nice, wearable clothes. Whether these are worth the money you might pay for them is a very different matter. The qualities that used to justify the high prices charged by illustrious designers—originality and authority of conception and impeccable construction—will almost certainly be absent. These qualities fell by the wayside in the past few years, during the period when fashionable women went one way (to imported clothes) and other women went another (into pants), while American designers got lost in the dust kicked up by their own mad scramble to keep up with every side. These continue to be difficult days for even the most famous of all those Famous Designers department stores persist in offering us as bait. The ranks of the mighty are frequently shaken by news of partnerships that come unstuck (Donald Brooks, Inc.) or fears of financial failures (Chester Weinberg, Ltd.). On the twenty-four floors of 550 Seventh Avenue, which is regarded as the *crème de la crème* of addresses for the sort of house that makes seven-hundred-dollar dresses, the showrooms seem to change hands with alarming speed.

It is not surprising that there is a loss of heart among American designers of anything more challenging than sportswear, which doesn't need to be designed in any sense that might justify old-style ballyhoo about the "personality" behind the "creations." Nor do business suits (however revolutionary the cut of their lapel or radical the choice of their plaid), suitcases, sheets, and even nightgowns really call for the talents of a "designer." Yet without all these undesigned, money-spinning extensions of their empires to serve as buttresses, designers might find that the idea of their "prestige" had collapsed completely. Of late, top designers have been obliged to reëvaluate the market value of their own "prestige." Many of them were so guilty of abusing this golden goose in recent years that it may never recover. They came to see prestige as a license—quite divorced from the obligation to provide high quality or originality of design—to impose a surcharge on the price of clothes. Many Famous Designers have brought trouble on themselves by their greed in tapping the fount of prestige and by persistently overestimating the foolishness of their customers. By now, there is increasing support for the theory that it might have been better if more of the top-drawer designers had had the courage to do a single collection and do it well, instead of attaching their names to all the second-string

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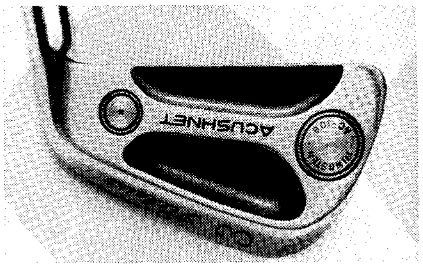

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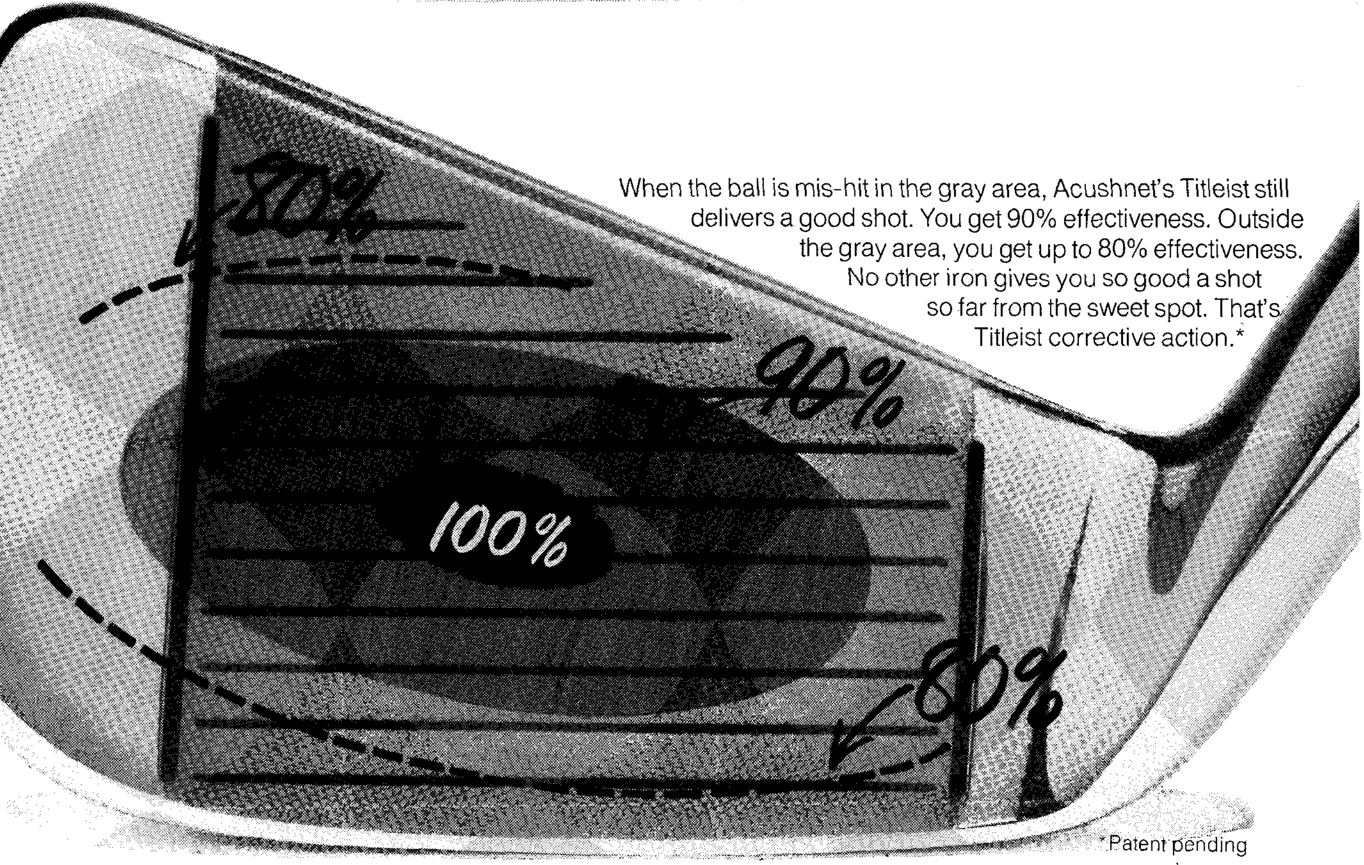

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"boutique" and "sportswear" collections of the past few years, too. The evolution of these collections has often been embarrassing, and has reflected persistent miscalculations about the direction of fashion. For a long time, it was clear that designers saw the customer for their "couture" collections (with the possible exceptions of Galanos and Norell, they were never more than semi-couture) as a middle-aged woman of formal, conservative tastes, while the second-string choices were supposed to find favor with her daughter, or with herself in certain rare and clearly defined moments of informality. As a result of this misconception, the senior clothes went on looking too stiff and precisely tailored and the junior clothes too perky and cute long after really fashionable women became far more interested in wearing comfortable clothes that showed off a good body than in dressing according to their age or social standing. In many cases, the second-string collections were not even designed by the Famous Designers, who contented themselves with lending the "prestige" of their names to the efforts of unpublicized assistants. This hoax further weakened respect for the designers' "prestige," and it became easier to question the voice of authority when it spoke in tones alternately booming, squeaking, and—in really bad years—pleading. Among women who care about fashion, respect for and loyalty to uncompromised designing talent is probably as great as it ever was, but their reaction to the mercantile abstraction of "prestige" is far more cynical now than it was five years ago.

In part, though, the designers who came to power in the past twenty years were innocent victims of history, and their prestige was a burden forced on them by their position as members or direct heirs of a generation of American high-fashion design hellbent on proving that it was just as good as Paris couture. Even into the nineteen-sixties there was a widespread assumption that it was up to the French to be seized by flights of fancy, while it was up to Seventh Avenue to copy them or, wherever the notorious timidity of American women made it necessary, to tone them down. Understandably, American designers came to resent their inferior relationship to Paris—a relationship that had remained essentially unchanged for well over a century—and to feel an urge to show themselves capable of having an idea or two of their own. As a result, all through the nineteen-fifties and sixties, while a booming America settled into the shoes of giant world power, Seventh Avenue

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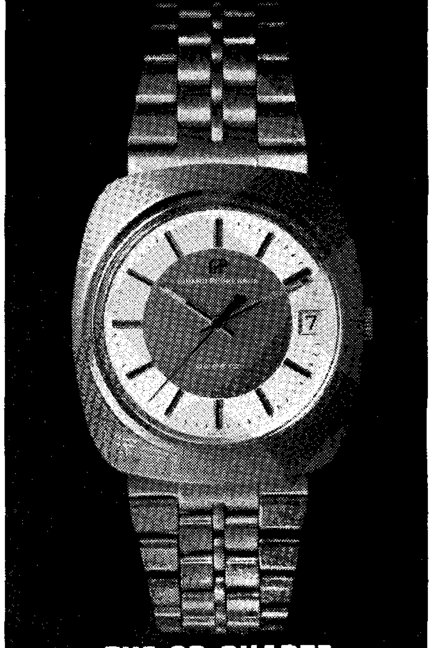

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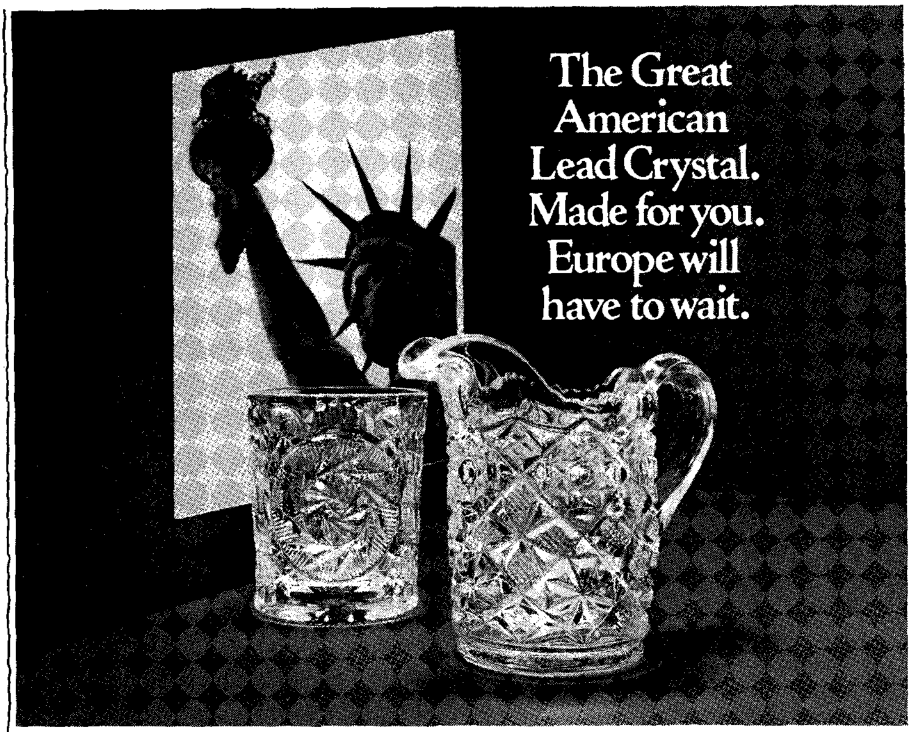
experienced its own particular wave of commercial chauvinism, with manufacturers, buyers, and the so-called fashion "press" rallying round to hoist onto pedestals any designers who looked lively enough to cock a snook at Paris. In time, lulled by automatic encomiums from the press, those designers came to believe in their own deification a little too well, and got out of any habit they may have had of putting their ear to the ground. The American semi-couture went on creating elaborate meticulous fancies and asserting its equality with Paris long after Paris had surrendered the role of innovator to the *prêt-à-porter* and had ceased to be a threat. When their Gallic sparring partner withdrew into a respectably regressive semi-retirement, the American designers were left with a stultifying acceptance of the techniques perfected by the Paris couture, overlaid with a certain red-white-and-blue crispness in design but without any proper sense of direction. A further legacy of the years of putting up a united front against the French, I suspect, is the monolithic character of top American design: from that period on, it was taken for granted that every house, at every season, should come up with styles that were, in all but details, exactly the same.

Meanwhile, beyond the range of this transatlantic windmill-tilting, women and their lives were changing, and a new, distinctly American kind of fashion was beginning to emerge. Emphasis was shifting from a basically formal view of clothes and the importance of their shape and fit to a more informal style of dress that began with bodies, to whose shape and movement a soft, "unconstructed" garment remained subsidiary. Halston's grasp of this shift in priorities made his fortune in the past few years, and all the anti-Paris chaps, locked up in their respect for hidden facings and unseen linings, could only shake their heads enviously over the popularity of Halston dresses with no more tricks about them than there are about a cashmere sweater or a chiffon scarf. The success of Halston—which may owe something to his background as a milliner and consequent freedom from preconceptions about how to construct clothes—signalled the end of designing in the way the old-guard Famous Designers understood it. Halston is, in fact, an anti-designer, whose chief contribution to the history of American style has been to liberate fashionable women from the conventions and unnecessary artistry an earlier generation of designers had fettered them with, and to give presence to humble shapes like trousers and trench-



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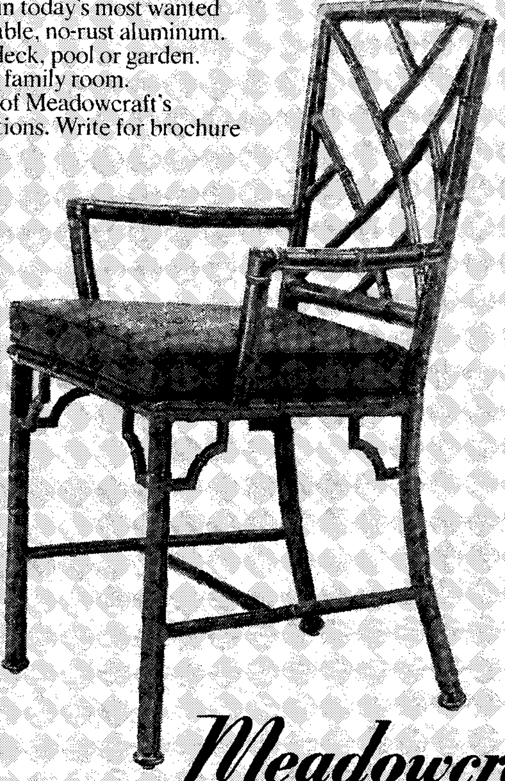

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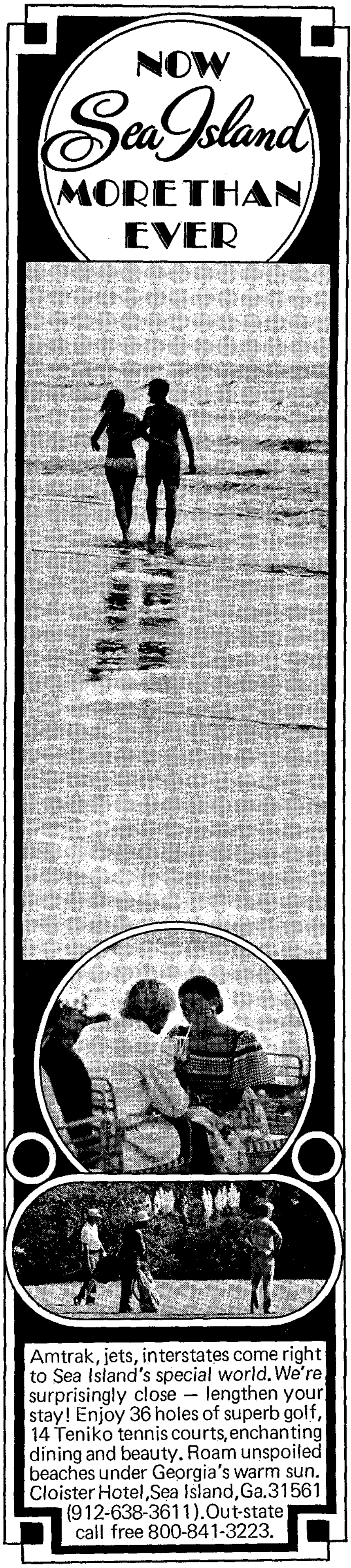

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coats by making them in luxurious materials. The price of those materials and the sameness of his styles have made Halston a rage among status-seekers. But when he ventures beyond uniform shapes and into more ambitious attempts at "designing," the results are often ungainly or derivative. Stephen Burrows, another key figure in the development of the "unconstructed" mode, took its modernity a step further by exploring the aesthetics of technology. Burrows was the first designer of note to employ frankly machine-made, highly visible zigzag stitching simultaneously as hemming, seaming, decoration, and trademark. And although his designs are sometimes carried out in silk chiffon, Burrows makes his clearest statements in synthetic jerseys, with their dense, animal movement and their eerie, big-city sheen.

The supple, "unconstructed" style, like the bluejeans to which it is close kin, is perfectly adapted to mass production. And there is no earthly reason that it should cost a lot. It has now become clear that this more comfortable style, calling for no costly craftsmanship, is where the future of fashion lies—or, at least, the future of clothing. Fashion, in the sense that Seventh Avenue seems to understand it, may not have much future. But the singular dilemma of the high-fashion houses in these days of transition is that the better they keep up with the "unconstructed" times and the smaller their effort is seen to be, the more they are forced to rely for justification of their high prices on the creaky old notion of "designer prestige." As styles get simpler—not just with a cunning impression of simplicity, à la Vionnet, but *actually* simpler—the more ludicrous it becomes to pay enormous sums for the sake of the name behind the "design." An unadorned Halston caftan, made of a single layer of silk chiffon, and only "more or less" hand-finished, can cost as much as five hundred and fifty dollars. A pair of little-nothing evening pajamas from Oscar de la Renta—a sack top above a pair of baggy, Asian-peasant pants—is around six or seven hundred dollars. A few ostrich feathers to trim it would add a couple of hundred more.

A REPRESENTATIVE price for a day dress from the summer collection of Ruffinwear, designed by Clovis Ruffin, is forty dollars; an evening gown is about sixty. Beyond their price, though, and the already remarkable fact that they are *dresses*, and so a bright spot of confidence in a still un-

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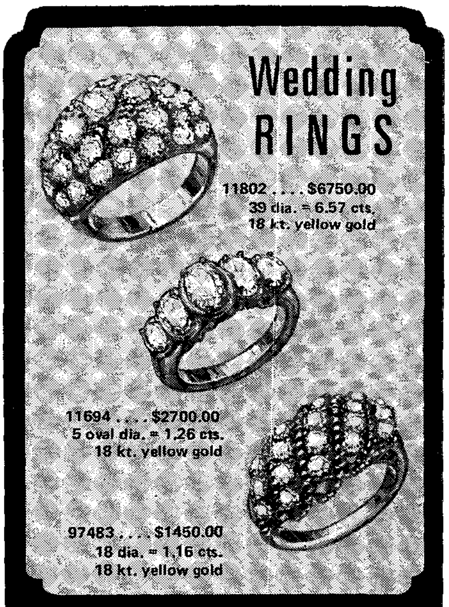

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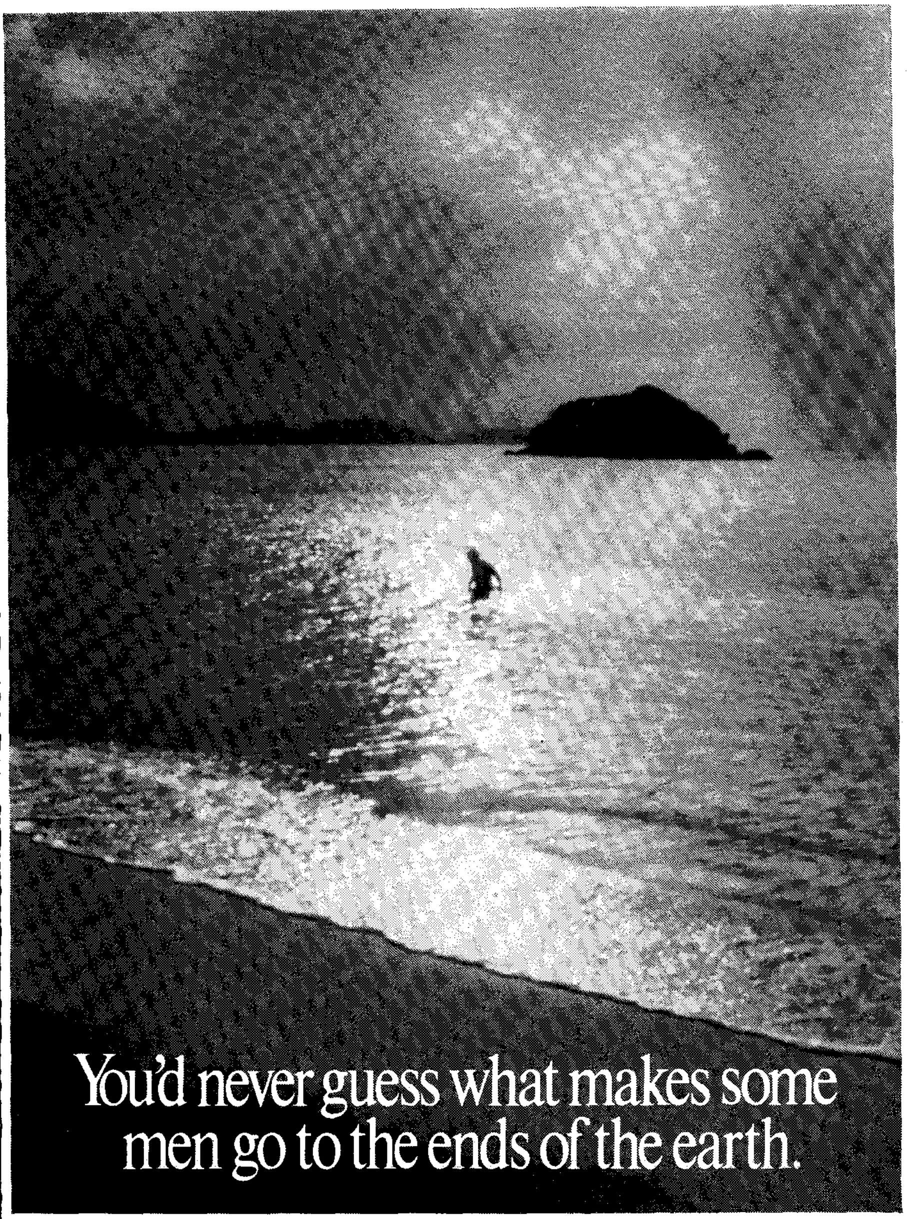
certain, uneven field, Ruffin's offerings are distinguished by a balance between design and lack of it which seems exactly right. They never overwhelm the wearer with the designer's superfluous fantasies, but neither do they surrender the female form to the merciless silhouettes of T-shirts and flour sacks, as the extremes of "unconstruction" will. Like appliances by Braun, they unite elegance and functionalism, and make a strong case for living in the present. And they are very honest clothes. At Ruffinwear prices, fabrics involved are inevitably synthetic (in this collection, Dacron jersey in various weights, and the silky fabric known as Nyesta), and the designer has a happy understanding of what such fabrics cannot do and what they can do superbly. Almost everything in the collection is machine-washable, and the dresses are mainly in clear, spring-bulb colors or in very simple combinations of such colors. (Prints on synthetic jerseys still tend to look garish.) There are no belts or formal buttons, because these would betray the cost of a dress at Ruffinwear prices, and because no one needs them. For the same reason, there are no zippers; Ruffinwear appeals to the sort of people who are not frightened of pulling things over their hairdos. The collection ranges from frisky cousins of the basically Ruffinian, flippy T-shirt dress to the shoulder-baring majesty of long gowns that include a black shaft in neo-Grès style and a reedlike column of white with a plunging back and a cowboy-scarf cowl at the breast. The choice in between includes the suavity of a zabaglione-colored shift, cut high in the shoulders but with a shrug of matching cardigan, and the wispy charm of a bias-skirted dress in dusty, white-veined pink, with a shirred and strapless bodice and a separate triangular fling of stole.

At twenty-seven, Clovis Ruffin must be the youngest successful designer in America. The self-assurance with which he employs the "unconstructed" manner shows clearly how his generation of designers sees the style not as a bandwagon to jump on but as the only language it has ever understood. Not that the style is exclusively for the very young. On the contrary: the exhilarating novelty of Ruffinwear lies in its agelessness and classlessness. Ruffin's dresses are worn by impecunious young office workers with cheap sandals and plastic bangles, or, by the likes of Mrs. Onassis, with handmade shoes and diamonds. Recently, Ruffinwear took up residence at No. 550 Seventh Avenue.

—KENNEDY FRASER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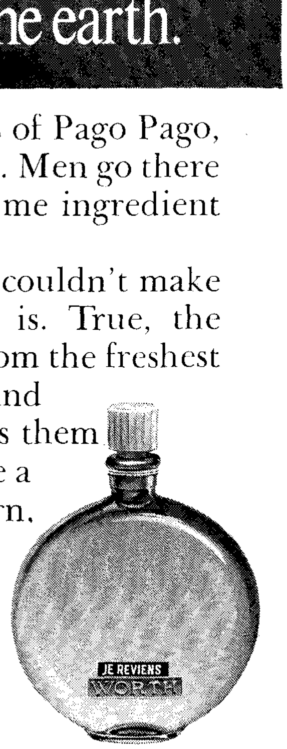


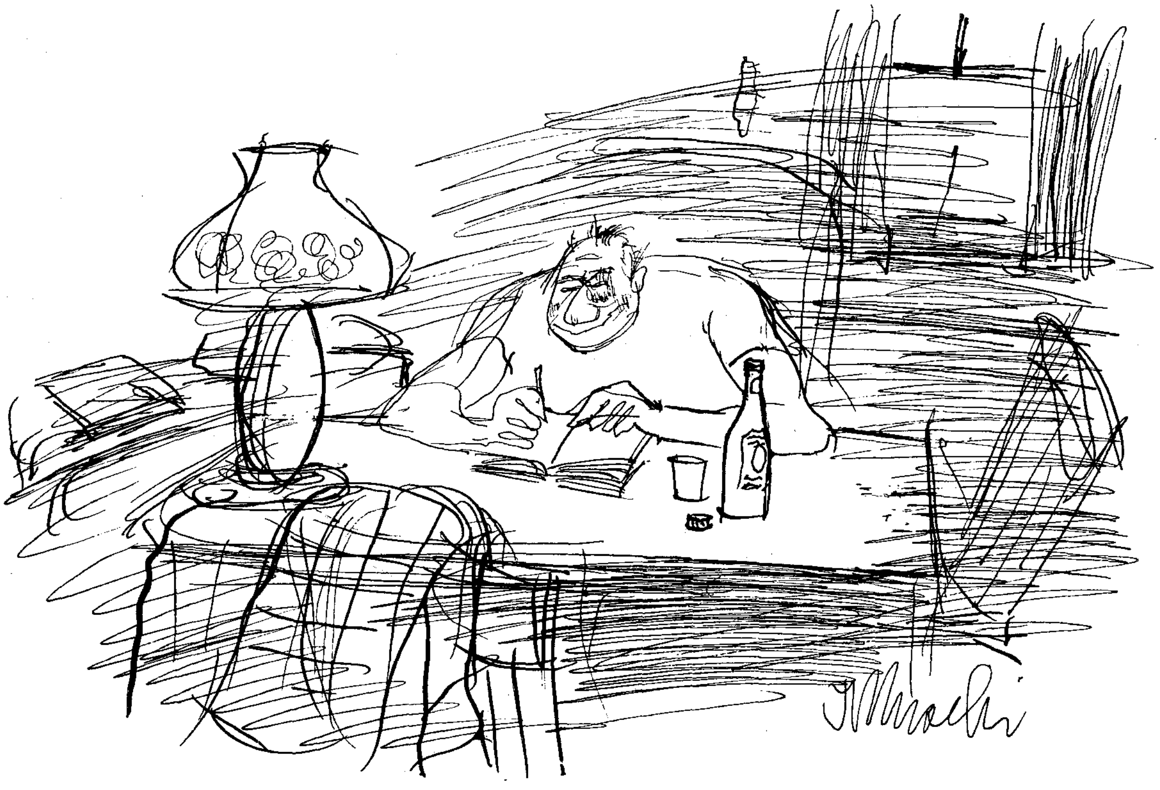
U.S. JOURNAL: KAHOKA, MISSOURI

HOG FACTORY

Charles McQuoid showed up in Kahoka last fall and said that when he got finished Clark County would have the largest hog operation in the world. Until then, nobody had ever suggested that Clark County might have the largest anything anywhere. It's a rural county of eight thousand people in the northeast corner of Missouri, jammed up against Iowa and Illinois. The people in Clark County who don't live on farms—a group that consists mostly of the two thousand people who live in Kahoka, the county seat—work in the banks and the stores and the county agencies necessary to keep the farms in operation. People in rural counties ordinarily feel more a part of their state than city people do. They tend to look to the state legislature rather than to a city government and to the state university's football team rather than to a big-city professional team and to the agricultural college and the state fair and the agricultural extension service. If they happen to live far away from the state's centers of power and activity, they can suffer from a special type of remoteness. Clark County is a couple of hundred miles away from the state capital and the state university and St. Louis and the site of the state fair. The nearest big town is in Iowa—Keokuk—and so is the nearest important football team. The nearest daily papers are in Iowa and Illinois. People in Clark County can easily acquire the feeling that the rest of the people in Missouri are not acutely aware of them. For some travellers in the state, Kahoka is literally not on the map; the Shell road map of Missouri carries an advertisement about the Shell travel service, and the most convenient spot the map designer found for it was in the northeast corner of the state, blotting out a good part of Clark County. But if McQuoid's plan succeeded, Kahoka, Missouri, would be, as a headline in a Missouri paper suggested, Hog Butcher for the World.

The operation that McQuoid described would eventually produce—not just breed and raise but slaughter and package and ship to the supermarket—two and a half million hogs a year. Hogs have never been produced on such a scale. All of the farmers in the entire state of Missouri sell a total of only about seven and a half million hogs a year. McQuoid said his project would require more than a hundred million dollars in capital and would employ two thousand people. In small county seats like Kahoka, Missouri, merchants lull themselves to sleep at night fantasizing about what it would be like to attract a hundred-million-dollar project that employed two thousand people. The taxes on McQuoid's hog factory would provide as much revenue as all of the other land in Clark County combined. McQuoid said that he would give Clark County a million dollars at the start for the school system and an airport and improvements to the nearest hospital. A few of the businessmen in Kahoka formed a development corporation to help McQuoid acquire options on the land he would need—five thousand acres of land, part of it right on the Santa Fe railway tracks. The mayor of Kahoka, a Chevrolet dealer named W. G. Daniel, said not long ago, "We thought this was the goose."

Then it turned out that a lot of people didn't want Kahoka to be Hog Butcher for the World. Oren Lee Staley, president of the National Farmers Organization, the most militant of the farm associations, said, "If successful, this operation would mean the displacement of tens of thousands of family farms, the deaths of hundreds of rural communities, disruption of the existing packing industries and all their employees, dictation of future pork prices by the big corporations, plus a new migration of rural persons to the urban centers." Both United States senators from Missouri asked the Federal Trade Commission to investigate whether or not McQuoid's hog complex would threaten competition in the hog-raising industry. There was talk of investigations by a senatorial subcommittee and the Environmental Protection Agency and the Department of Agriculture and the Missouri legislature. The Clark County newspaper, after asking its readers to write in their opinions of McQuoid's plans, printed letter after letter denouncing the hog factory. The press began to investigate McQuoid and the Des Moines *Register* revealed that he had been declared bankrupt by a Chicago court in 1972,



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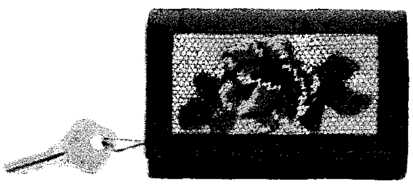

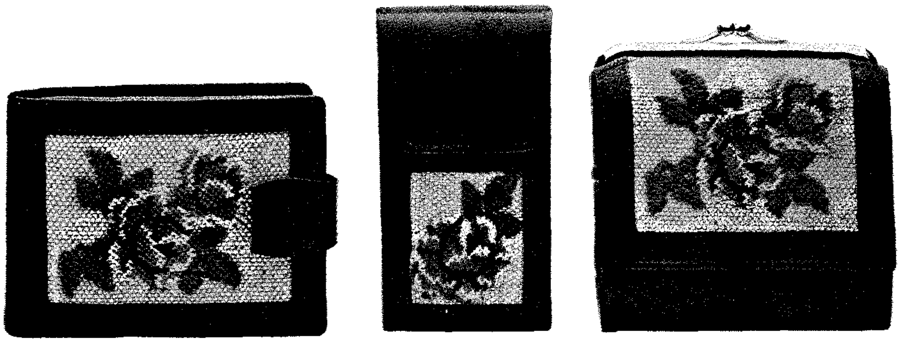

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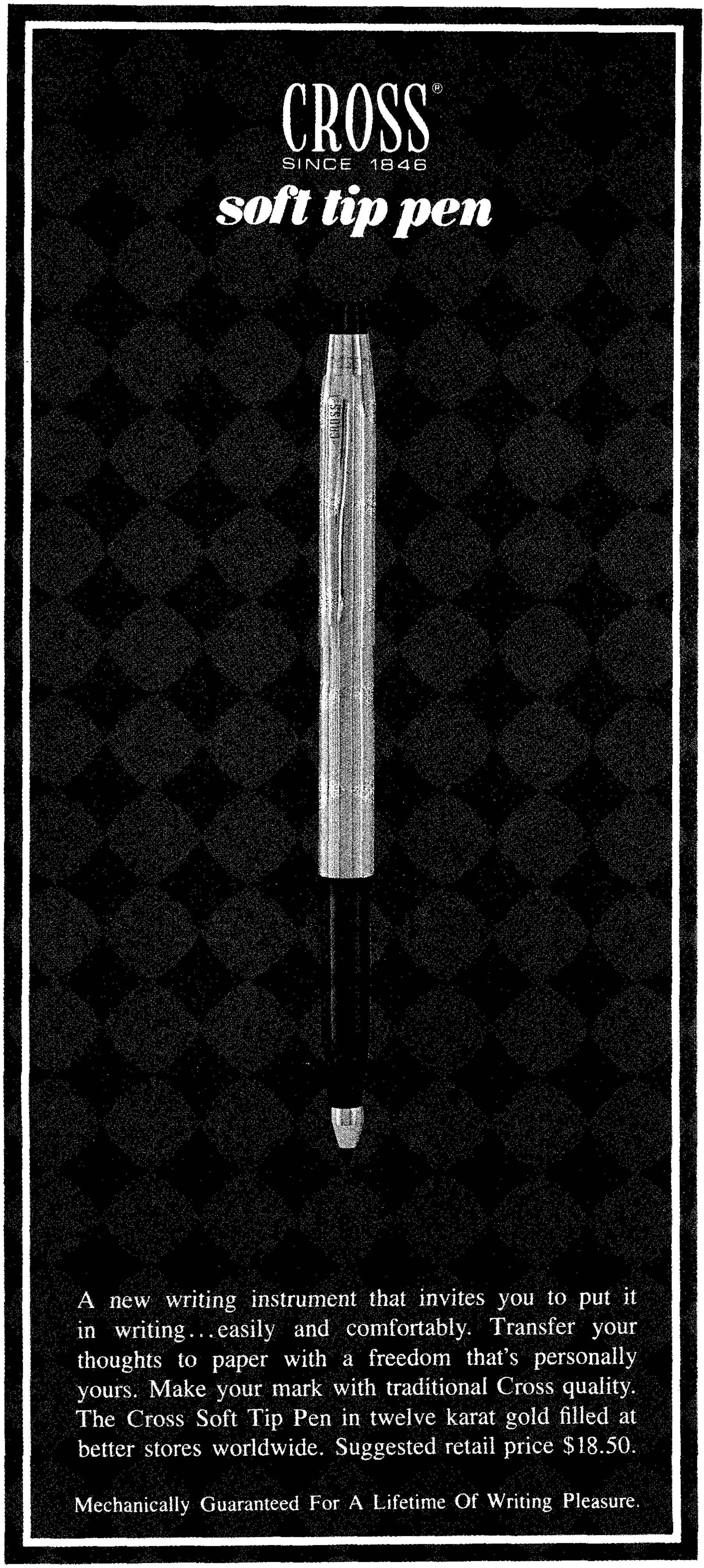
after the failure of his insurance business. The stories about the hog plant in the farm press began to carry headlines like "PIGS IN THE SKY?" or "2.5 MILLION HOG FARM—THAT'S A LOT OF MANURE." After a while, about the most affirmative headline the hog-factory organizers could hope for was one in the Springfield, Missouri, *News and Leader* that said, "MCQUOID PROMISES TO TELL THE TRUTH."

In Kahoka, some residents opposed the hog factory because of the kind of people they believe it would attract as slaughterhouse workers—people rumored to be Mexican migrants or Japanese or blacks or just those whites of obscure ethnic origin who might be expected to go berserk on a hot evening after spending the entire day sticking hogs. "I think they're going to bring in every kind of damn thing to work there," one local farmer said. There are also residents who fear that a hog factory might cause the county to build new roads and schools, then prove to be a failure and leave the local taxpayers with the bills. But most of the opposition to the hog complex has little to do with the fact that its proposed location is in Clark County. Opinion has divided up roughly into businessmen for and farmers against, and the farmers who are against would be against if the hog factory were to be in Clark County, Idaho. In agricultural circles, McQuoid's proposed hog factory became a national issue. The most powerful opposition to it has been generated not in Clark County but in Washington and at the National Farmers Organization headquarters, in Iowa. A hog factory is seen not as a threat to Clark County but as the latest incursion of agribusiness in its attempt to wipe out the family farmer in America.

The grain and hog farmers of the Midwest represent the strongest base of family farming in the country. In the 1970 farm census, Clark County had more than seven hundred farms large enough to be considered full-time operations, and only one of them was owned by a corporation. On the river-bottom land next to the Mississippi and the Des Moines, there are some farmers who raise strictly cash grains. (They are often spoken of as having a C.B.F. rotation—corn, beans, and Florida—since the absence of livestock theoretically makes it possible for them to go South between fall harvest and spring planting.) But most Clark County farmers have both grain and livestock. Two out of five of them raise hogs. Almost all of the hogs that are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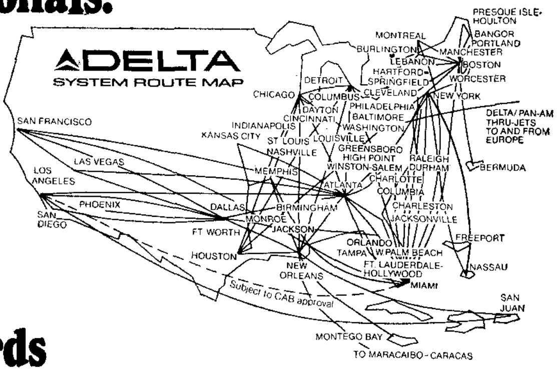
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raised in the United States are still raised by independent family farmers rather than by corporations. A family farm in Missouri or Iowa, of course, is no longer likely to be an idyllic little forty-acre collection of milking cow in the barn and corn in the field and vegetables back of the house and chickens scratching around the yard—the kind of place Dorothy Gale lived on until she was whisked off to the Land of Oz. The average farm size in Clark County is three hundred and sixty acres, meaning that it may include what was once another family farm down the road. Traditionally, a Midwestern farmer who raises hogs also grows corn, and decides according to the fluctuations of the corn-hog ratio—the price he can get for a bushel of corn compared with the price he can get for a hundredweight of hog—whether to market his corn or to invest it in producing fat on hogs. These days, farmers may react less quickly to the corn-hog ratio than they once did, partly because of the amount of investment necessary for the equipment to run a large hog operation. Some farmers have become specialists who only breed feeder pigs or who only feed out pigs they buy from someone else. But most hogs in Clark County and the surrounding area are raised by farmers who follow the traditional pattern. The farmer grows his own corn for feed and raises hogs "from farrow to finish"—from birth to the time, five or six months and ten or twelve bushels of corn later, when a hog weighs two hundred and twenty pounds and is ready for market.

The assumption that defenders of family farming constantly battle is that such operations are necessarily inefficient merely because they are traditional and are limited in size. In a report last year on grain farming, the Department of Agriculture concluded that a fully mechanized one-man farm was a technically efficient operation and that the incentive to enlarge it would come not from the possibility of decreasing per-unit costs but merely from the possibility of creating a bigger business. Critics of corporate involvement in farming—for instance, Jim Hightower, of the Agribusiness Accountability Project, in Washington—spend a lot of their time trying to break down the American assumption that size is synonymous with efficiency. They argue that corporations have been able to take over large sections of American agriculture not because they are better farmers but because they are bigger businesses—businesses that can attract "deep-pocket" credit not available to

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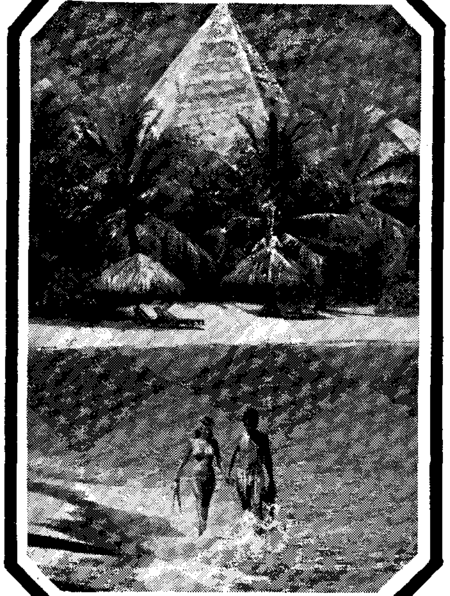

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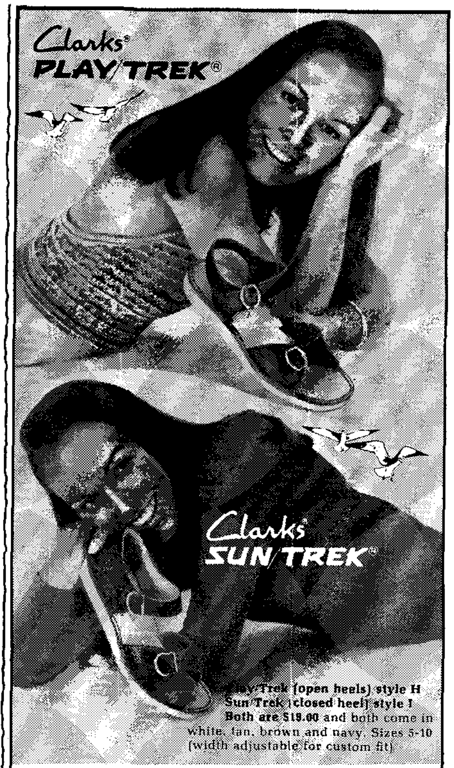

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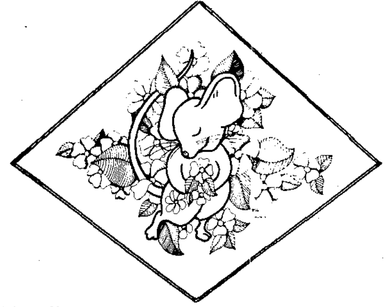

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individual farmers and can even absorb losses for a while to rid themselves of some competition. It would be difficult to find a hog farmer in Missouri or Iowa or Illinois who believes that a huge hog factory could raise hogs more efficiently than he can. There are even a lot of farmers who doubt if a hog factory can raise hogs at all, considering the problems of avoiding contagious diseases and finding hourly workers who will care for livestock and attracting competent managers willing to raise someone else's hogs rather than their own. But even hog farmers who scoff at the idea that a hog factory can raise hogs tend to believe that it represents a threat to their livelihood. The discussion of McQuoid's factory by some farmers has carried an odd contradiction: they don't believe it would work, but they believe it would put them out of business.

The contradiction is partly a reflection of their belief that McQuoid's operation is dangerous mainly as a precedent. Even if McQuoid fails, they reason, others may learn from his mistakes and succeed. Despite all the talk about how many farmers the hog complex in Clark County would displace, not many people believe that one hog factory would have a large effect on the hog market. Even according to McQuoid's own timetable, the goal of two and a half million hogs a year would be far in the future, and most farmers in Clark County never had much faith in McQuoid's timetable. He is, after all, a promoter from the insurance industry rather than a farmer, a man who has been quoted as saying that he will employ modern methods to see to it that sows farrow only on weekdays. But the odd mixture of contempt and fear that farmers express in their talk about McQuoid's hog factory also reflects the fact that what they fear about corporations is not their efficiency but their capital. They constantly talk about a corporation's ability to run on a narrow margin or even to sustain losses. The statements by some leaders of pork producers' associations that they are not afraid of the Clark County operation have often included the qualification that no one can compete with an organization willing to lose money for tax writeoffs. "I can take a hog out here, and I'll produce a better type of meat than they can," one Clark County farmer said recently. "But they got what you call funny money."

The spectre held up by those who oppose any attempt to raise hogs in factories is the broiler industry, which

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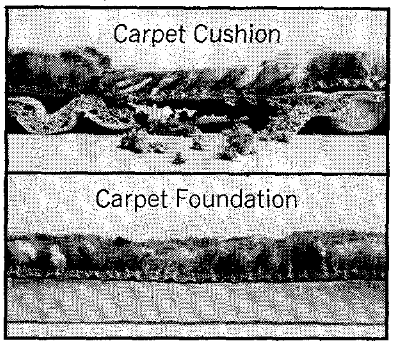

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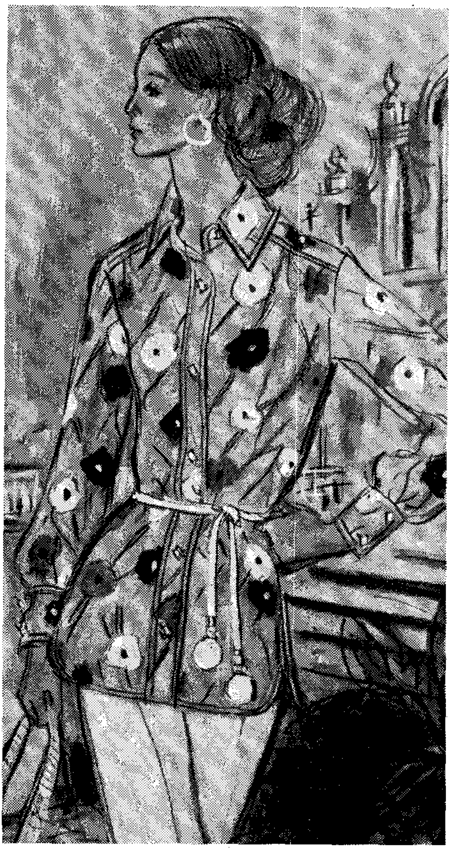
in 1954 consisted almost entirely of independent farmers who raised chickens in their barnyards and by 1964 was at least ninety per cent vertically integrated—controlled by corporations from hatching to marketing, in the same way a vertically integrated oil company controls its product from exploration to the service station. Across the South, where broiler raising is concentrated, farmers now get chicks by contract from the integrator, confine them in rows of small cages, feed them with the integrator's feed according to the integrator's specifications, and return them to the integrator for marketing. There are virtually no independent broiler farmers left; there are just a lot of people who do piecework.

Hog farmers in the Midwest have a better chance than poultry farmers in the South did of coexisting with vertical integration rather than being taken over by it. They have more assets, in general, and more borrowing power to see them through bad years. The hog market has tended to be more stable than the broiler market. Hogs are much more difficult to raise in the close, confined conditions of corporate farming than chickens are. (The disease problems among chickens in such conditions are serious enough to require feeding them all sorts of antibiotics and chemicals that were formerly not necessary.) The farm experts who believe that hog farmers should not be alarmed by the introduction of a hog factory say that the hog industry is more likely to follow the pattern of cattle feeding than that of poultry raising. There are both corporate and independent farmers in cattle feeding, but Hightower and others have pointed out that the bulk of the cattle coming off the feedlots is already concentrated in the hands of a relatively few corporations. Hog farmers who fear vertical integration are not greatly soothed by being told that it may take fifteen years rather than ten to put them out of business. "They'll make us janitors," a farmer said recently at a meeting of the local N.F.O. marketing organization in Kahoka. "We'll just be hog-house janitors instead of chicken-house janitors."

THE argument in Clark County in favor of the hog factory was simple from the start: Large-scale hog operations are inevitable, the effect they have on hog farmers' livelihood is the same no matter where they are, so why not have one in Clark County and enjoy the advantages? Mayor Daniel has argued that those hog farmers who



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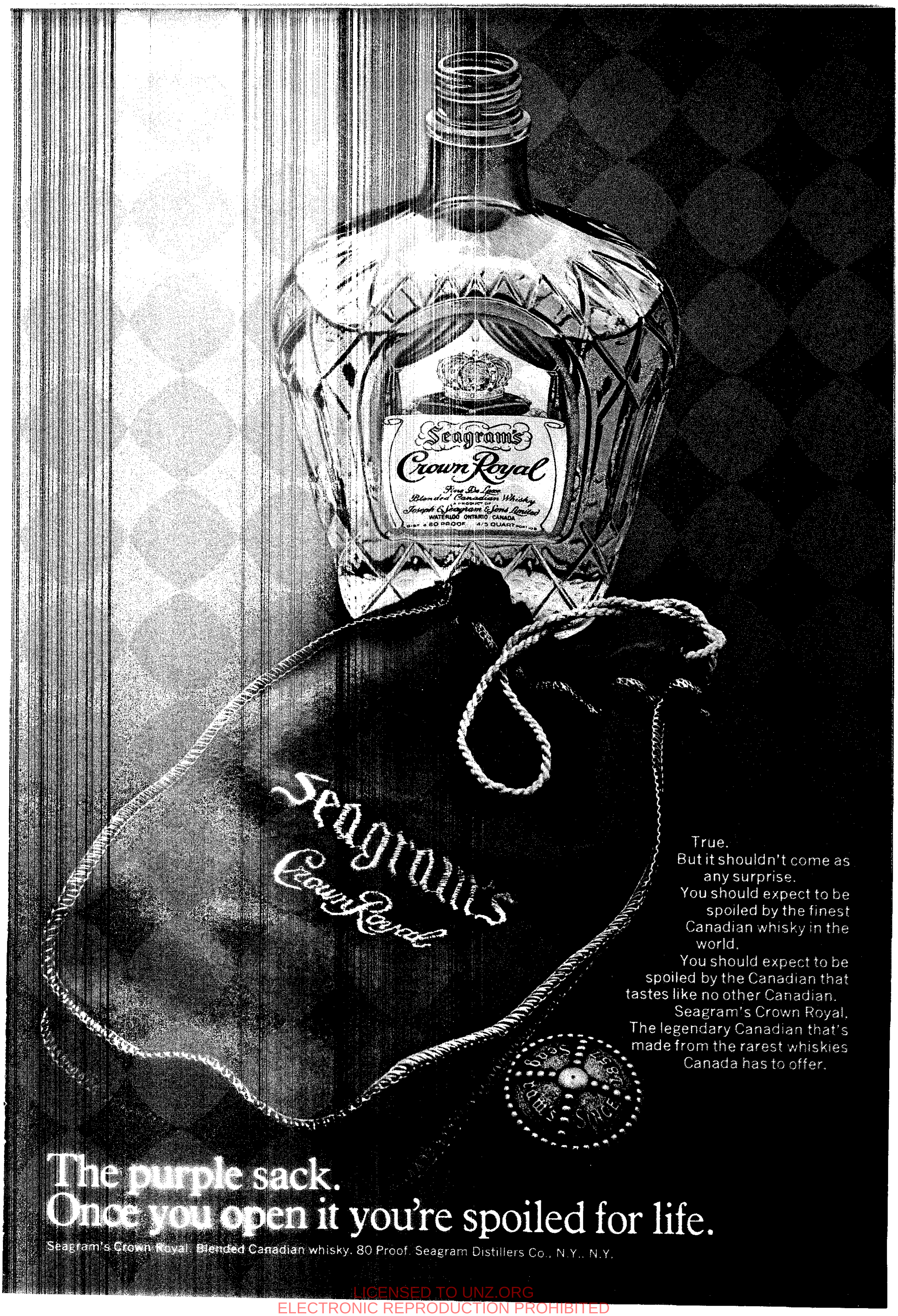
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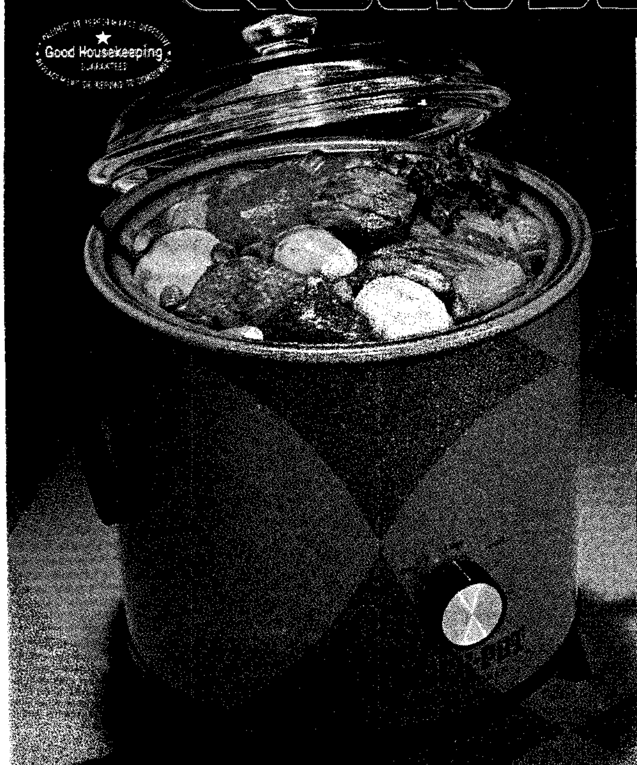

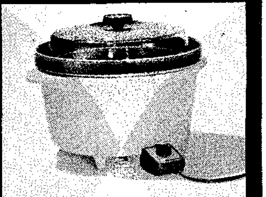
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could not compete with the hog complex would not go out of business but merely concentrate on their other crops. "But what if half a dozen farmers *are* put out of business?" the Mayor said some time ago. "At least they can walk across the west forty and get a job. They won't have to go to Arkansas." Daniel says that when the local businessmen first started dealing with McQuoid it didn't occur to them that farmers would object to the plant. The farmers say the businessmen may not have known, or may not have cared. There is normally some mild tension between farmers and merchants in rural areas, and the division over the hog factory has increased it in Clark County. There are, of course, farmers who have favored the plant—even some hog farmers who believe that a legitimate hog operation (no funny money) might improve quality and open up markets that would benefit everyone. There are merchants who have opposed it. But there is a lingering feeling among farmers that their views were not considered important by the people who met with McQuoid in the boardroom of the Exchange Bank or with his manager at the country club—that, as one N.F.O. farmer said, "those people are so *selfish they don't* care who they hurt."

This spring, what began to worry the merchants of Kahoka more than the bad humor of the farmers was the possibility that their goose might be getting away. From the beginning, McQuoid refused to divulge the source of his financing. The difficulties that would presumably face a recently bankrupt insurance man who wanted to raise a hundred million dollars for a hog-factory operation that no one had ever tried before led to a lot of accusations that McQuoid was acting as a front man for capital from some corporation like Ralston Purina or Swift—accusations that all concerned have specifically denied. (A subsidiary of Swift's parent company has been scheduled to build the plant, and McQuoid has said that Swift would lease and run the slaughterhouse. Ralston says that its only connection with the hog complex would be selling McQuoid some feed and some breeding stock. Ralston has an ominous name among those opposed to vertical integration, having been the company that led the vertical integration of the poultry industry. When Earl Butz, now the Secretary of Agriculture, was Dean of Agriculture at Purdue, he wrote a widely quoted farm-magazine article called "Don't Be Afraid of Integration." He was a director of

Ralston at the time.) People in Kahoka began to feel that, wherever McQuoid was getting the money, there might not have been as much there as he said there was.

Last month, the man chosen by McQuoid to manage the Clark County operation, Rex Meyer, was the guest speaker at a Kahoka Chamber of Commerce meeting at the Lazy R Country Club. He began his speech by saying that the land options, which had run out that day, had not been exercised. Meyer assured the Chamber members that the plant was proceeding anyway, McQuoid having gone to New York to tie up the last bit of financing. Meyer noted that water tests had been made, and that he had moved with his family to Keokuk. ("Those merchants thought their bread was going to be buttered," one farmer said. "And it turns out it's going to be buttered in Keokuk.") A couple of weeks after Meyer's appearance, the mystery of McQuoid's initial financing was cleared up. The Exchange Bank—whose president is also president of the Chamber of Commerce and of the development corporation—sued McQuoid to collect on notes totalling one hundred and five thousand dollars. Kahoka's other bank sued on a note of fifty thousand. At least part of the capital that was going to start the transformation of Kahoka into the Hog Butcher for the World had, as it turned out, come from Kahoka.

Even if the hog factory isn't built, one businessman said recently, the experience may not have been a total loss. Until McQuoid came to town, the businessman explained, nobody had ever heard of Kahoka. It wouldn't have occurred to a lot of corporations looking for plant locations that Clark County was a logical place to investigate—a place that had a fine location next to the Mississippi and the Santa Fe and maybe even the Kansas City-Chicago Thruway, if the Kansas City-Chicago Thruway ever gets built. Since last fall, Kahoka has been the scene of an N.F.O. rally that included among its speakers Senator James Abourezk, of South Dakota. Kahoka has been mentioned in the Des Moines *Register* and even in the *Wall Street Journal*. Kahoka is now on the map.

—Calvin Trillin

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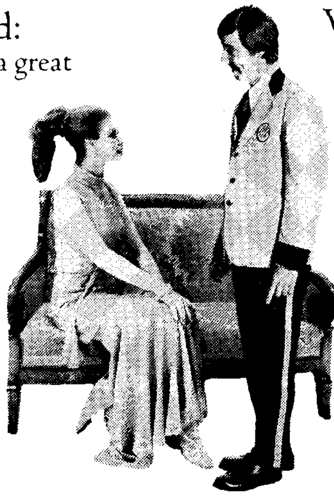

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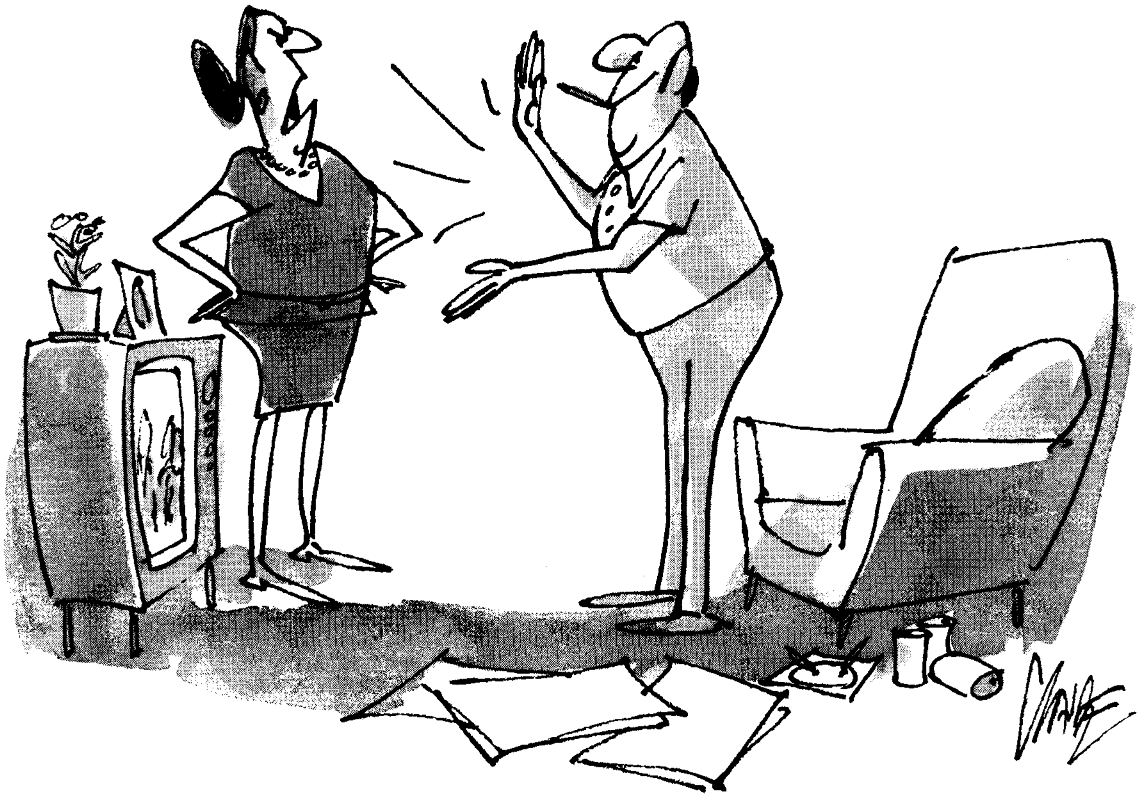
AROUND CITY HALL

PROMISES

THE years of dramatic and often histrionic confrontation between political stars who needed no introduction have been followed in this city, where former Comptroller Abraham Beame took over from John Lindsay as mayor on January 1st, and in Albany, where Lieutenant Governor Malcolm Wilson was sworn in as governor on December 18th, after Nelson Rockefeller's resignation, by a season featuring a pair of relentlessly mild-mannered character actors, who give the impression that they wouldn't dream of raising their voices to each other or to anyone else. The new Mayor and the new Governor have been on the road quite a lot since the beginning of the year. When Beame wasn't in Albany trying to pry more state funds for the heavily Democratic city out of a Legislature still largely run by upstate Republicans (widely known as apple knockers), he was often in Washington, where he and Wilson each made regular pitches for more federal money—especially for enough to keep New York City's subway and bus fares at thirty-five cents. The maintenance of the thirty-five-cent fare became a symbolic test of Beame's fiscal wizardry, which had received steady plugs during the mayoral campaign last year ("You can't do the job if you don't know the buck—and Abe knows the buck"), and of Wilson's commitment to solving the problems of New York City—never much in evidence in the past—since he will need substantial support from the city's more than three million registered voters if he is to be elected to a full four-year term in November. Whenever Beame travelled to Albany, he and Wilson took turns calling attention to the "new spirit of détente" now prevailing between city and state leaders and looking pleased when members of their staffs pointed out that it was a wonderful change from all the caterwauling and political showboating of their flashier predecessors. "Competence is charisma!" was the way Governor Wilson put it on a recent occasion. (Wilson's manner has got more ponderous since he realized his thirty-five-year-old ambition to be governor—a dream he had waited out while serving for twenty years as a state assemblyman and fifteen years as Rockefeller's lieutenant governor. Nowadays, he expresses some of his briefer thoughts in Latin and translates others *into* Latin. A few weeks ago, when the lights went out during a political gathering, he called out—rather presumptuously, some thought—"*Fiat lux!*" and looked gratified when they came back on.) "The days of Rockefeller-Lindsay battles are things of the past," Melvin Lechner, Beame's new Director of the Budget, explained after one Albany trip. "Instead of beating the drums to create a panic-and-crisis situation, we are meeting and communicating in a professional way." Some observers think there may come a time when they will have to remind Beame and his staff that he isn't now running for office against Lindsay (as he was in the bitter 1965 mayoral election, which he lost). Lindsay's style as mayor, of course, was to charge into Albany at the head of the mayors of New York State's five other major cities or into Washington flanked by delegations from the United States Conference of Mayors, in each case bearing the strident message that, contrary to the conviction of apple knockers everywhere, the people who live and work in large cities are not alien freaks but full-fledged citizens who constitute, in fact, the American majority, and whose needs legislators should ignore only at their own serious peril. Beame's style is quite different. A few weeks ago, when members of a congressional subcommittee visited New York and Beame outlined for them the absolute minimum of federal financial help required to keep the city's transit facilities in operation, one congressman called the proposed sum outrageous. "We'll settle for less," Beame said quickly.

Beame could point out, however, that Lindsay's high-decibel approach never won the former Mayor a forty-five-minute interview with the President of the United States. (The President may have been only too glad of the company the February afternoon when Beame called on him. A while back, when White House correspondents were discussing the meanest question they could ask the President at a scheduled press conference, one of them suggested, "Ask him what he does all day.") Before the White House meeting, the President said to Beame, within hearing of reporters, "You're at the



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top of a greasy pole," employing the phrase for having reached the ultimate political heights once used by Disraeli, the masterful political pragmatist to whom, only eighteen months ago, Daniel Moynihan was solemnly encouraging the President to compare himself. "And, believe me, New York City is a greasy pole," the President told the Mayor. Then, guessing, no doubt correctly, that Beame had never had a Pat Moynihan around to keep him posted on Disraeli lore, he added quickly that the phrase "greasy pole" didn't imply corruption of any kind. He had only meant that in New York—apparently in contrast to other places—"it's hard to get up to the top and hard to stay up there." The President also expressed his admiration for Beame's 1973 mayoral campaign. "It reminded me of Jim Farley's touch," he said. (In Albany four days later, Republican State Senator John Calandra, the chairman of the State Senate Committee on Elections, revealed the details of his committee's proposal for a number of bills to outlaw false and misleading statements and ethnic references in campaign literature. Many of the bills, he said, grew out of committee hearings on campaign practices, which included investigations into misleading, racist literature distributed by Beame's campaign managers last summer in his runoff against Representative Herman Badillo, of the Bronx, the first Puerto Rican member of Congress. In his testimony before the committee, Badillo had called the exposure of Beame's campaign procedures "our own little Watergate." Senator Calandra's committee recommended that the state adopt the federal statute under which Donald Segretti had been convicted of playing dirty tricks on the Democrats while working for the President's reelection committee in 1972.) After conferring with the President about the city's problems, particularly about the importance of the thirty-five-cent fare, Beame announced that he was "very much encouraged," and added, "He said that he wants to help." The Mayor was especially heartened by the fact that at one point Mr. Nixon "took out a piece of paper and made notes himself." Whatever he wrote down, however, it apparently wasn't what the Mayor had hoped for. Three weeks later, during a joint House-Senate conference on versions of a bill passed separately by the two chambers which would have given New York a sharp increase in funds to support its transit operations, Secretary of Transportation Claude Brinegar denounced the pro-

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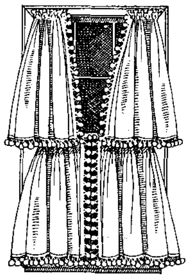

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posals as "heavily weighted to a handful of big cities," and the word was that if the joint bill passed the President would veto it. It expired in conference. Having spoken on the telephone to White House aides, Beame announced the next day that he was again much encouraged, since the White House had assured him that if another such bill were passed the President "wouldn't *necessarily* veto it."

TWO weeks before Beame's visit with the President, Governor Wilson had visited Washington and returned with high praise for the Administration's evident "sympathetic understanding" of New York's transit needs. Wilson's Latin version of the city's prospects for getting some actual cash were less encouraging, however. "*Dum vivimus, speramus,*" he said. On reporters' pleas of illiteracy, he translated that as "While we live, we hope." Wilson has had fewer problems than many other Republicans in deciding what stand to take on the President and Watergate. He couldn't possibly take a position, he said, unless he himself had read the grand-jury minutes: anything else would be relying on hearsay. He is said to have smiled as broadly as anyone, however, after Representative Donald Mitchell, of Herkimer, New York, told an upstate Republican gathering that all the talk about the political effect of Watergate on this fall's Republican candidates left him sleeping like a baby. Mitchell explained, "I go to sleep for about an hour, then I wake up and cry for about an hour."

A department of some twenty people helps Governor Wilson with his public-relations and speech-writing chores—a fact that some Albany reporters find hard to believe. "The hallmark of this administration will be compassion for people within a framework of governmental economy and efficiency and deep sensitivity to the burden of taxes imposed on our citizens by every level of government," Wilson said, on taking office in December. And in his January State of the State Message he began, "The hallmark of this administration will be compassion for people," continuing word for word. He repeated the sentence in his budget message in late January, and has used it several other times—so often, in fact, that, according to the *Times* reporter Frank Clines, when Wilson starts out on that line most Albany reporters simply write a shorthand "COMPOOP" or "COMPIP." ("*Repetitio est mater studiorum,*" Wilson said on another

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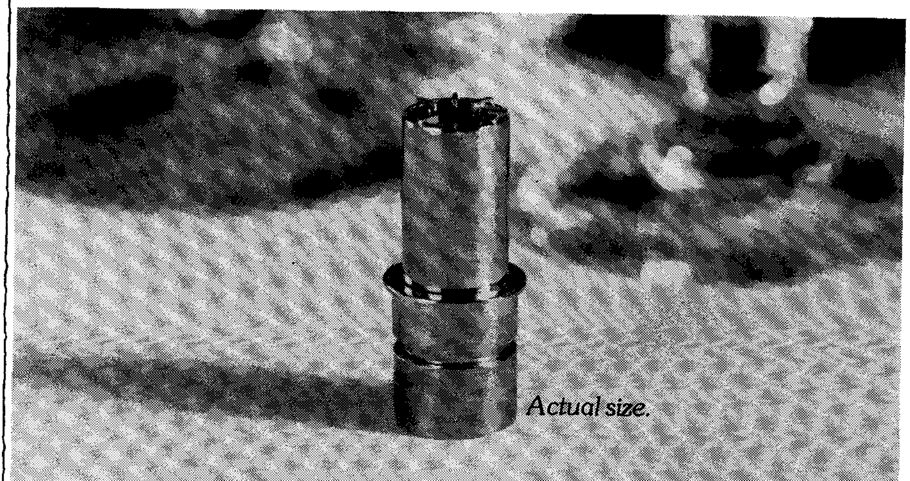

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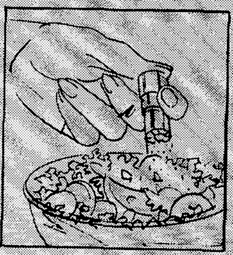

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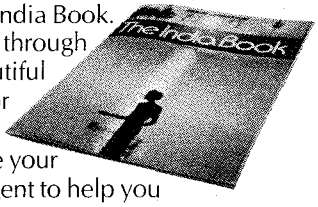

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occasion.) The real question, of course, was in whose favor he would settle matters when COMPIP conflicted with deep sensitivity to the tax burden, and in his first months in office deep sensitivity seemed to be way ahead. A *Times* editorial complained that one of the few points involving compassion in the Governor's 1974 budget message—his proposal to raise welfare allotments by nearly twelve per cent—would be the first such measure in four years and would simply bring the allotments into line with 1972 prices. ("So much for compassion," the *Times* said.) Apparently still anxious to demonstrate the new harmony between local and state governments, however, Beame pronounced Wilson's budget "promising," and a document that brought "important strides for the city." When it was pointed out that the budget included almost nothing new for the city and, in fact, would cost it money (the twenty-two million dollars in welfare allotments, for example, must be matched by city funds), Budget Director Lechner, who was treasurer of Bernie Cornfeld's Investors Overseas Services before he joined city government three years ago, was quoted as saying cheerfully, "What's a couple of million dollars here and there?" Later that day, however, Stanley Steingut, the Democratic leader of the State Assembly, reportedly got Beame on the phone and suggested to him that abject public gratitude for small favors from Albany might not be the best way to get more money for the city. The next day, Beame issued a clarifying statement indicating that he hadn't meant to say that the new state provisions for the city were perfect in every respect.

THE three months between opening day and the passage of the state budget in time for the beginning of the state's new fiscal year, on April 1st, is traditionally the Legislature's silly season. A bill introduced in mid-January in the State Assembly to forbid the counting of votes of absentee legislators was defeated by the votes of absentee legislators. (There were fifty-nine votes in favor; the twenty-eight others present were counted as sixty-one votes against.) A ten-page anti-pornography bill introduced in the Assembly listed in such detail the words, acts, and scenes it proposed to outlaw that the bill itself was denounced as pornographic. Assemblyman Louis DeSalvio, whose Manhattan district includes Chinatown, turned up with his annual supply of fortune cookies to pass out to his fellow-legislators in honor of

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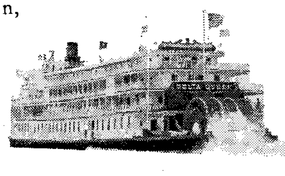

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the Chinese New Year. The event wasn't a total success, however. The fortune received by State Senator Emanuel Gold, of Queens, was "You have no future in politics," and that handed to State Senator Carol Bellamy, of Brooklyn, one of the seven women in the Legislature, read, "Women are like animals; they lose interest unless they are kept busy." Cutting the budget turned out to be the usual fun. When a hundred-and-eighty-one-thousand-dollar supplementary appropriation for the Temporary Commission on Living Costs and the Economy came up for consideration, it was explained that the commission's chairman, Assemblyman Andrew Stein, of Manhattan, a young Democratic pet of Rockefeller (who is no longer on hand to protect him), was in bed with a temperature of a hundred and two. "The fiscal committees will cut that to ninety-eight degrees," said a Republican assemblyman happily as the Assembly prepared to reduce the commission's budget by over two-thirds. A special problem arose during the consideration of the appropriation for Special State Prosecutor Maurice Nadjari, another Rockefeller favorite, whose numerous indictments of downstate Democratic political figures, particularly in Minority Leader Steingut's borough of Brooklyn, have made him vastly unpopular with Democratic legislators and no real friend of the Republicans, either, since many of them assume that, in an effort to prove his political evenhandedness, Nadjari will soon be coming up with some Republican scalps. Wilson had already cut Nadjari's four-million-dollar budget request to two million seven hundred thousand, and the Legislature proposed to cut it by six hundred and fifty thousand more, which Nadjari said would "seriously restrict our ability to investigate"—as, perhaps, the legislators hoped. When this appropriation came up, it was difficult for any legislator to discuss the Special Prosecutor's courtroom achievements to date, since who should stroll into the legislative chamber and take a place in the V.I.P. section but former Queens District Attorney Thomas Mackell, whom Nadjari had successfully prosecuted a few weeks before for conspiracy to obstruct justice. A former state senator, Mackell, who is currently free on appeal, explained to presiding Senator John Marchi (who had been a character witness for him at his trial) that he had just happened to be in town for a dinner of the Senate Club and thought he would stop by. The cut in Nadjari's budget was voted

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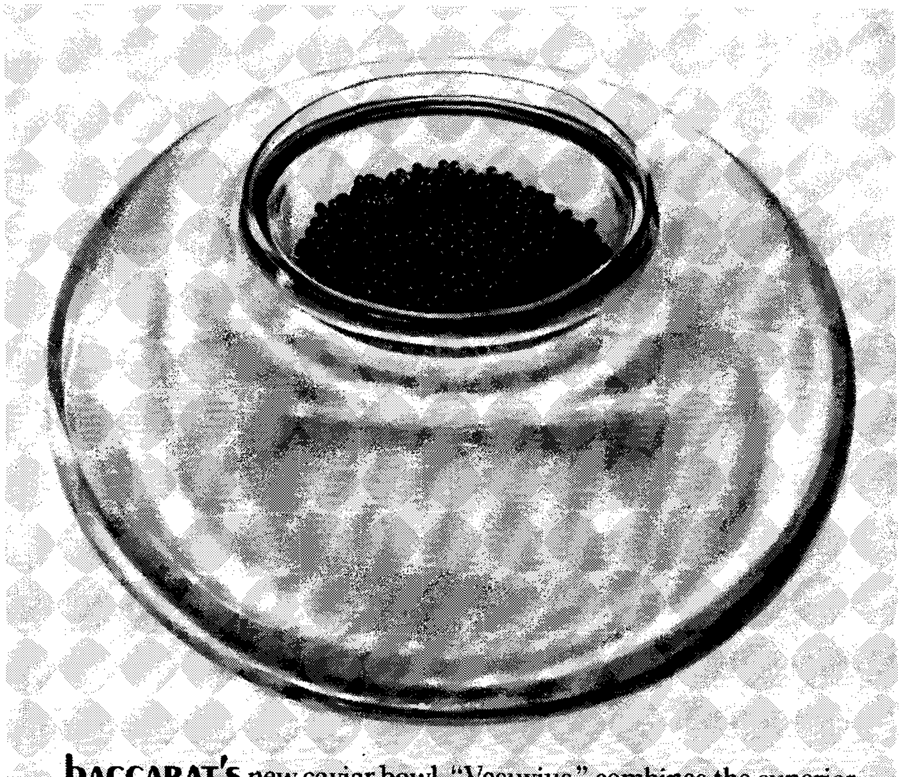

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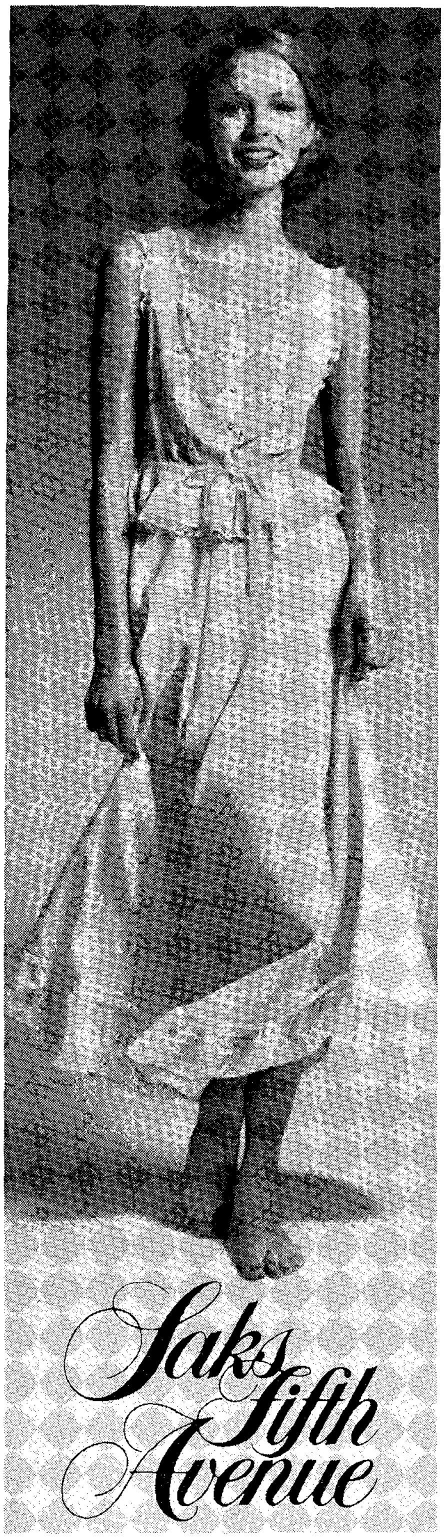

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with little debate. And it turned out that even Wilson's increase in welfare funds was too much for some legislators, who insisted that this item be severed from the rest of the budget so they could make points with their constituents back home by voting against it. (The legislators had just voted themselves an eighty-five-hundred-dollar salary increase, which will give them twenty-three thousand five hundred dollars annually for a session that generally runs from early January to the beginning of May.) During the debate on the welfare measure, Assemblyman John Flack, a Republican-Conservative from Queens, proposed that welfare recipients should no longer be allowed to vote, because they are "leeches and parasites" and "do not deserve to play a role in democratic society." Assemblyman Harvey Strelzin, of Brooklyn, suggested sarcastically that perhaps the easiest thing to do would be to gas them, and the welfare increase eventually passed.

For all the new rapport between city and state leaders, it appeared that the only significant new money for New York City in the final state budget was seventy million dollars to help subsidize the thirty-five-cent fare, which the city will have to match dollar for dollar and which will be enough to maintain the fare through November—until just after the election. Of the total transit package in the budget, the city got only this seventy million, while upstate and suburban areas received sixty million for mass-transit needs, and were also the beneficiaries of a transportation bond issue that, if passed by the voters in November, will provide two hundred and fifty million dollars more, all of it strictly for upstate and suburban transit requirements. When Mayor Beame heard about this, he complained that since the city provides a little over fifty per cent of the state's revenues (it gets back about forty-five per cent), it would be paying back more than half of the cost of the bond issue without getting a penny of it. As he was making this point, Beame raised his voice slightly for the first time.

In his eagerness to win good-conduct marks, Beame may have overlooked the fact that even in the years of the worst Rockefeller-Lindsay static, when the former Mayor was regularly denouncing the state administration as "chillingly anti-city," and Rockefeller in turn was issuing only perfunctory denials, Albany was in fact doing very well by New York City residents. During the decade between 1963 and 1973, the city budget approximately

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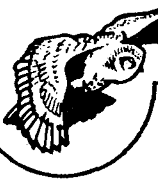

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tripled in size. In the same period, while the city's contribution to its own operating expenses was doubling, the money sent down from Albany was increasing five times. (The share paid by the federal government, to which Lindsay also gave the back of his hand from time to time, rose by a factor of ten in the same decade.) The noisy public jousting between the Mayor and the Governor in those years made it possible for Lindsay to blame Albany's stinginess toward the city for a large share of the city's troubles and gave Rockefeller a convenient reputation for treating city residents as lower forms of life, which made him popular among many of the apple knockers with whom he had to reach accommodation on other matters. In election years, however, Rockefeller could trot out the long list of favors he had done for the five boroughs while they were hardly noticing. Since this is an election year for both the new Governor and the legislators, the city will clearly get a bit more money out of Albany before the Legislature adjourns, but it seems doubtful that Mayor Beame's A for deportment will have had much to do with it.

IN a speech before a Democratic gathering in Staten Island early in March, Beame said that the period since he had taken office as mayor had been "perhaps the most enlightening sixty days in my entire life," and there is no reason to believe that he regards the ensuing weeks, during which he and the city survived a threatened transit strike, as a change of pace. A move of the Lindsay administration for which Beame presumably feels some gratitude was its insistence that the last contract with the local Transport Workers Union, which took effect on January 1, 1972, should be for twenty-seven months rather than the twenty-four months that had prevailed earlier, so that the traditional New Year's Eve frenzy, the problems facing a brand-new City Hall administration, and imminent disaster in the form of an end to all public transportation in the city wouldn't be dumped simultaneously on a new mayor—this, of course, being the situation that had confronted Lindsay in the early hours of January 1, 1966, the first day of his first term. Commenting on the most recent settlement, Beame, now perhaps running against his predecessor in local-history books, said complacently, "Usually, acrimony only creates more problems." In fact, after the 1966 crisis, Lindsay signed three subsequent contracts with the T.W.U. and got to be on excellent

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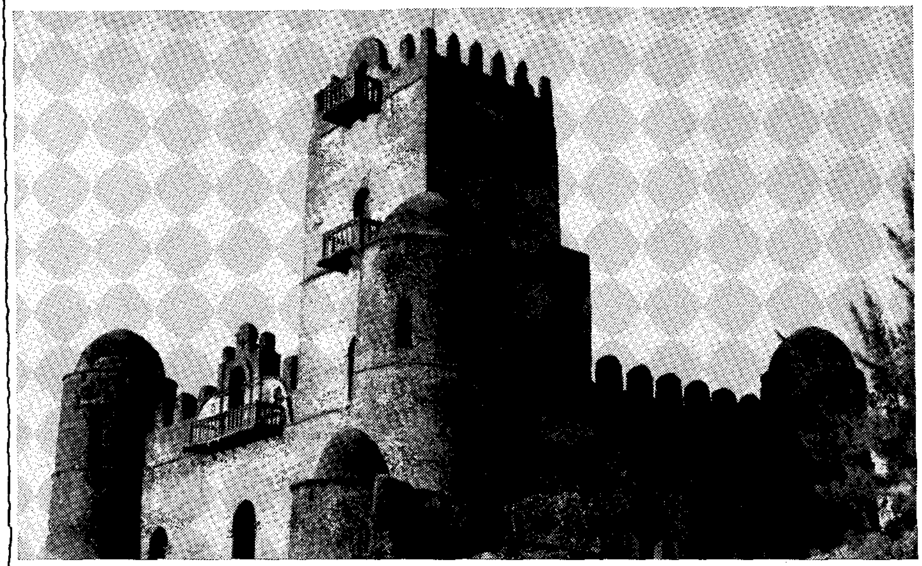

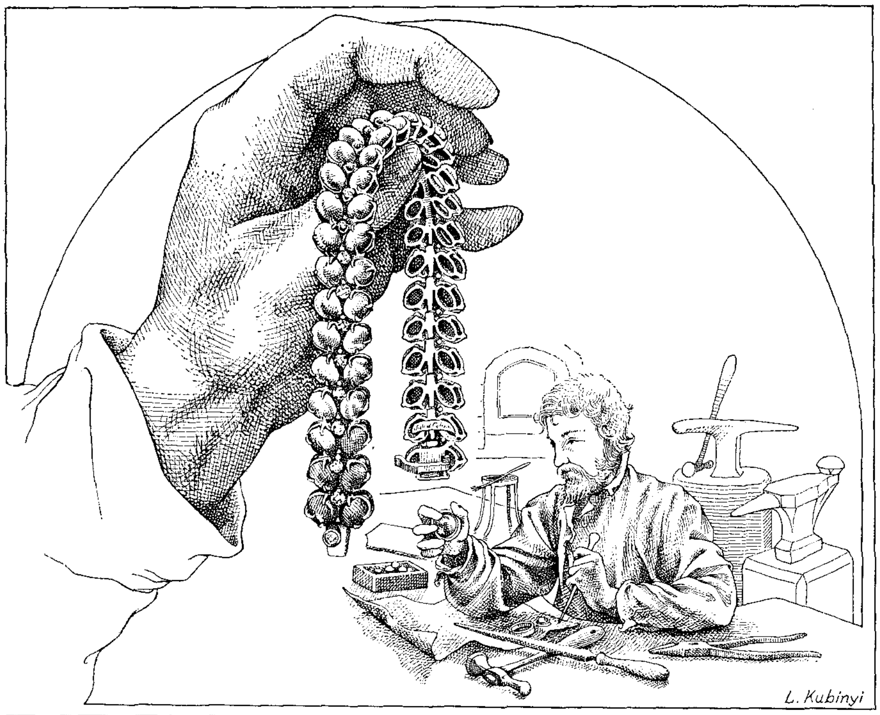

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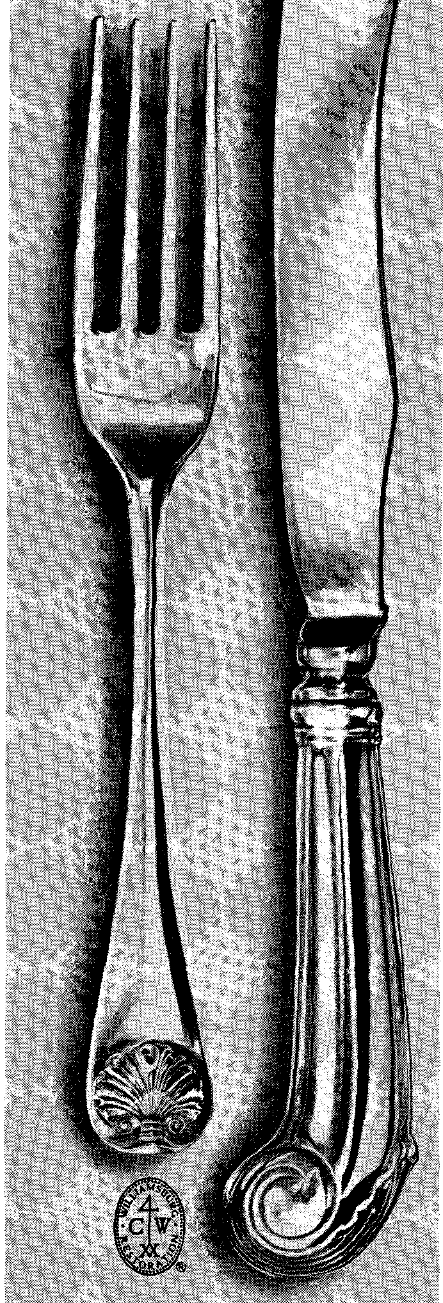

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terms with the union's leaders, who endorsed him in his reëlection campaign in 1969 and gave him an ovation when he addressed their convention last fall. It is undoubtedly the 1966 name-calling and strike that will preoccupy historians of the Lindsay years, however.

Acrimony, Beame observed after the latest settlement, also "costs more money." But the agreement promises to be enormously expensive. Even before the contract was signed, labor costs accounted for eighty-five per cent of the Transit Authority's annual budget, and the settlement, providing for a fourteen-per-cent wage increase, in addition to a six-per-cent increase as of last January 1st, will cost the city a hundred and thirty-five million dollars. The income of the average motorman will be just over fifteen thousand dollars next year, and that, with fringe benefits, will bring the annual cost to the city to about twenty thousand. Most significant, the new contract includes a codicil providing for additional increases in cost-of-living raises—a benefit that local police, fire, and sanitation unions, who are just beginning talks on new contracts, will undoubtedly also demand now and in all future negotiations. "Imagine if Lindsay had agreed to that," commented one of Lindsay's former staff members. Grinning broadly, Robert McKiernan, the head of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, called the escalator clause (the escalator does not, of course, go down) "one of the most enlightened things that has ever happened in city labor negotiations."

THE new Mayor's difficulties in putting together what is now popularly known as "the Beame team" weren't over after he finally managed to swear in the city's first black deputy mayor, Paul Gibson, Jr., on his fourth try, and this protracted fiasco will undoubtedly get undue attention in the Beame chapters of the city's annals. One morning a few weeks ago, Joseph B. Klein, the chairman of the city's Board of Standards and Appeals, looking over the *News* as he was being driven to work in his city limousine, read that, according to an announcement from the Mayor's office, another man had been appointed to his job. "Imagine my surprise," he said later. "To City Hall, quick!" he shouted to his driver. Fortunately, it all turned out to be a mistake: the other man had merely been named a member, not the chairman, of the Standards and Appeals Board. "DIS-APPOINTS BEAME AIDE," read the headline in the *News* the next

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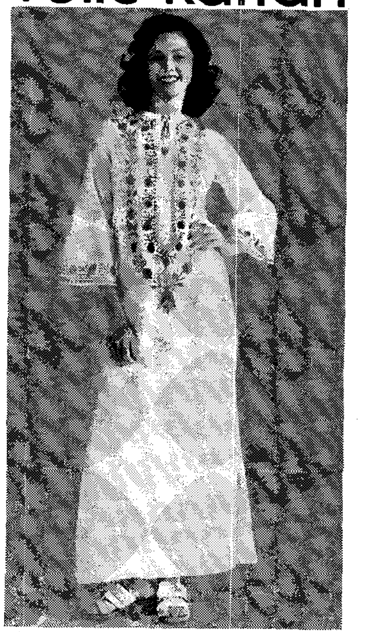

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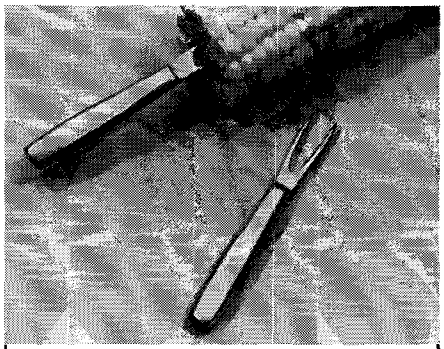

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morning. "A DE-KLEINING MOMENT," commented the *Long Island Press*, happy to make room for a bit of frivolity in the midst of statistics on the city's new expense budget. The former Comptroller's reputation for methodical efficiency got further jocular treatment the following day, after the swearing-in ceremony for Wilbert Tatum as head of the city's Apparel Industry Planning and Development Office almost had to be postponed because nobody had told Tatum about it.

Other Beame appointments, most of which have gone more smoothly, suggest that the power at City Hall is going to be more closely held under the Beame team than it has been in recent years. A man who finally gets to be mayor of a city in which he has lived for nearly sixty-eight years—where he has been educated, where he has worked, and where he has several times run for office—is bound to have numerous friends and supporters whose devotion he will want to reward. Bernard Greidinger, the Mayor's old friend from grammar-school and University Settlement House days on the lower East Side, when they were among the city's poor, had said that he didn't want a city job for himself, but it was no surprise when he turned up on virtually every advisory and appointment committee set up by the new Mayor or when it developed that Beame's new Budget Director, Lechner, is Greidinger's nephew and that one of the new Deputy Commissioners for Consumer Affairs, a former assistant alumni-relations director for a local college, is Greidinger's sister. Beame could hardly appoint his most active supporter among union leaders, Harry Van Arsdale, the head of the Central Labor Council, to handle the city's labor negotiations. Instead, he named John Burnell, one of Van Arsdale's deputies at the council. Questioned about Van Arsdale's possible influence, Burnell insisted that his former chief had told him, "John, you're on your own now. The decisions will be yours alone." A mayor doesn't have foreign ambassadorships to hand out to his major financial helpers, but he does have certain other appointments at his disposal. One substantial contributor to Beame's mayoral campaign, Edwin Weisl, Jr., was sworn in as head of the Parks, Recreation, and Cultural Affairs Administration, and another, Irving Goldman, was named Commissioner of Cultural Affairs. The counsel for the city's Board of Ethics rejected the contention that Goldman's role as head of the Shubert Foundation, which controls the Shubert the-

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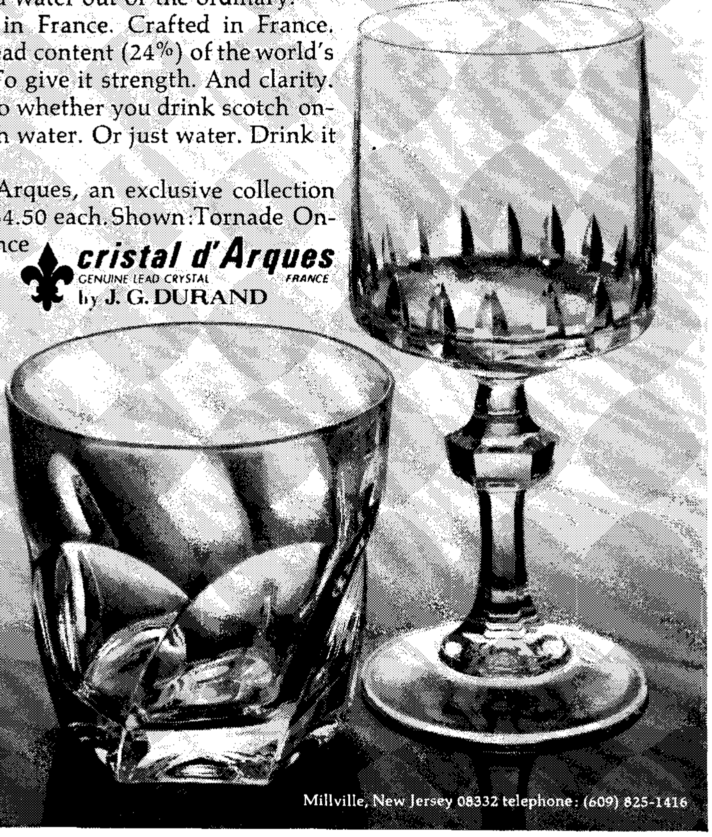

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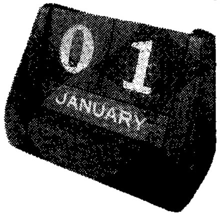

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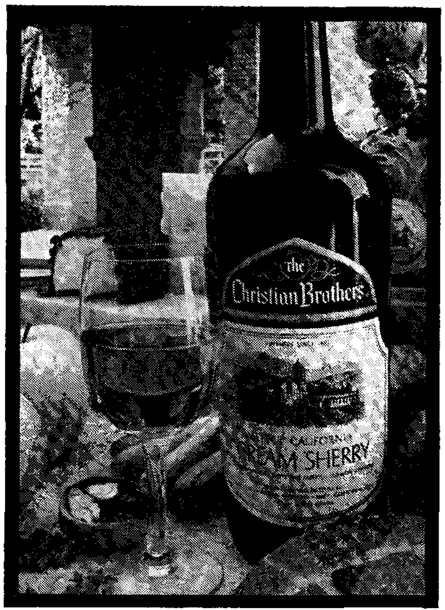

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atres and other local real estate, might constitute a conflict of interest for a city cultural commissioner, although the city's Investigations Commissioner later began looking into Goldman's alleged consideration for his other business interests in his dispensing of Foundation funds.

The theory that few Beame commissioners or members of their staffs have been named without being cleared with Democratic county leaders, particularly Beame's own Brooklyn leader, Meade Esposito, is probably only a slight overstatement. A politician will also sometimes acknowledge obligations that don't involve either long-term friendship or direct campaign support. As Beame continued to add a new name every few days to the Beame team, the recurrent question from the City Hall gallery was "What do you suppose he'll find for Ruthie?" Before last year's Democratic primary, Ruth Lerner, a Reform Democratic city councilwoman at large from Brooklyn, found that she wouldn't be able to run again for that spot, since it had been preëmpted for Assembly Minority Leader Stanley Steingut's twenty-eight-year-old son Robert. About the same time, it became apparent that Sebastian (Smilin' Sam) Leone, Esposito's candidate for reëlection as Brooklyn borough president, was in trouble, facing a strong challenge from Stephen Solarz, a young Reform Democratic assemblyman. (Learning that some of his potential constituents thought his name was Spanish, Solarz hastily began including his wife's recipe for *gefüllte fisch* among the campaign leaflets he handed out on Brooklyn street corners.) Fortunately for the regular Brooklyn Democrats, Ruth Lerner (who testified as a character witness two years ago at the trial of Beame's campaign coördinator for his 1965 mayoral campaign, when the campaign aide, by then a Civil Court judge, was accused—but later acquitted—of irregularities in connection with corporate contributions to Beame) decided to enter the race for the nomination for borough president. In the primary, she got forty thousand votes to sixty-three thousand for Solarz, splitting the Reform and perhaps the Jewish vote and allowing Leone to win with an eighty-six-thousand-vote plurality. At the end of February, Beame finally came up with something for Ruthie: a thirty-one-thousand-seven-hundred-and-fifty-eight-dollar-a-year job as the Housing and Development Administration's liaison with Albany. Asked to describe her special expertise in housing, a Beame loyalist said,

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"She pays rent, doesn't she?" (Each of the last three mayors, including Lindsay, has appointed a political pal to a twenty-to-twenty-five-thousand-dollar-a-year sinecure as a member of the city's largely vestigial Board of Water Supply. Asked about his colleagues' knowledge of the problems of city water, Herbert Rosenberg, the president of the board, said recently, "Well, they drink it." Last month, the Board of Water Supply members got a bill introduced in Albany to increase their pay by twelve thousand dollars annually.)

When the Beame administration had been in office about ten weeks, Beth Fallon, a reporter for the *News*, made a study of his major appointments, which by that time numbered forty-four, and found that, despite all the Beame campaign oratory about the monumental incompetence of the Lindsay administration, nineteen of the people the new Mayor had named had served under Lindsay. Moreover, in spite of the theory that with Lindsay's departure there would be an end to what critics of the former Mayor had called "Manhattanopia"—a weakness for appointing Manhattan residents over those of other boroughs—nineteen of Beame's appointments were from Manhattan. Twenty-two of the Beame appointments turned out to be Jewish, six Italian, six Irish, six black, one Wasp (two if you counted the dollar-a-year man Angier Biddle Duke, Beame's Commissioner of Public Events), and two Puerto Rican.

Inevitably, no group was more incensed at the new Mayor's personnel policy than the Puerto Ricans, and none of these was angrier than Representative Badillo, who called Beame's indifference to the city's nearly one million Hispanics "disgraceful." It was Badillo, of course, who, by taking two hundred and twenty-four thousand votes in last June's Democratic mayoral primary (although he drew votes from all city groups, this was generally considered to be the first time local Puerto Ricans had turned out to vote in sizable numbers), had forced Beame into a costly runoff. After Badillo lost the runoff by a three-to-two margin, he kept his distance until October, when he publicly endorsed Beame and agreed to serve the incoming administration as chairman of a Committee on Intracity Tensions. By last month, however, intracity tensions—on an individual basis, at any rate—seemed to be in worse shape than ever. "The people in there now are all clubhouse and Civil Service," Badillo said of the Beame team. "They will be oriented to the

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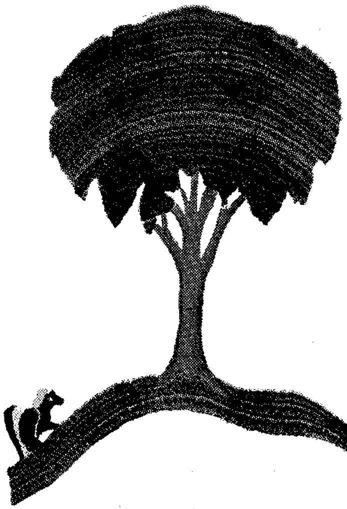

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status quo, and that will not be good for the poor, especially the blacks and the Hispanics." He was said to be particularly angry because even very minor jobs for Puerto Ricans in his own Bronx County were being cleared not with him but with the Bronx Democratic leader, Patrick Cunningham, and with the Reverend Louis Gigante, an Italian priest, recently elected a city councilman, who has become an aggressive spokesman for the largely Hispanic South Bronx community where he lives. In a recent lecture to Harvard students of political science, Father Gigante declared that the only way to bring power to the urban poor was to go back to the days of Tammany ward-heeling and patronage. His own ambition, he told them, was to become a political boss, and he described Meade Esposito as "one of the finest leaders in the country." Although Badillo had had few kind words for John Lindsay during his last years in office, he was now more favorably disposed to the former Mayor. "When did you hear of jobs in the Lindsay administration being cleared by a district leader?" he demanded of a reporter. (Old City Hall hands had heard of a few.) After Badillo's tirade, a City Hall spokesman announced that "the Mayor will not be dictated to by any political leaders as to whom he should appoint." In the next couple of weeks, Beame named half a dozen Puerto Ricans to middle- and high-level offices without clearing one of them with Badillo. "That's what the whole damn thing is for," said Father Gigante. "To the victor belong the spoils. Come on, Herman, get with it."

NOT all is *Sturm und Drang* in a new mayor's life. The character representing Beame in the annual musical satire put on last month by the Inner Circle, the local political reporters' club, sang at the show's opening, "How lovely to sit in City Hall/ And know at your age you've won it all/ I'm glad I'm not young anymore." The Mayor's happiest evening since he took office has almost certainly been the celebration of his sixty-eighth birthday on board the Queen Elizabeth 2. Fortunately, in view of her later troubles, the ship never budged from Pier 84 throughout the festivities, but for a time various storms seemed to threaten even the stationary event. It had been announced that the Q.E. 2 would be the site of the party for the Mayor on March 21st, at which guests would be invited to contribute two hundred and fifty dollars a head to pay off a debt left over from Beame's one-

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million-seven-hundred-thousand-dollar mayoral campaign—a deficit that Beame's son Bernard, his campaign manager, put at between two and three hundred thousand dollars. Many politicians, of course, find themselves in such a financial predicament after a campaign. Election winners, especially those who move to liquidate their debts while most of their term of office lies ahead of them, will naturally have better luck than losers. In this case, however, local hotel owners protested that, unlike the Cunard Line, they pay city taxes, and the hotel workers' union chimed in with a threat to picket the birthday celebration. The party committee began looking around for another site, and the Mayor's office announced that the Mayor had "not been involved in the arrangements" made by his son. However, someone soon remembered that Beame was born in London (from which his Polish-immigrant parents brought him to New York at the age of three months), making the British-owned ship an entirely fitting place for the celebration, so, in view of "the special circumstances," as Jay Rubin, president of the Hotel Trades Council, put it, the objections were withdrawn. The party, a big success, was attended by union leaders, real-estate men, construction-company owners, city employees (all of whom reported that they had been given tickets by kind acquaintances), and old and new pols. On hand were a two-hundred-and-forty-pound cake and a four-foot-high model of City Hall carved out of margarine. "Abe Beame got two lovely presents for his birthday last night," the *News* account of the event began. "A lounging robe from wife Mary and about $250,000 from 1,000 very close friends."

—ANDY LOGAN

•

Henrik Ibsen's 'Hedda Gabler' opens tonight and runs through Sunday at the University of Virginia's Minor Hall Theatre.

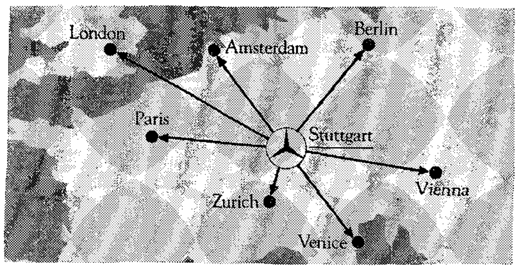
This masterpiece of modern drama is a psychological study of a woman of the world whose calm, polished, cold exterior hides a demon desiring to charm all before destroying them, officials say.—*Charlottesville (Va.) Daily Progress.*

What do *they* know?

•

Telephone booths are necessary to the city, and to please the people who use them, the telephone company has put signs in some of the booths that say 911, the police emergency number, along with other signs saying when the booth is situated.—*The Times.*

And why it's doing there.



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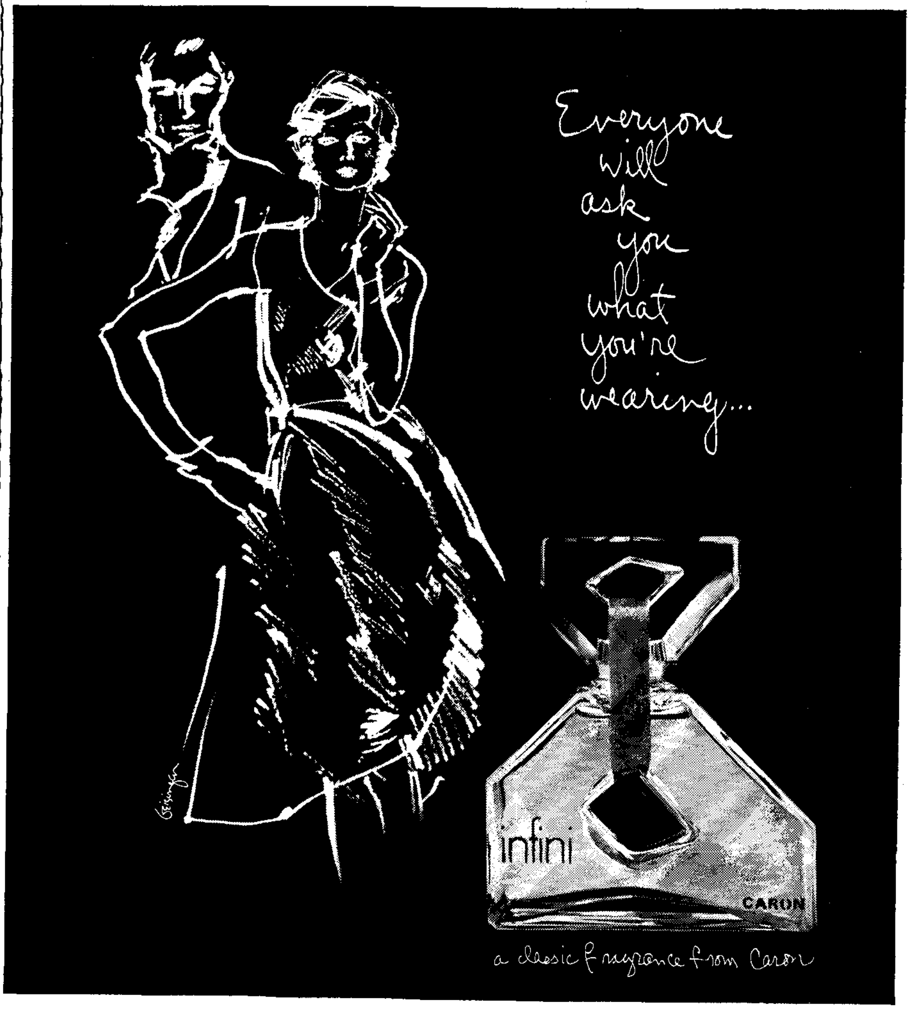
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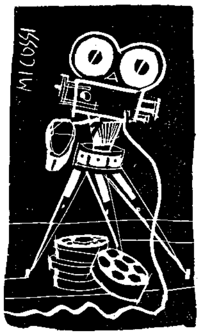
THE CURRENT CINEMA

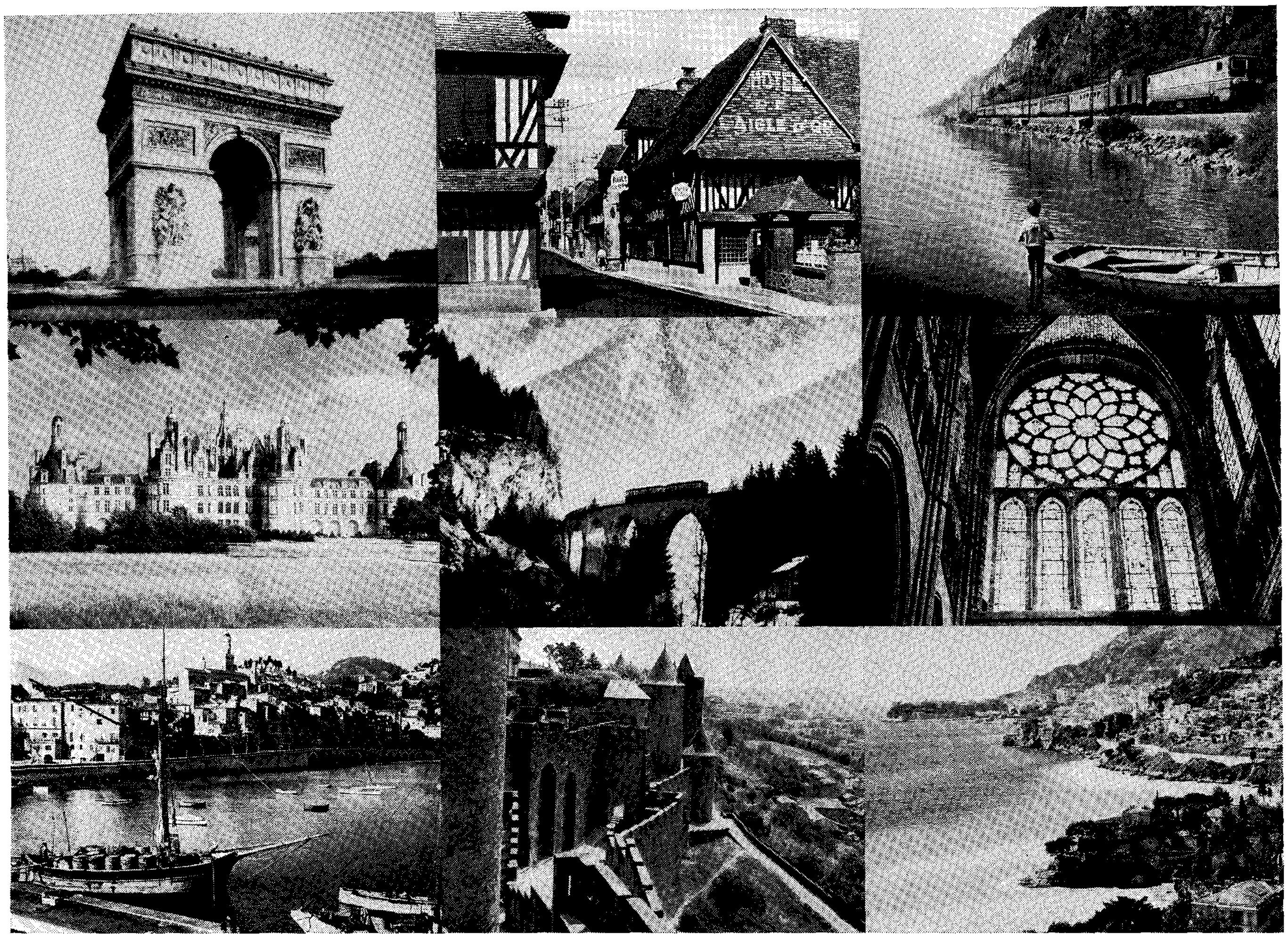
The Compere of the Game

"THE LITTLE THEATRE OF JEAN RENOIR" is a series of three sketches that begin on a red-swagged toy stage. The great director, looking pale but always himself, behaves as a sort of compere. The picture, written by himself, was made in 1969 for television, but it suits the movie screen much better. The convivial, saddened, magically revived temperament of the last story has some of the nature of "Rules of the Game."



The film begins low, with a tale called "The Last Christmas Eve," derived from Hans Christian Andersen. A navy-blue-cheeked tramp has been hired to look hungry outside the window of a restaurant so as to sharpen the Christmas appetites of the gossipy celebrators within, who have the attention span of gnats. The sentimentality of the tramp's last Christmas Eve, spent with an old beggar-woman friend and going to sleep hungry in a snowfall, is not Renoir's, but the talk of the well-heeled, scatty people inside the restaurant is his own and funnily inane. Fighting off thickets of paper streamers, they utter the blithe bird cries of a holiday without a context. ("I *adore* convention," says one man, drumming up enthusiasm for the boring with no visible luck, while everybody else in the room ignores him anyway.) Someone idly recommends whiskey and cayenne for toothache to a wretched beauty who looks as if she has been forced into her tight dress with a monkey wrench. She says little and nurses a painful wisdom tooth. Apart from poverty, though, and the conceits of fairy tales, why does the tramp take on the fanciful job? To assassinate boredom, he seems to suggest. "Hunger, cold, I can manage all those. But boredom . . ." he says faintly. This is a slight piece, rather maudlin, made charming and idiosyncratic only by Renoir. Hans Andersen is not his born accomplice.

The second piece is called "The Electric Waxer." Like the first, it has moments of Tati's observation of people behaving as if they were automatons. A chirpy housewife is played by Marguerite Cassan, with a hairdo that looks as if it had curlers permanently rolled into it. She declines to celebrate the promotion to second clerk of her beneficent but suppressed-looking husband (Pierre Olaf), until it strikes her that the promotion will mean a raise, and that a raise could mean an electric polisher for her drawing-room floor. The floor already has a dreadful glassiness about it that looks untouched by human foot. She uses her husband and herself as pedestrian polishers, providing them both with slippers the size of snowshoes so that they can shine the parquet as they walk. The thinness of their walls makes her nagging for a floor polisher audible to a floor-polisher salesman next door. He pays a craftily professional call on the grounds of neighborliness, thus putting paid to the husband's failing resistance, fulfilling the wife's most determined reverie, and selling the product. The salesman and the wife extol the polisher in an excitable duet of which the tonic note seems to be a sob. (Joseph Kosma wrote the score, which is wickedly like Gian Carlo Menotti carried to higher things by Nadia Boulanger.) The predictable action is interrupted here and there by a furiously modern-sounding mixed chorus, which comments on the narrative with the sort of bossiness that one associates with large moments in the theatre at Epidaurus. The singers address themselves angrily to the audience, shouting one another down atonally, and elbowing one another out of the way to push their contrapuntal wails at the wincing public, meanwhile rushing abruptly up subway steps, or knocking into each other with loaves of French bread carried like spears for no obvious reason except to affirm a dramatic domestic naturalness. The sketch, which is musically very witty, ends with Renoir coming on in serious mood to introduce an interlude from the Belle Époque. He realizes, he says, that the Belle Époque wasn't as beautiful as all that, and that it had its injustices and cruelties. You start a little, but swallow the piety. The swags of curtain go up on Jeanne Moreau, standing in front of a balcony rail, singing her lungs out in a wasp-waisted dress. The aria is "When Love Dies," which Marlene Dietrich sang in "Morocco." The love is exalted and full of suffering. Jeanne Moreau, no mean comedian, gazes at us with a very faint cast in her beautiful eyes, as if she were a dumb starlet reading from a teleprompter. Her eyes never leave a point



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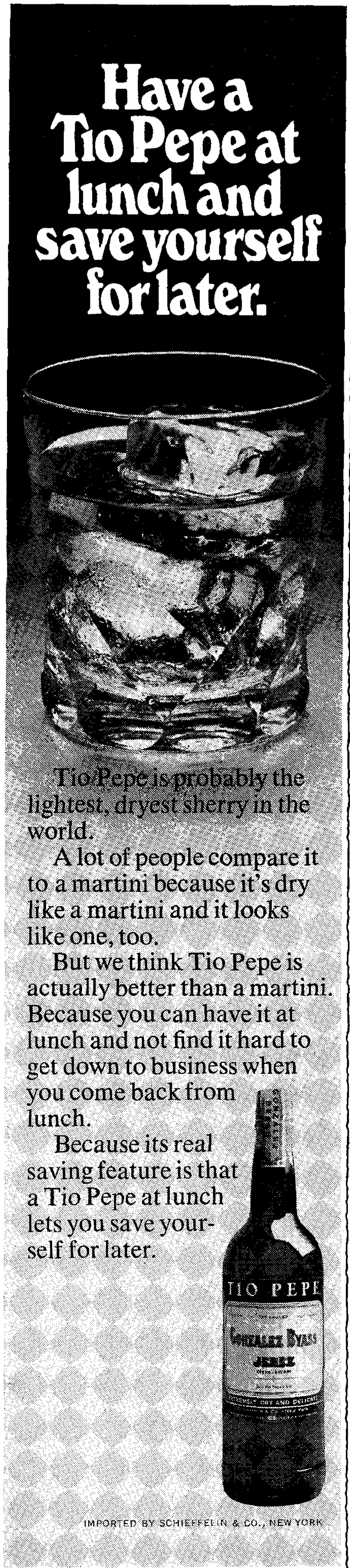
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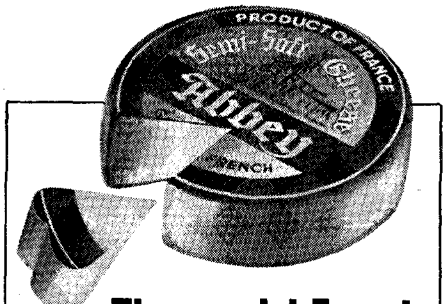
just above our eyebrows. It is like an Academy Award production number gone, as usual, badly wrong. She enacts a soprano energetically expressing emotions that are just out of sync with the passions of the song. She looks consumed with anxiety: possibly about having lost a contact lens, you feel.

Much the most beautiful and serious story is "The King of Yvetot." The hero (Fernand Sardou) is an old man who looks a little like the Octave played by Renoir himself in "Rules of the Game." His name is Duvallier: a shambles of an old provincial husband, shrunken from greater scale inside his big jacket. His maid has dreams of becoming a posh courtesan like Camille or Messalina. His pretty wife, Isabelle (Françoise Arnoul), is less compassionate and more practical than the maid, who drags at her master's knees with floury arms to prevent his going into the bedroom and finding that he is being cuckolded by a vet-*cum*-handyman (Jean Carmet). The vet can fix anything. Carburetors, for instance. He can even make ravioli. "Chicken or spinach? I think ham," he decides sunnily. Any male guest able to cook even slightly better than the hired help would be a relief to a master less in love with his wife than the threatened and endearing bungler Duvallier is. All the same, he deals sweetly with the maid's incompetence when her longings to become a high-class hetaera so conflict with her job that she serves a fish garnished but uncooked. The young and naïve suitor says to the wife, seizing on the casuistry that he is doing no harm, "You know what Duvallier said when I fixed his carburetor? '*André, I don't know what I'd do without you.*' " The wife blooms in love; the aging husband hangs his heavy head like a cart horse put out to grass, and stumbles away into the world beyond his once idyllic garden to think. He is smartly saluted by a tramp. The locals admire his luck at bowls but take it for granted that it means he is unlucky in love. On the way to join them, he picks a straw of grass, wipes the tears from his papery cheeks, and gives some money to the saluting bum, whose experience of love and sex turns out to be slight when Duvallier asks for advice. "Your orders are to get plastered," Duvallier says gently. "Aye, aye, sir," says the tramp, an unmarried innocent, touched for no reason he can put his finger on. "What would you do if your wife cheated?" Duvallier asks another man near the village. "She's too old" is the reply. He asks the same of a man selling rabbit skins, who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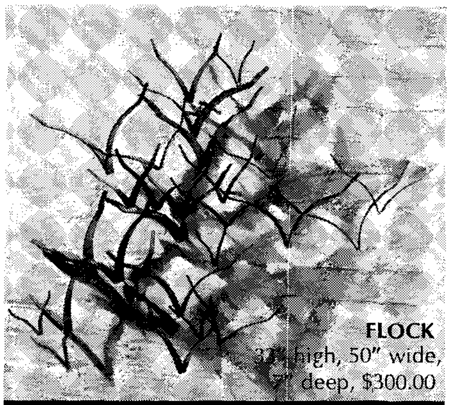
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says, "I'd kill them both. Question of honor."

The vet finally chooses his own way out, which is to suggest a rigged duel. None of this is Duvallier's style, which is the style of accommodation. He is old, if hurt. His wife is young, if casual; she's fond of him. And the vet can't imagine life without either of them, he says, telling the patent truth. Duvallier typically regards it as his task to cheer everyone up. The distraught vet talks of going to China. Think of my wife, says Duvallier with his usual *douceur* of spirit. But it would be a revolution to stay together, all of us, says the vet. On the contrary, says Duvallier, it is the small revolutions that make life bearable. The vet beams. Duvallier goes on: about revolutions in the kitchen, the bedroom, the village square, which he considerably dreads because he is going to be laughed at. "You're an extraordinary man," says the vet. So is his creator Renoir, in the breadth of his interest and congeniality. His hero says, "Let's go and play bowls." All three drive off through the plane trees, this healed new *ménage à trois*. Duvallier wins at bowls spectacularly. "You're a cuckold!" shouts a villager. Duvallier begins to roar with laughter. The young lovers laugh, too, though nearly crying. The laughs begin to echo around the square; the contagion spreads. The tolerant old stoic has converted tragedy into the tolerable. A character is lucky, says Renoir, to exit on a round of laughter. One remembers later the back view of his aged hero, who would be abject if he were anyone but a Renoir character, walking slowly down the road with his jacket hanging from his thinning shoulders as if it had been handed on from some other man. Only Renoir, the greatest Mozartean filmmaker of them all, could make his wounded hero seem triumphant at the end.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

I looked down onto Second Avenue and there wasn't a soul on the sidewalks. Only one car headed uptown. Sunday is a day of rest for everybody except football players.—*From "Nothing to Kick About," by Peter Gogolak, with Joseph Carter.*

It's even a day of rest for traffic cops, apparently.

•

A new machine to "exhilarate the movement of the mail" was placed in operation at the Medford Post Office Sectional Center Monday.—*Medford (Ore.) Mail Tribune.*

The letters go out all atingle?

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MUSICAL EVENTS

The Mirror of Man

THE planning of concert programs is an art in itself, and nowhere more so than in the contemporary chamber repertory. To the conventional requirements of balancing coherence with variety are added considerations of instrumentation and personnel ("If we hire an extra trumpet for Piece A, should we program something else that will use him?"), varying densities of texture, and extreme divergences of dynamic level. Sometimes the juxtapositions that arise from what are doubtless mundane circumstances prove unexpectedly provocative and stimulating, as at Speculum Musicae's concert on April 27th, which included two string trios: Arnold Schoenberg's Opus 45, composed in 1946, and Charles Wuorinen's work of 1967-68. The symmetry, although not the level of performance, was slightly ruffled by the presence of different violinists (Daniel Reed in the Schoenberg, Rolf Schulte in the Wuorinen) joining the constant figures of violist John Graham and cellist Fred Sherry, but this particular pairing set into relief a significant change of emphasis that has marked much compositional activity in recent decades.

In Schoenberg's Trio, the instrumentalists are communally engaged in presenting an idea, a thread of musical thought that stands well above and beyond their status as individual musicians: the persona of the composer subsumes them all. Even when, as he often does, Schoenberg makes play with their distinctiveness—in timbre, in the material they bear, and (necessarily) in range—they are essentially strands, "voices," instruments, rather than continuing, self-asserting identities. Wuorinen's players, on the other hand, conspicuously and consistently insist on themselves as characters. At first, the violinist, while violist and cellist concentrate on sustained notes, reaches for progressively more elaborate, wide-arching phrases, and although the others are never granted the same exclusive prominence, they remain clearly themselves; even in the most elaborate and vigorous counterpoint, we experience the medium as a conjunction, often a confrontation, of three individual personae.

This comparison is not intended as an invidious one (in either direction), nor does it say much about the formidably distinctive qualities of either work—Schoenberg's concentrated mosaic of terse, strongly differentiated ideas, alternately luscious, violent, and gossamer (especially vividly limned in Speculum's tonally refined reading), and Wuorinen's athletic, *concertante*, metrically open contest, which resolves in an astounding and beautiful slow apotheosis of the single note that began the piece, repeated insistently above, below, and through a texture of changing chords and colors. These fundamentally different approaches to the ensemble, to the medium, do define, however, one of the directions that music has recently travelled, toward a new focus on playing as an activity, on composition as a means of releasing and dramatizing the energy latent in performers as presences. Perhaps the most explicit and highly developed formulation of the new attitude is to be found in the music of Elliott Carter ("I regard my scores as scenarios, auditory scenarios, for performers to act out with their instruments"), but it is manifest in some form at nearly every point on the spectrum, from overtly traditional composition to the explicit theatricality of most open-form, semi-improvised music.

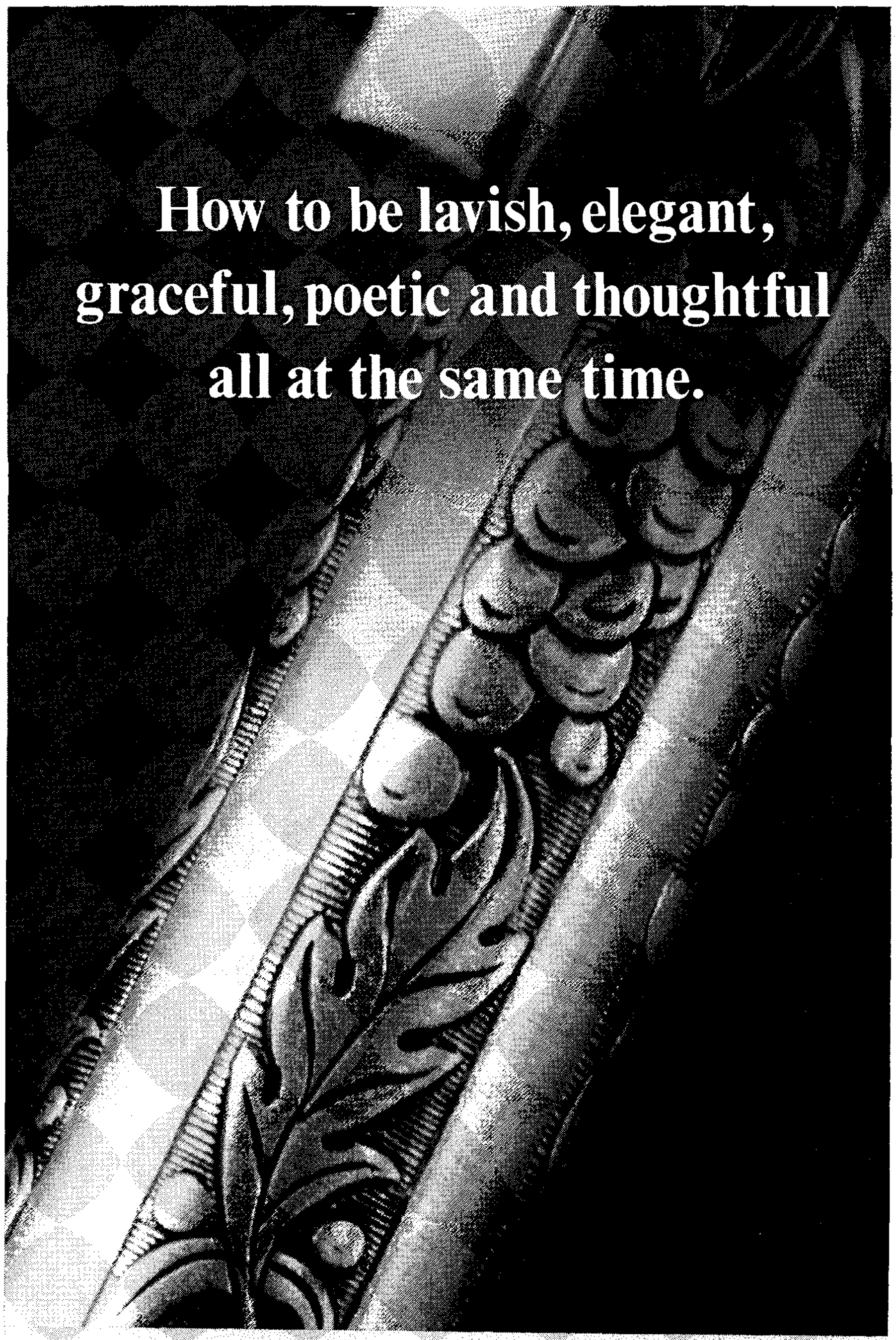
Without doubt, this new emphasis bears strongly on the last decade's almost explosive growth of performing groups devoted to new music, for it has offered new challenges and new rewards to performers, affording them a status subtly but significantly different from the older ensemble situation, which more stringently restricted individual role-playing. It is in tune with the modern temper, and the younger generation of players is responding with enthusiasm and involvement. Nothing dramatized this particular form of "generation gap" more vividly than the contrast between the Speculum Musicae concert and the New York Philharmonic's "Prospective Encounter" the night before. Pierre Boulez is (need it be said?) a completely qualified, highly motivated conductor for this literature, and a responsive group of the orchestra's members had assembled to play Webern's Concerto for Nine Instruments, Opus 24 (1934), and Harvey Sollberger's Chamber Variations for Twelve Players and Conductor (1964)—note the significant shift in nomenclature, from "instruments" to "players"—but in neither work was there generated the fervent concern, the sense of shared physical exhilaration that imbued Speculum's work. There were exceptions: percussionists are accustomed to high visibility, even in the symphony orchestra, and most of them eventually cultivate a certain theatricality of attitude, so that the Philharmonic's Walter Rosenberger was not far behind his free-lance colleague Gordon Gottlieb in exploiting the opportunities Sollberger had provided for vivid gestures, intense concentration, and picturesque busyness.

The difference in mentality was palpable, and underlined by the presence, during the "Encounter," of a sterling example of the "new" style of performance, when Jan DeGaetani, with pianist Gilbert Kalish, sang a group of Ives songs. As she "set" herself before each piece, Miss DeGaetani gathered the audience as well, drawing us already at least halfway into the expressive universe of that particular song before even a note had sounded—and I hasten to add that all the notes she and Kalish uttered subsequently were equally and passionately explicit, while her execution of the continuous portamento in Ives' Keats setting, "Like a Sick Eagle," constituted about as astounding a feat of vocal control as can be heard today. The Speculum players, too, know how to communicate soundlessly, generating in the audience a responsiveness to match their own community of attention—whereas the Philharmonic men wait patiently for their master's signal.

Boulez as explicator was at his best on this occasion, undertaking a dissection of the Webern Concerto that began where it should, on the audible surface of the music, and never once referred to the underlying deep structure generated by the serial technique (which, as Schoenberg once wrote, "isn't where the aesthetic qualities reveal themselves, or, if so, only incidentally"). This is as it should be, given the purpose of the "Encounters." Not as it should be is the venue of these events—still the auditorium of the Loeb Student Center at New York University, one of the grimmer acoustical ambiences around. Especial disfavor is conferred upon larger, louder ensembles, such as that required by Sollberger's Chamber Variations, in which the percussion sonorities bounced off the brick walls with a ferocity altogether overwhelming to finer detail in strings and winds. Sollberger's idea of a piece that progresses from soloistic, metrical writing to ensemble textures and events cued by the conductor without reference to any fixed pulse obviously exploits potentials inherent in the developments described earlier; at least in this performance, the profusion of detail during the central progress seemed to obscure the thread of continuity between the striking outer extremities.

The kindest environment in town for chamber music is doubtless Alice Tully Hall, which the Da Capo Chamber Players enjoyed for a concert on April 25th, presenting (among other things) the world première of Milton Babbitt's "Arie da Capo." Mr. Babbitt makes his titles work hard, and this one signifies not only a dedication to the ensemble but also an essential design characteristic; to wit: "the series of five successive 'arias,' one for each of the instrumentalists of the ensemble, while each aria is itself internally 'da capo' in character, in that aspects of the pitch structure—of all the instrumentalists—are 'recapitulated,' albeit individually transformed and collectively reoriented." Mr. Babbitt requires maximum multiplicity of function from his sentences as well—and also from his notes, so first performances rarely reveal the totality of his intention. This one, conducted by Efrain Guigui, seemed uncommonly proficient, but an experience earlier in the week reminded me of how dependent is the distinctive character of Babbitt's music on absolute rhythmic and dynamic exactitude.

On Monday, April 22nd, at Carnegie Recital Hall, the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble presented Babbitt's "All Set" for jazz ensemble (the information that "set" is Babbitt's preferred term for the "row" of traditional twelve-tone parlance should clarify one nuance of the title), a work originally played and recorded in 1957. Little in that first recording suggested the fleet, winging tapestry of interchanging, overlapping jazz-derived materials that emerged in this latest performance. Only, it seems, when every individual phrase is inflected with precision, when all the intersections are accurately incised, is the over-all energy and momentum of this music fully released—and the same doubtless holds for "Arie da Capo," which abounds in felicitous details of sonority and structure. The Da Capo Players derive their name from their usual practice of repeating at least one difficult work on every program, and such a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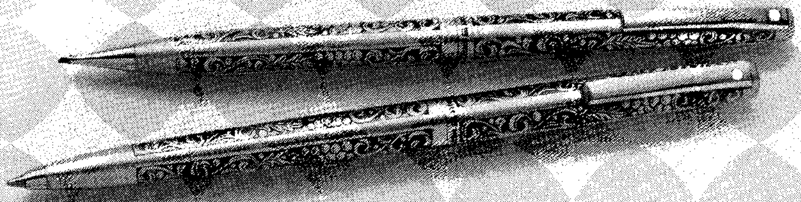

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benefaction would have been appropriate in this case.

Both Babbitt works shared programs with pieces by George Crumb: on April 25th, "Eleven Echoes of Autumn 1965" (composed in 1966), and on April 22nd, "Night of the Four Moons" (1969). If in Babbitt's music the drama is conveyed entirely by the notes, Crumb makes it visually explicit. The players move about, inducing sympathetic resonances by pointing their instruments at the piano strings ("Echoes"). They wander offstage one by one to join a ghostly ensemble that fades in and out "like a distant radio signal" ("Four Moons"). Crumb's music is tenuous, sparing of pulse and density; often the intense concentration with which we respond to its near-inaudibility, rather than any ongoing impulse stemming from the notes themselves, seems to generate the continuity.

The earlier of these two works, for instruments only, struck me as being altogether too thin; its novelties of sonority—whisperings, rustlings, knockings, glistening string harmonics, faint vibrations and echoes—have been more convincingly reformulated in the recent, celebrated "Ancient Voices of Children" and in other works of Crumb's García Lorca cycle, to which "Night of the Four Moons" also belongs. As Schoenberg found when he cut loose the anchor cable of traditional tonality in the first decade of this century, words provide a valuable "sea anchor" for music built upon new and unfamiliar structural principles—and Crumb's almost monolinear manner holds together best in conjunction with the verbal superstructure of Lorca's poetry. The indispensable Miss DeGaetani was again on hand for "Night of the Four Moons," and the equally indispensable Mr. Sherry, who remained onstage to sustain, with riveting concentration, the almost endless high cello harmonics behind which the sounds of the offstage ensemble floated in and out, singing a sort of archetypal "old song of long ago and far away." At such moments, Mr. Crumb's touch is very sure, though his means are more associative than structural.

THE week was so full of activity on the contemporary front that I can barely mention several other equally striking works. At Carnegie Recital Hall, on April 21st, Milwaukee's Fine Arts Quartet introduced Ben Johnston's Quartet No. 4, which exploits certain consequences of the use of unadjusted, "pure" intervals (in preference to the slightly adjusted ones generally used in Western music since at

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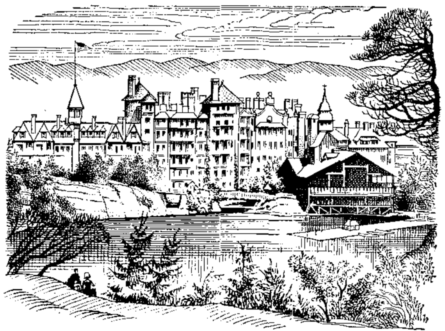

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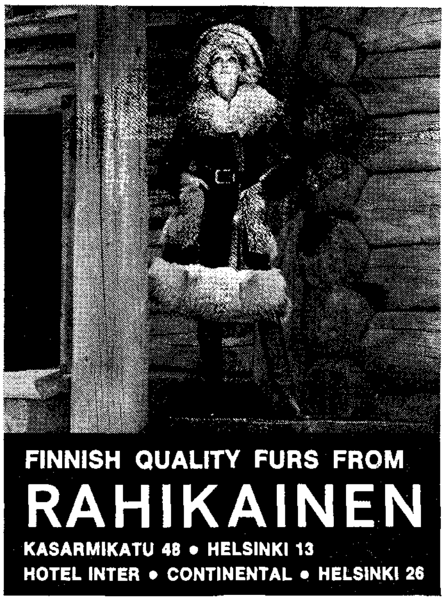

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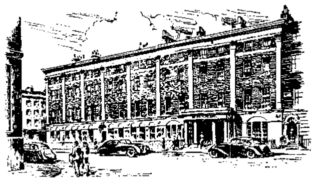

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least the eighteenth century). The technical implications of this procedure are complex, but its rewards in euphony are immediately tangible; at certain points in Johnston's imaginative set of variations on the hymn "Amazing Grace," dazzling coruscations emerge from the play of shifting intonations—a new kind of color, the successful realization of which constituted a remarkable achievement on the part of the Fine Arts group.

Two works by the German composer Aribert Reimann provided an interesting window, in the middle of an American week, onto concurrent practice across the Atlantic: a Concerto for Piano and Nineteen Players, in the Juilliard Twentieth Century Music Series, on April 24th, and "Cycle for Baritone and Orchestra," sung by Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau with the Philharmonic under Boulez on April 25th. Reimann speaks in the orchestral language first made familiar by composers such as Xenakis and Penderecki—tone clusters, glissandos, closely interwoven static counterpoint, explosive percussion—but avoids their self-conscious concentration on sheer "effectiveness." "Cycle," setting six poems by Paul Celan, owes a good deal to the great German tradition of songs with orchestra: the sound may be "new," but the treatment of text, the relation of voice to ensemble placed Fischer-Dieskau in a stance he knows well from singing Mahler's "Kindertotenlieder" and similar works. Reimann's Piano Concerto came closer to the individualistic writing of recent American music, for the small orchestra really constituted a group of soloists, each set off in turn against the pianist's fluent figurations (splendidly played by Robert Black, despite an inferior instrument); Richard Dufallo conducted the student ensemble. Proficient music, in the best sense of that term.

Except for these last three works and the new Babbitt score, all the music mentioned here is, or will soon be, available on records—a valuable adjunct but, for reasons that should be amply clear, not quite a substitute for the experience of the live performance. About a decade ago, the phrase "the new virtuosity" was introduced to characterize the impulse then arising from the lively interaction of composers and performers; we haven't heard the slogan recently (perhaps because the writers who used it, Benjamin Boretz and Eric Salzman, are now less active as critics), but the impulse is very much in evidence. In fact, one cannot avoid the suspicion that this burgeoning brilliance is in part a reac-

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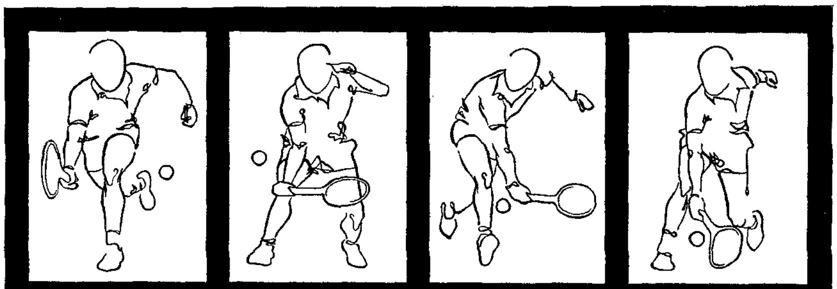

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tion, at least on a subconscious level, to the eventually wearisome immobility of recorded performances.

—DAVID HAMILTON

ROCK, ETC.

Mott the Hoople: Playing the Loser's Game

ON the back cover of Mott the Hoople's new album, "The Hoople" (Columbia PC 32871), underneath all the credits, appears the line "It's life and life only." The quote expresses not only Mott's continuing debt to Bob Dylan but the ambition (some would say hubris) of the ideological rock-and-roller. To a band like Mott the Hoople, rock and roll is life. More specifically, it is structured life: history. Like most critics—and ideological fans—I identify with performers who share that assumption. As a critic, I prefer it to the competing premise—that rock and roll is music—because it's more interesting to write about. As a fan, I perceive that rock and roll and its eclectic offspring, rock, have provided a spiritual—often literal—record of my life and times, and that the most memorable songs have generally commented on this function as well as fulfilled it. This used to be a natural process; today, of course, it is highly self-conscious. In fact, it seems to me that an obsessive, almost puritanical sense of history is precisely what distinguishes rock and roll in its contemporary version from rock in general. The ironic, though not illogical, result is that seventies rock-and-roll bands, which are in a way the most faithful transmitters of a tradition that united an entire generation, tend to appeal—in America, anyway—to the cult rather than the mass. (The only exception I can think of—given that I consider "seventies" a spiritual and aesthetic rather than strictly chronological qualifier—is Alice Cooper, who parodies the historical sense in his act even as he embodies it in songs like "School's Out" and "I'm Eighteen.") Most American fans—and I guess I can't really blame them—don't want to be burdened with tradition; they want boogie music. British kids are more receptive—largely, I'm convinced, for political reasons: the British class system is still too rigid, or maybe just too blatant, to nurture the sort of classless, escapist fantasy that comes so easily to American bohemians. But even (or especially) for a quintessentially English band like Mott, this is irrelevant. Making it in rock and roll means making it in the U.S.A.

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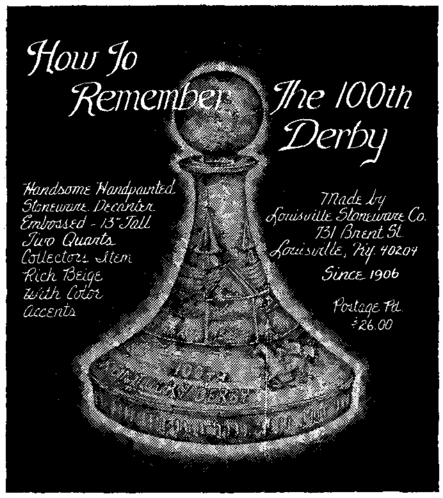
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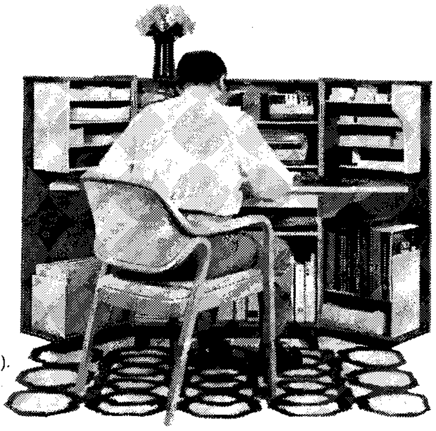
lead singer, chief writer, and dominant personality, the limitation has been frustrating, not only because riches and fame are no doubt as attractive to him as to any other performer but because stardom—not just the respectable popularity he is finally enjoying—has to be an integral part of what he is trying to achieve: rock and roll divorced from a mass audience is at best a shadow of itself. "All the Young Dudes," the album that established Mott's critical reputation in this country while failing to move the band out of the cult category, conveyed a rootless, defiant bitterness that was attributable at least as much to the gall of thwarted ambition as to the tensions and disillusionments of the seventies. The next album, "Mott," made that theme explicit, as the bitterness struggled with a kind of tender affirmation: "Rock 'n' Roll's a loser's game, it mesmerizes and I can't explain." "The Hoople," which, as the title suggests, functions as a companion piece to "Mott," doesn't try to explain, exactly, but it's almost a catalogue of pop preoccupations: the drama of youth crushed by authority; young love; gang violence; class oppression; New York; the tenuous line between glamour and sleaze; the relation of self and image; the need to continually re-create the Golden Age of Rock 'n' Roll, which means continually re-creating one's adolescence. The obvious omission is sex. Mott's music has always been ascetic (though Ian, in his understated way, is very sexy onstage), but on this record more than on any other the asexuality seems a concrete expression of the group's alienation. "The Hoople" is the most distanced of Mott's albums. Its subject matter is (deliberately?) more predictable, hence less personal. And Ian's voice echoes from beyond some generational grave, as if attempting to deliver a final message before fading out completely. The effect is weirdly Brechtian, which is appropriate, I suppose, but also disturbing. After all, Hunter can sing effectively about being burnt out only if in some sense he isn't. If he has really stopped caring, why bother? But if he is heading in that direction, he hasn't quite got there yet. In "Through the Looking Glass" (the most honest cut on the album, I think), he tells his mirror image, "I'll never look at you again—'cause I'm really not that vain. Seven years' bad luck ain't too long—but before I smash you, hear this song." I wonder if the allusion to "Tommy" is intentional.

"The Hoople" is not an easy record to like, and on the whole I think



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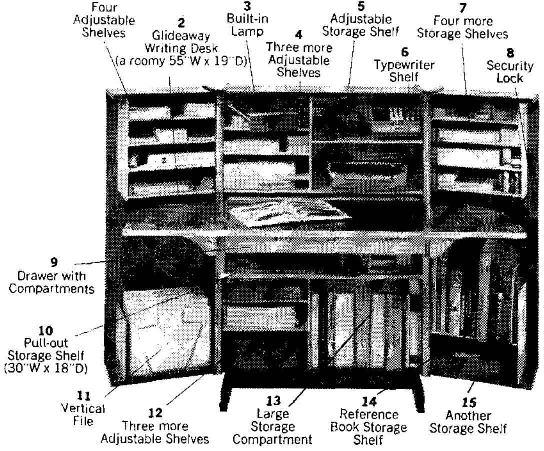
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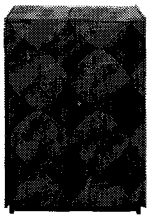

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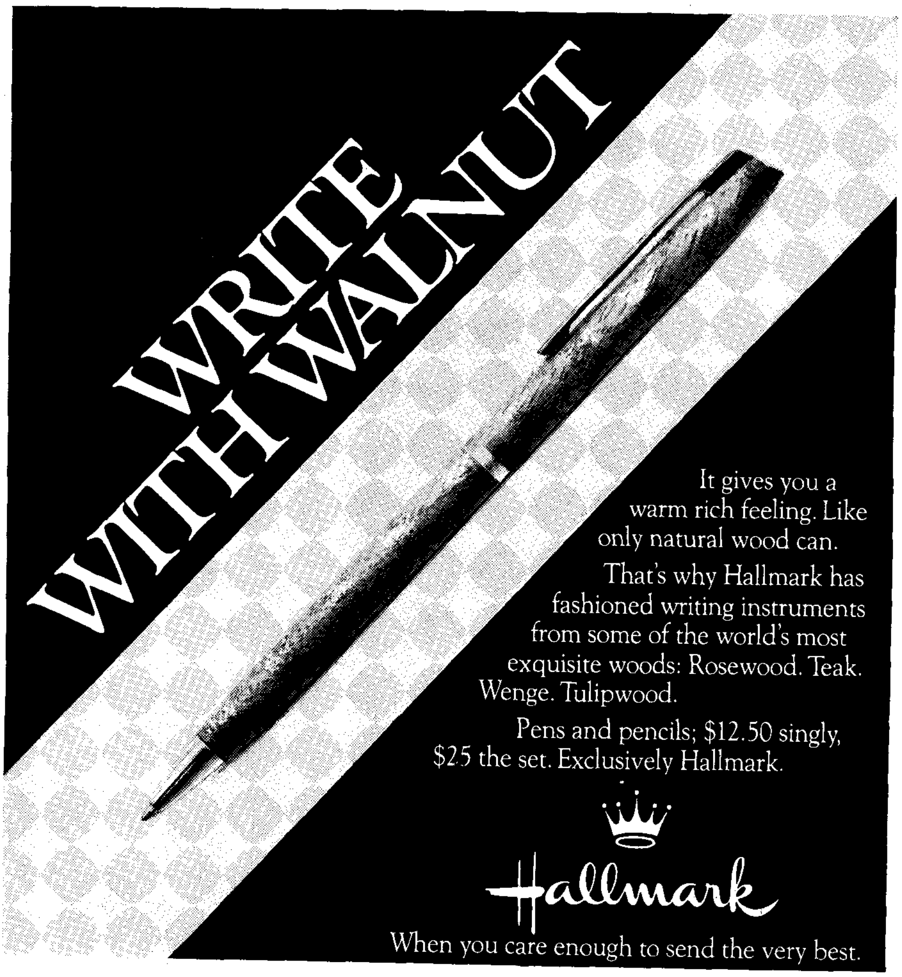

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"Mott" is better music as well as better life. But I'm looking forward to seeing Ian and the boys when they arrive in New York for a five-day engagement at the Uris Theatre, beginning May 7th. There aren't too many rockers who even look in that mirror anymore.

LEO SAYER, the British singer-songwriter who first attracted attention as the lyricist for Roger Daltrey's solo album, is now making his bid with an L.P. of his own, "Silverbird" (Warner Brothers BS 2738). I like a lot of his singing and some of his music, which is composed by Dave Courtney. But his lyrics (often backed by appropriate string arrangements) are soppy, and I can't stand his persona, which is—get ready—the Sad Clown. When I saw him recently at the Bottom Line, Sayer actually performed in clown costume and make-up—a spectacle that almost rendered me nostalgic for Ziggy Stardust. Even his best song, "The Show Must Go On" (Three Dog Night has made it into a great single), doesn't bear too much close listening. It seems there's an enormous crowd of people and *they're all after his blood, and he* wishes baby would help him escape from this masquerade, and he feels used and abused. Yech. At his best, Sayer shows that he has learned a bit about rock and roll from David Bowie, Mott the Hoople, Slade, and even The Who. At his worst—well, if he can write a song based on the line "Tomorrow is the first day of the rest of your life," can Kahlil Gibran be far behind?

FOR years, I've insisted that the way to make a great rock movie would be to cut out all the fancy "creative" stuff and just film a concert. So "Ladies and Gentlemen, The Rolling Stones" is that rare treat a fantasy come true. Visually, it is thoroughly satisfying. (A purist friend of mine argues that there are too many closeups, that if they were *really* going to film a concert they should have shot everything from the perspective of the tenth row. I'm sure I'd enjoy that movie, too, but as a Stones voyeur I appreciated this one more.) And in spite of my deep suspicion of any technological development that threatens my stereo set with obsolescence, I have to admit that the quadraphonic sound is an impressive bonus. Yep, it really sounds as if you're there. Now, ingrate that I am, I've escalated the fantasy: the movie ought to be shown in a huge dance hall.

—ELLEN WILLIS

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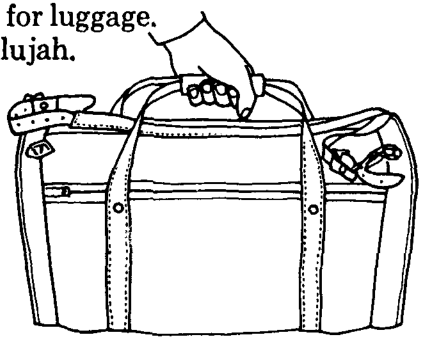

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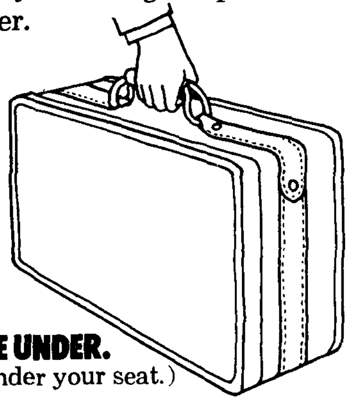

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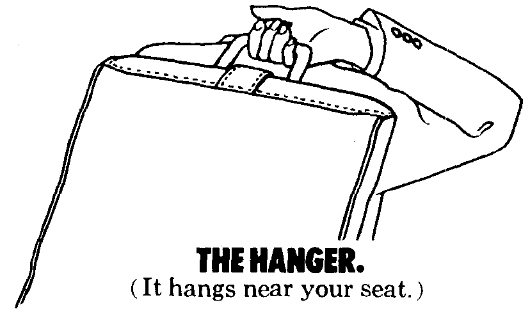

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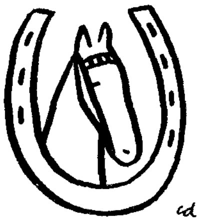

THE Kentucky Derby at Louisville this weekend won't be split, and Judger will be the favorite. For weeks on end, more than forty thoroughbred three-year-olds were listed in the *Daily Racing Form* as probable starters in the centennial Run for the Roses, and since no outstanding racer had appeared on the scene to scare the ribbon clerks away, it appeared that every owner with an eligible runner would insist on having his horse in the race. The two starting gates at Churchill Downs can accommodate no more than twenty-six racers, so it seemed most likely that the nominees would be divided by lot and the Derby run off in two sections—a situation nobody wanted. Judger, a big, handsome bay colt who belongs to Seth Hancock, changed all that early last week with a smashing four-length victory in the Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland. As if that triumph weren't enough, his running mate, John Olin's Cannonade, with whom he will be coupled in the betting, since both have the same trainer, Woody Stephens, won the Stepping Stone purse at Churchill Downs on Saturday by a couple of lengths. And, to make assurance doubly sure that there will be only one Kentucky Derby, the State Racing Commission is ready to make an emergency ruling forbidding the splitting of the race—a nice gesture but one that probably won't be necessary, because I doubt whether there will now be more than twenty starters.

Many horsemen will tell you that the Blue Grass Stakes is the perfect prep for the Derby. It certainly seemed so for Judger. Returning travellers say that he came through it beautifully. He was slow to begin, as usual, and Pincay, who rode him, let him take his time settling into his stride. He was still lengths behind the leaders on the turn for home, but when he was called upon he swept past them to win with his ears pricking. Big Latch, Gold and Myrrh, and Little Current finished heads apart behind him, and the ten other runners were down the course. Bushongo, I regret to report, came in eleventh, quite lame, and is definitely out of the Derby. Big Latch and Heavy Mayonnaise also showed signs of leg trouble after the

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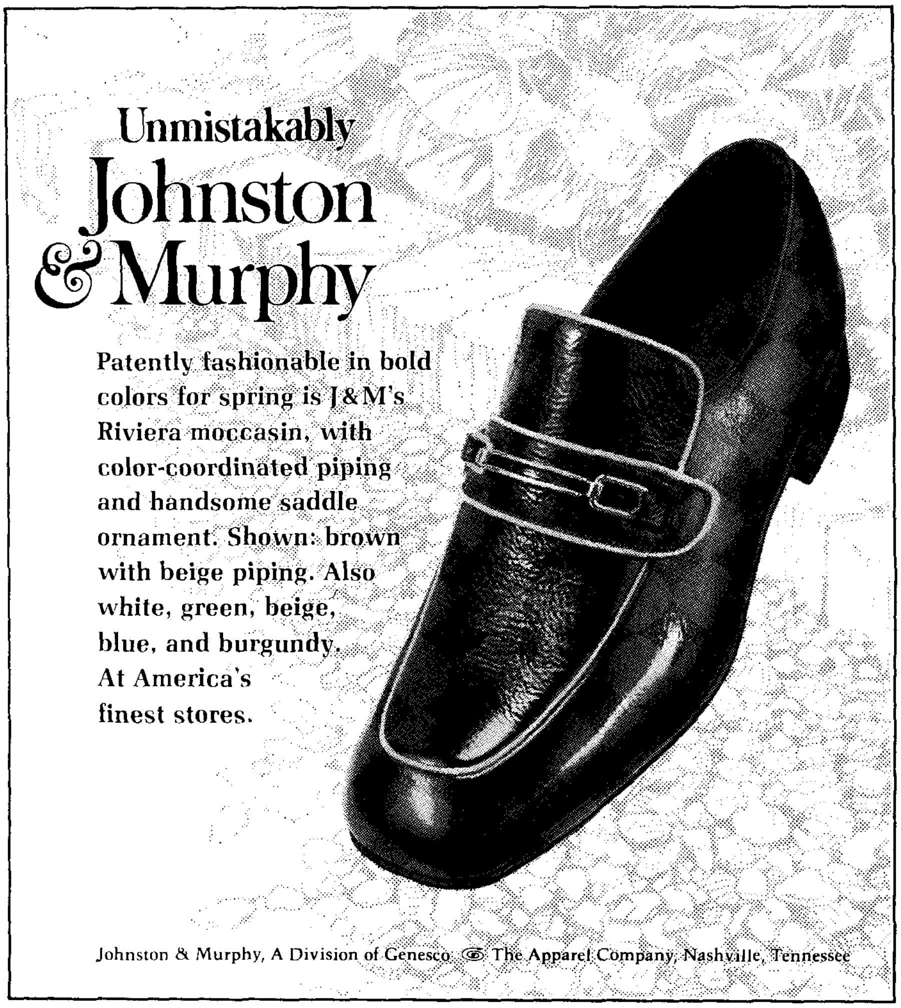
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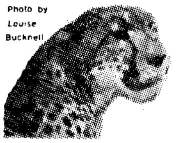

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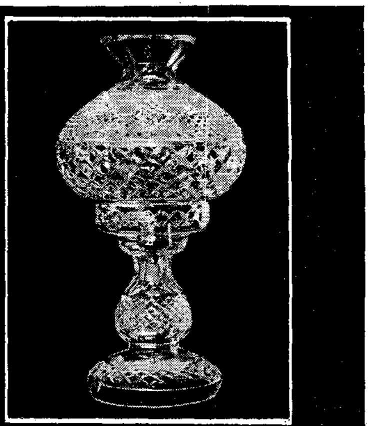
race, and can be put down as doubtful starters. Continuing the tale of woe, Elmendorf Farm's Protagonist, the top two-year-old last season, wound up last in the Stepping Stone. He had had an infection in his left forefoot and was obliged to skip the Blue Grass Stakes, but Johnny Campo, his trainer, thought the affliction had healed enough to take a chance with him. It hadn't. Whether he'll start is questionable, to say the least. As for Judger's running mate, Cannonade, he had little trouble defeating J. R.'s Pet, the winner of the Arkansas Derby, and Destroyer, the winner of the Santa Anita Derby.

I know that picking a Kentucky Derby winner is by no means like shooting fish in a barrel, but I think I will settle on Judger. He is the obvious choice, but then I have a weakness for favorites. (As Sam Hildreth, a famous trainer of other days, used to say, "When they like 'em, I like 'em.") Anyway, in my book Judger is the best three-year-old. True, he begins slowly, but he can accelerate when it counts. And with Cannonade on the ticket for the same price, where else could you put your money? Another Derby colt I am interested in is Raymond Guest's Sir Tristram, who was brought over from England for the race. He finished seventh in the Stepping Stone. The reason I like him is that he will be ridden by Hartack, who is my idea of a Derby jockey.

Besides being the best-known horse race in America—the buildup this year must have brought tears of envy to Madison Avenue—I'd say that Saturday's Derby will be the richest thoroughbred race ever run in this country. In addition to the $125,000 prize put up by Churchill Downs, Inc., there will be $29,000 in nomination fees (at a hundred dollars each), and it will cost an owner $4,000 for his horse to pass the entry box two days before the race, plus an additional $3,500 to start, so the gross value should total more than $300,000. Besides the money, the lucky owner of the winner will receive "a gold trophy commemorating the event," and a silver bowl from the hands of Princess Margaret of England, who will attend the race with her husband. Suppose, says Colonel Martingale, there is a dead heat for first place? That would be a pretty how-de-do.

IT'S a long lane that has no turning, and turn it finally did in the Top Flight Handicap at Aqueduct last Saturday for Lady Love, a four-year-old daughter of Dr. Fager who had never



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won a stakes race in her life. She took the lead halfway home and won in a driving finish from Krislin and Penny Flight. Summer Guest doesn't seem as good as she used to be. She could only finish fifth.

As you might expect, betting on horses has been keeping pace with everything else these days. According to the report of the new State Racing and Wagering Board, more than a billion and a half dollars—$1,654,110,434, to be exact—was wagered on the flats and the trots in the totes at the New York tracks in 1973. (Nobody knows how much was bet with the boys on football, basketball, and baseball, or on the races with the book on the block.) If you care for further figures, more money was bet on the trotters than on the flats—$879,532,771, as compared to $774,577,663. Attendance at the eight light-harness tracks totalled 8,773,474, with Roosevelt and Yonkers Raceways getting the biggest play. Still, Aqueduct, Belmont Park, and Saratoga didn't do badly. In the course of the flat-racing season, which ran two hundred and fifty-eight days, they had 5,483,086 customers, who tossed $723,107,378 into the maw of the mutuels. The big winner, of course, was the New York State Treasury, which took in $180,134,261. Incidentally, $16,757,652 of that came from Off-Track Betting, which handled $702,666,515. The betting shops in town took in $691,252,469, and the rest came from the shops in Schenectady. OTB also contributed $16,380,920 to horsemen and the tracks. By the way, patrons of the betting shops around town seem to be a careless lot. Of the $5,141,095 in uncashed winning mutuel tickets that were turned over to the state because the time for cashing them had run out, $4,093,265 belonged to OTB bettors.

—Audax Minor

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Sir Georg Solti conducts the London Philharmonic Orchestra in a concert in the Fairfield Halls, Croydon, on Saturday at 8 P.M. Brahms 1st Symphony and his Tragic Overtime will be two featured works.—*Listing in the London Evening Standard.*

That was when he failed to get time-and-a-half.

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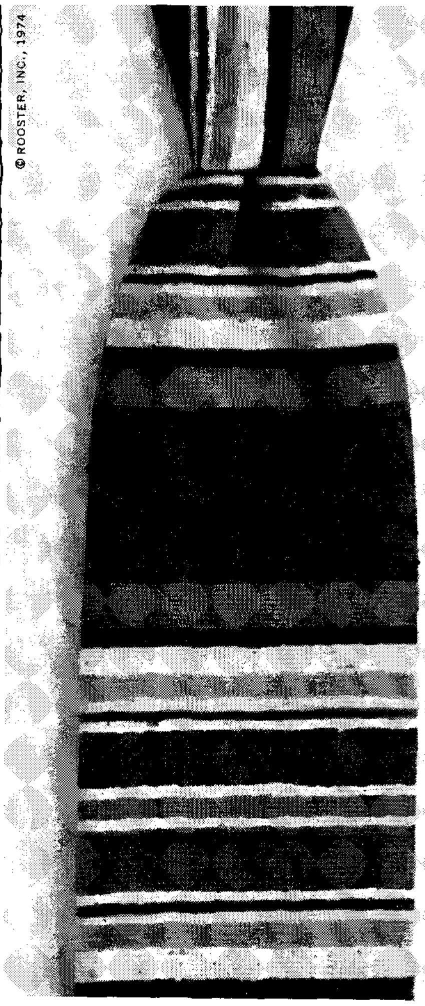

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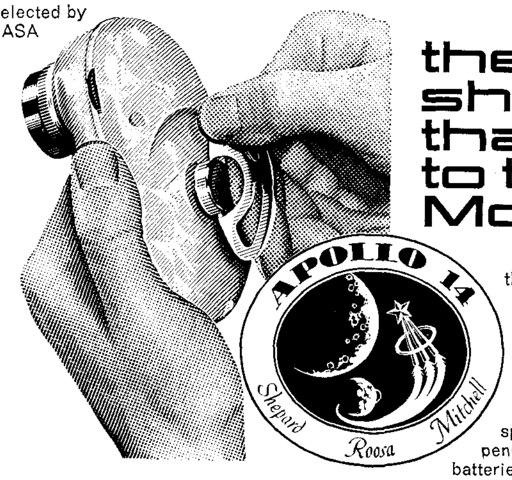

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DANCING

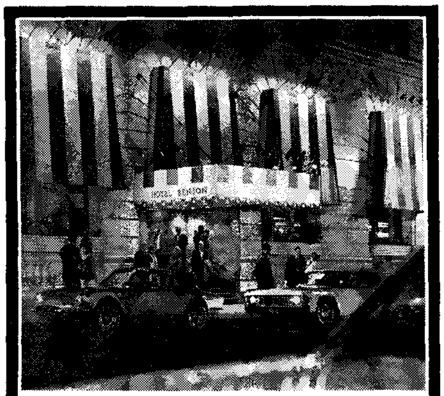
The Blue Glass Goblet, and After

MARTHA GRAHAM has a gift for utterance, and now that she no longer dances, audiences are responding with renewed excitement to her eloquence as a public speaker. Her appearance onstage to introduce her company on its opening night at the Mark Hellinger Theatre was the high point of the evening and the season's most glamorous occasion. Her delivery is casual but precise; she seems to speak thoughts that have just come into her mind, but many of them obviously have been formed from a lifetime's meditation and are almost as well known as the passages she loves to quote from T. S. Eliot or St. John Perse or the Church Fathers. "Theatre is a verb before it is a noun, an act before it is a place," she tells us, in her disconcertingly lazy, musical little voice, and although she also tells a lot of jokes (with enviable wit and timing), it is upon these philosophical heights that she places us for our view of her own work. Unfortunately, Graham's theatre these days is all too often a noun before it is a verb.

"Freedom to a dancer means only one thing—discipline," she also says, and one sometimes feels that she chose a dancer's life because of the severity of its discipline. It was the way of a Puritan, and, at Graham's moment in history, it was also the way of an artist. Dancing, the domain of the frivolous, had to be reshaped; the pull of gravity could not be denied; and discipline must be revealed to the audience as a sign of the dancer's new vitality and her new seriousness. Under Graham's command, dancers now did onstage what they customarily did only in the studio—struggled, wasted themselves, fell, and rose again. Effort was not concealed, it was dramatized, and although the sense of toil in dancing was not Graham's invention, the sense of its drama was. Self-discipline in the dancer is spiritual as well as physical; Graham, most powerfully among her contemporaries, was able to relate that fact to the expressionist movement then taking hold of the American stage. In Graham Theatre, as purely and outstandingly American an artifact as Eugene O'Neill Theatre or Robert Edmond Jones Theatre, the drama within became a dance drama and the dancer became generically a tragic heroine.

But the tragic heroine is also a triumphant heroine. Implicit in the rigor of her self-discipline is the certainty of her reward—self-discovery. No Graham heroine dies unilluminated. The difference between her and the fated heroines of nineteenth-century ballet—a Giselle or an Odette—is that the Graham heroine possesses, herself, the key to her mystery. She does not entrust it to the hero; she herself must unlock the inner door. In a Graham ballet, this is precisely what happens. The heroine, discovered at her life's supreme point of crisis, summons her forces, resolves her dilemma, and moves into the light. The arc of the narrative rises upward, sometimes looping backward to gather up evidence from the past before reaching its apex, which is the moment of illumination. On this moment the curtain falls. We always leave the heroine a step ahead of the point at which we found her. Clytemnestra, at the start of the action, has already died. In the Underworld, she meditates, relives her past, and pursues its meaning to an ultimate acceptance of her position among the dead. Like Jocasta (in "Night Journey") and St. Joan (in "Seraphic Dialogue"), she must understand why she is where she is. The outcome of the tragedy is upbeat, and although the illumination, in the instance of Jocasta, is unbearable, it does constitute a victory. If one were to adopt a maxim for Graham Theatre, it would be "Know Thyself." Even Medea, the blackest of Graham's heroines, by extinguishing her humanity discovers the essence of her being. In "Cave of the Heart," she becomes the evil she feeds upon, and in the perfection of her translation (and its brilliant realization on the stage) hers may be the biggest victory of them all.

The tragic-triumphant heroine is a relatively late development in Graham's theatre, and I think it postdates the period of her greatest work. In the repertory the company is now showing at the Hellinger, that period is represented by "Letter to the World" (1940-41), "Deaths and Entrances" (1943), and "Appalachian Spring" (1944). In all three of these works, the dancing has that mysterious spiritual force that appears to arise from the discipline of Graham technique, but the heroine, who possesses more of it than anybody else, does not yet know the meaning of her inner treasure, and we



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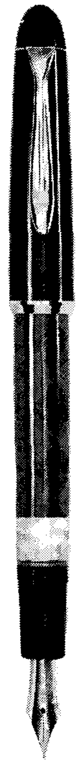

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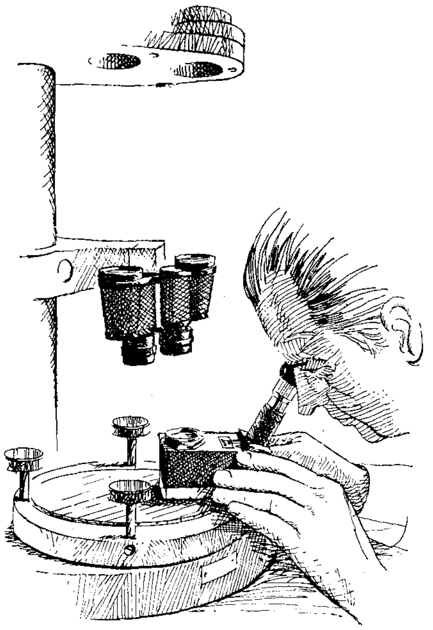
in turn are not sure she will discover it before the curtain comes down. There is a looseness, an uncalculated tension, an openness to life in these works that is lacking in the so-called "Greek period" that began in the late forties and, for many people, epitomizes the theatre of Martha Graham. Perhaps the "Greek" works are esteemed because of the grandeur of the Greek legends, but they're all a bit Hollywood, especially "Clytemnestra," which is often spoken of as Graham's masterpiece. (It's merely her longest work, with a prologue and two acts—a Graham blockbuster.) Graham, who made the dancer's self-discipline part of the poetic language of the theatre—who put effort on the stage as a positive theatrical idea—seems to have felt the need to establish a dramatic corollary to her technique of movement, and those moments of illumination and critical "instants" of self-recognition began to proliferate until they became the stock framing device of Graham drama.

The affirmative endings of "Letter to the World" and "Deaths and Entrances" and "Appalachian Spring" are freely arrived at, but already, in "Deaths and Entrances," one sees the beginning of the turn toward the symbolic and the second-rate that was completed in the fifties. At the end of this long, marvellously charged, complex work, the heroine all at once decides to move a prop, a blue glass goblet, which she has been toying with for the better part of an hour. The move is entirely consistent with the woman's frenzied, impulsive character as we have watched it develop through her dancing, but the telltale bit of symbolism gives the audience a chance to perceive what it might not have noticed already—"See! She has the courage to change!" And in her later pieces Graham increasingly "explained" her movement to the audience by further externalizing its implications, so that we could turn to one another and say, "See, it means *this*." In 1948, Stark Young could still write of Graham's choreography, "We have the sense that, no matter what has been left out, nothing has entered a composition that has not grown into it organically." But by the fifties what was growing organically into Graham's compositions was Noguchi's props, and, much as I admire Noguchi, particularly the Noguchi of Graham's theatre, I find all the symbol-making a little deadening to sit through season after season. The ballets are tight and dry—exquisitely shaped and adamantly sealed. It is difficult for us to evaluate them, even with new casts, because so little of the drama can be affected by



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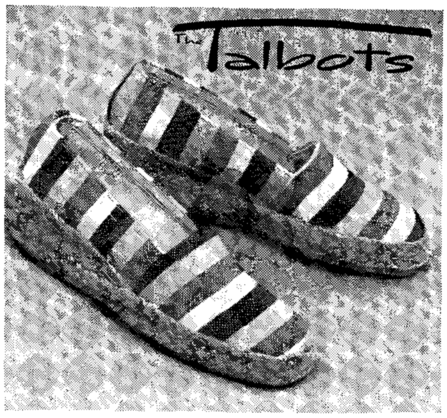

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the different emphases of this or that dancer. Since the work "means" only one thing (what it says in the program), since it has been molded toward a predetermined end, the audience responds not to its moment-by-moment power but to the smoothness of its trajectory, which we observe from a distance. We aren't drawn mentally into the action, as we are in Graham's best pieces. We stand at the corner and wait for it to catch up.

Of course, even second-rate Graham may be immensely enjoyable, and I include in this category three other pieces in the Hellinger repertory that I usually enjoy—"Errand Into the Maze" (based on the myth of the Minotaur); "Seraphic Dialogue," which, though not one of the "Greek" numbers, can be classified among the more mechanically contrived Graham works; and "Diversion of Angels," which has no plot but does have a gooey layer of desperately acted-out and dearly cherished emotion poured over the dances by the company. (It's good choreography; why can't it just be danced instead of hugged to death?) One clue to the inferiority of these first two pieces is that the heroine's big moment is not really there for an audience to see. Although I sometimes imagine I have seen it in "Errand Into the Maze," all that happens onstage is that the heroine suddenly finds the strength to clobber her antagonist. Where this strength comes from is not explained. The transfiguration of Joan of Arc in "Seraphic Dialogue" is a plot event rather than a dance event, and so is the "rebirth" of Clytemnestra. The complicated dénouement of the "Oresteia" is too much to handle without words, and in Graham's version Apollo and Athena preside at a tribunal that decides nothing. When Clytemnestra seizes the black sceptres from Hades and dances out along the forecurtain, we're meant, I'm sure, to see that her spirit has attained peace at last, but Graham has no way of showing what she would like to show—that Clytemnestra's peace comes not from the vindication she sought but from a realization of her own guilt and complicity in the bloody system of retributive justice. In the latter-day Graham Theatre, it often seems that movement is trying, and failing, to take the place of words; in the epochal Graham Theatre of the forties, movement expressed what no words could.

THE decline in the repertory is linked inescapably to Graham's own physical decline as a dancer. I

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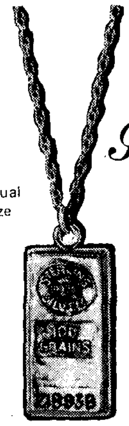

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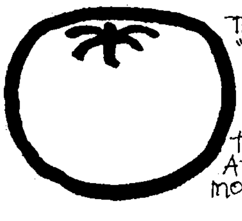

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don't think she began preferring props to dances, or grew rigid in her thinking, or became literary by choice; my point is that her physical technique, which once buoyed her through a series of theatrical adventures such as the world had never seen, was eroded with the years, and this erosion forced her to seek other means of expression and inevitably to invent on a lower level. This is not a tragedy; Graham's lower level would often be another choreographer's stratosphere, and one lesson the present repertory teaches us is that this most imitated of modern choreographers has seldom been imitated in the right things. Others have ripped off her style of gesture, her technical discoveries, her manner of presentation, her subjects, even her hairdos, but very few of her predators have learned to organize space and time as well as she has or trained themselves to build suspense abstractly, as she does in such a piece as "Deaths and Entrances."

Possibly the most damaging aspect of the decline in her theatre has been the intrusion of all the clanging affirmations and moments of truth. Compare, for example, "El Penitente" (1940), a gentle, sunny "minor" classic, with the Silver and Bronze Age "masterpieces," and you'll see the difference between a secure work of art, asking nothing, insisting on nothing, and a series of post-Victorian exhortations designed for the moral enrichment of mankind. Perhaps the temptation to exhort was always present in Graham, and I've suggested that a kind of doctrinal heroism is a special attribute of her technique. I'd also suggest that their invigorating moral atmosphere is what makes a lot of the second-rate Graham works so appealing; more than one observer has felt himself rising on the yeastiness of their good intentions. It's almost like being in church. But this "exalting" aspect of Graham is one, I think, that we should avoid enjoying too heartily. It builds up our worship of a gone world and keeps us from seeing the things in her art that are really liberating and contemporary. At times, Graham presents herself not as the first of the moderns but as the last of the Victorians. "Letter to the World" and "Deaths and Entrances" and "Appalachian Spring" are all views of the nineteenth century, but they're distanced views; the ballets themselves are of their own time, and some of the things in them may strike us, even today, as avant-garde. Of course, they've all been stolen blind, but this hasn't made them stale. The really amazing thing about them is that their freshness of feeling,

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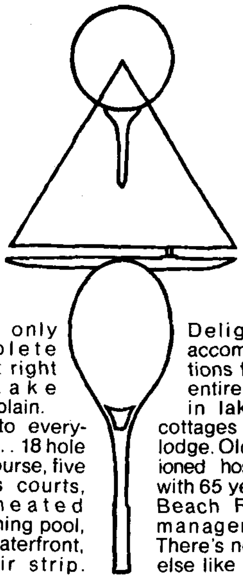
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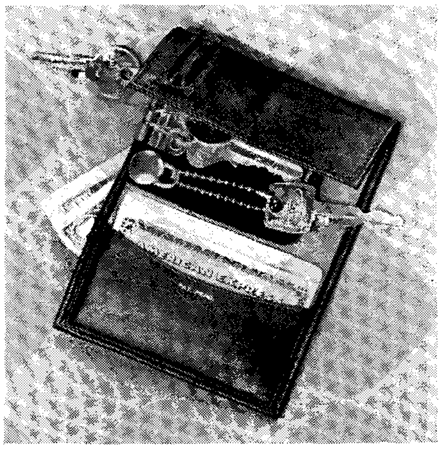

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which seems to come from behind the dances like a light, is still there after thirty years.

The only answer I can give to those who ask how much these pieces lose by not having Graham in them is that "Appalachian Spring" loses least. "Letter" and "Deaths" are portraits of woman as artist; "Appalachian Spring" is a portrait of woman as wife. Long ago, when Graham was still dancing the part of the bride, I thought she had miscast herself, and when Ethel Winter and then Phyllis Gutelius took the role over, I felt sure of it. Gutelius does it now with William Carter as the husband, David Hatch Walker as the preacher, and Janet Eilber in the mysteriously effective role of the pioneer woman. All of them are excellent; it's the cast to see. Gutelius fills out her role with suggestions of things that are not explicit in the choreography. She's refined and vulnerable—a city-bred girl, one feels, who has had servants, and the mother-to-be of children who will surely die. Nothing in her past has prepared her for the frontier except the necessity of making so hard a choice and the courage to see it through. Gutelius also does the principal sister in "Deaths and Entrances," with more range than depth. In those powerful plunges into madness, she doesn't go down very far. But then this was unquestionably Graham's greatest role, and one can still contemplate the sheer size of it with awe, even though, in its present version, it seems to have been deliberately shrunken in scale. The roles of the two other sisters, taken by Eilber and Diane Gray, seem to have been scaled down proportionately. They're now conventional villainesses, like Cinderella's stepsisters.

There are works of Graham I no longer care to see, because of the flattening out of certain details. Medea does not feed the red ribbon into her mouth, as Graham used to do, but folds it into her bodice, and the famous solo looks altered in other respects. This was another role in which Graham tore up the stage, and the one Graham performance of which I have the most vivid recollection. The dancers who now do the role aren't able to extract the right dance values from it, and so miss its spirit. However much they squeeze and contort themselves, they never seem really pulled together inside and can't work up much more than a vague, catlike spitting and clawing, whereas Graham aimed and struck like a cobra, all in one piece. Graham as Medea didn't spill over into melodrama, yet the younger

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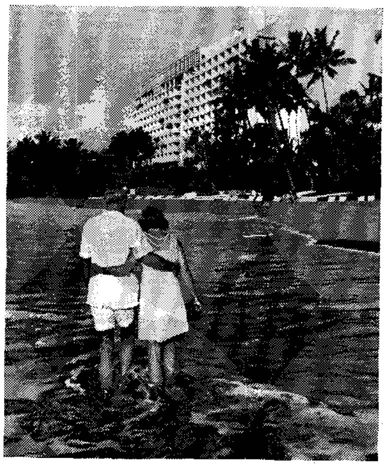

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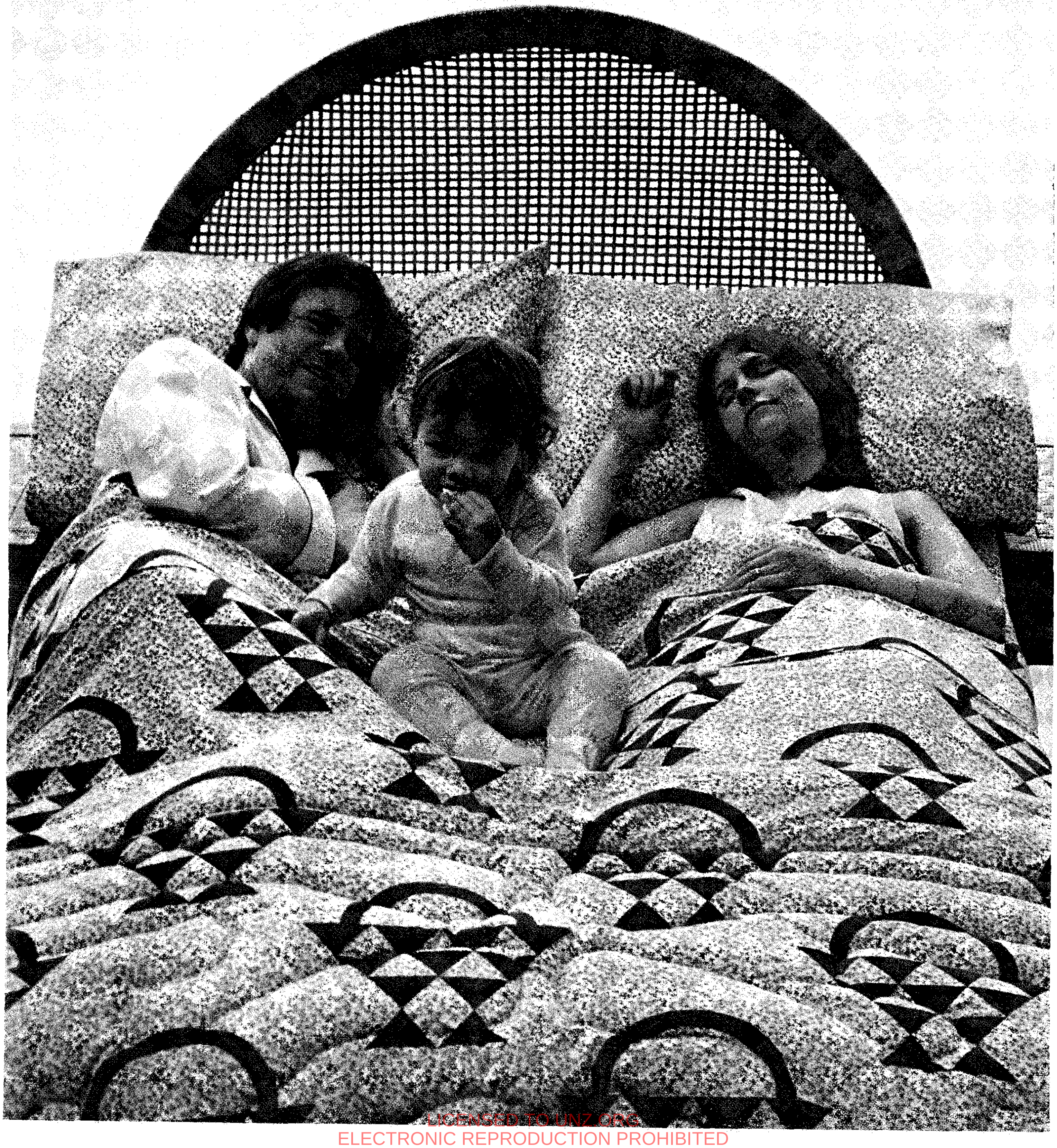

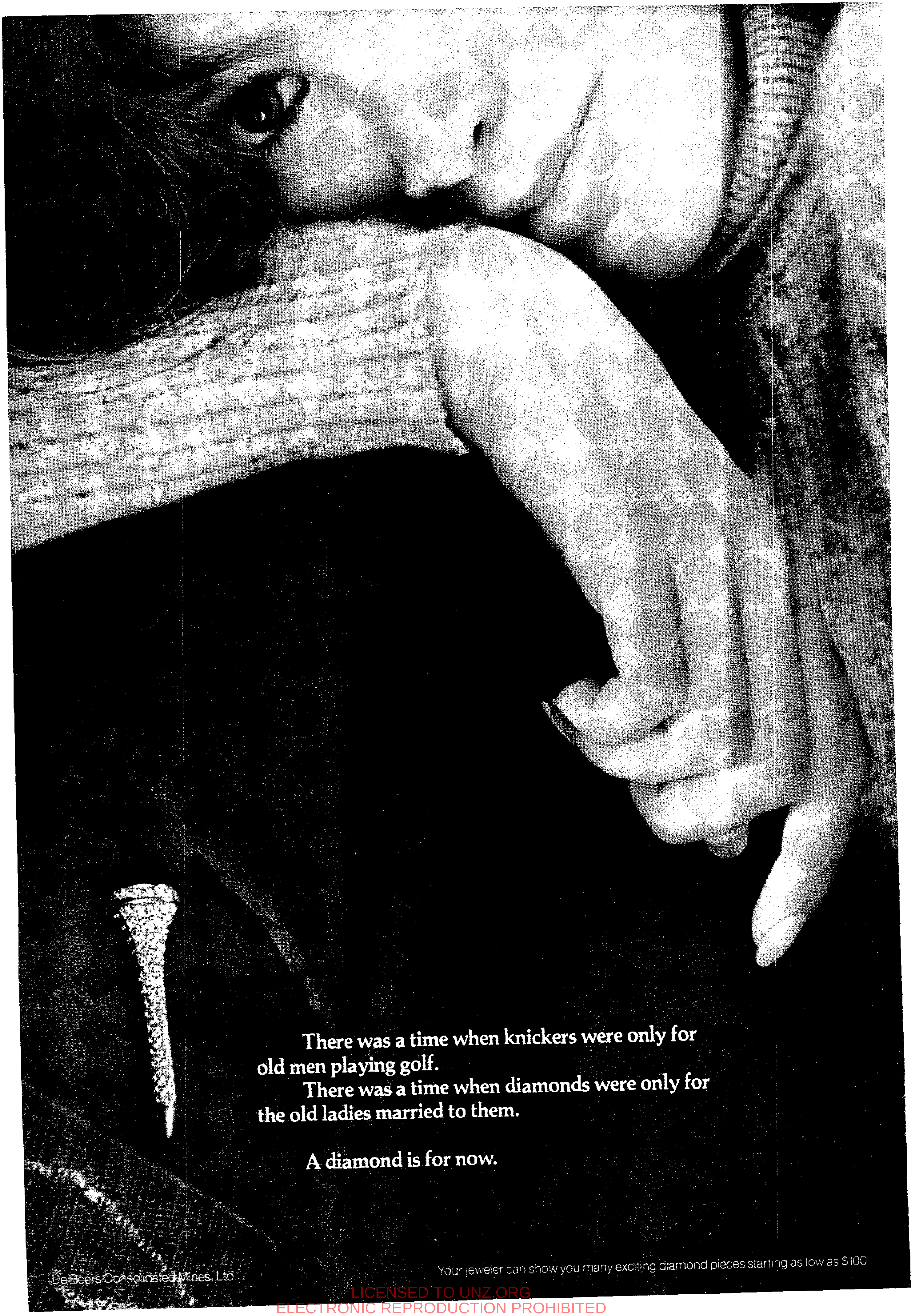

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Although Graham's program notes are almost as famous as her dances, sometimes it's advisable not to read them. The program suggests that "Deaths and Entrances" is about the Brontës, but "Emily Brontë" is really a Grahamesque metaphor for the anarchic female spirit struggling in a prison of cultural stereotypes. The four characters of "Embattled Garden," a straight-faced suburban sex comedy, are identified as Adam and Eve and Lilith and the Stranger (i.e., the Devil); this throws off the dancers as well as the audience. But I'm afraid there's no getting away from the program in "Chronique." With its St. John Perse text read aloud from the orchestra pit, the piece is one long, bloviating program note. "Chronique," a revision of last year's "Mendicants of Evening," is one of two new works Graham is presenting this spring, and in it she seems to be giving us not so much a ballet as her ideas for one. It's like a living enactment of a page from "The Notebooks of Martha Graham," the volume published by Harcourt last year, to the sorrow and confusion of many of her admirers. Graham's mind is infinitely more fascinating than this anthology of scholarly jottings suggests, and the publication, together with "Chronique," unhappily reinforces the present-day image of Graham as that of a bookish lady who puts on dances. Visually, "Chronique" is a swirl of draperies and fragmentary choreographic studies. It's not bad to look at, but it never comes off the page.

Graham's mind has been revealed to us first through her great dances, then through the ingenious but ever more restrictive means she found when her body could no longer speak for her mind. The Graham company does not contain Martha Graham, but, like a giant picture puzzle, it does contain images of her, and one must seek them out. Trying to authenticate those images amid all the distortions of the revived works and the compromises of the later ones is a hazardous job, and Graham, who will be eighty next week, is still choreographing. But for the final, authentic image of Martha Graham it is we and not Graham who bear the responsibility. —ARLENE CROCE

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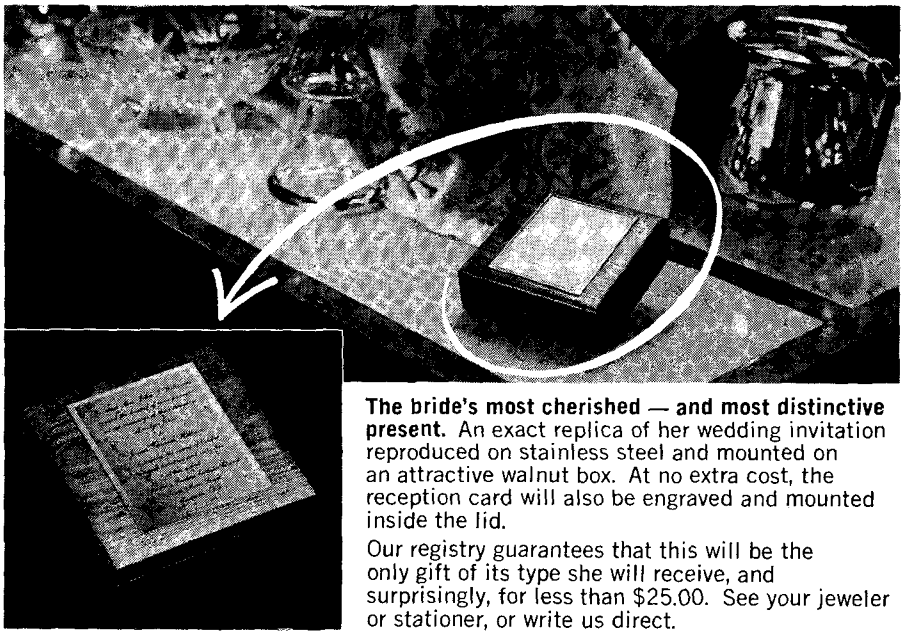

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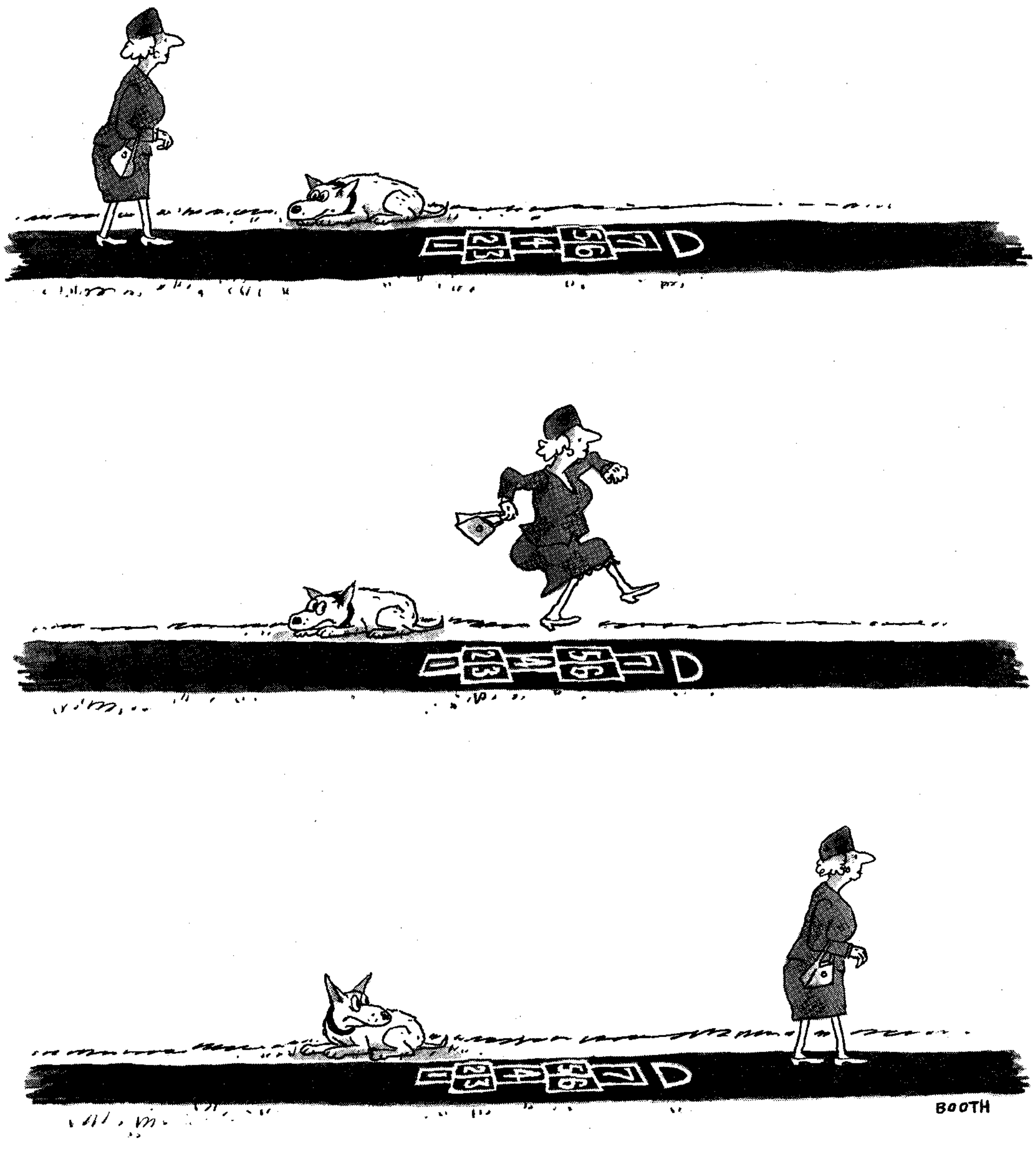
BOOKS

Sons of Slaves

IT is a pity that Noel Barber, in writing "The Sultans" (Simon & Schuster), could not muster more of the prose-empurpling zest of an Edgar Saltus, who found the follies and atrocities of the Caesars and of the czars so perversely enchanting, for Mr. Barber tells the supreme saga of decadent misrule in an efficient journalistic manner that in the end seems rather overwhelmed and wan, and he leaves us with no moral beyond the implication that all Turks are crazy. Perhaps it would take a Beelzebub drunk on blood to sing with appropriate inspiration the annals of the royal descendants of Othman and the Magnificent Suleiman. Mr. Barber is a reasonable modern man, who, with the cumulative numbingness of the "Guinness Book of World Records," sets down the odd facts as one more madman, imbecile, sot, and terror-stricken impotent succeeds another on the throne of the Shadow of God on Earth. Selim II (who reigned as Sultan from 1566 to 1574) laid siege to Cyprus—a siege in which thirty thousand Christians were massacred in Nicosia alone—to insure himself a steady supply of Cyprian wine. Mahomet III (r. 1595-1603) had his nineteen brothers strangled upon his accession to the throne. Osman II (r. 1618-22) practiced archery upon live targets, and used his own page boys when the supply of prisoners of war gave out. It amused Murad IV (r. 1623-40) to pick off his hapless subjects with an arquebus from a corner of the Seraglio wall, "exercising the royal prerogative of taking ten innocent lives a day;" a sultan of action, he executed twenty-five thousand suspected malefactors in one year, beheaded his chief musician for playing a Persian air, and sank a boatload of women that drifted within range of his palace cannon. Ibrahim (r. 1640-48), perhaps the maddest of the lot (though the nineteenth-century Abdul Aziz is an impressive contender), adorned his beard with diamonds and raped the daughter of the Mufti and drowned his entire harem on the suspicion that one concubine was conducting a romance. Not all the excesses were of cruelty: Ahmed III (r. 1703-30) admired tulips (from the Turkish *tulbend*, meaning "turban") to such an extent that he was deposed for the extravagance of his moonlit tulip fêtes; Osman III (r. 1754-57) in his passion for food prowled Istanbul by night to sample the city's eating houses. Abdul Mejid (r. 1839-61) built a palace, Dolmabache, that incorporated fourteen tons of gold leaf, the biggest mirrors in the world, and a bed of solid silver for himself; when one of his daughters married, he spent forty million francs on her trousseau and the wedding breakfast, which lasted one week. Abdul Aziz, his brother and successor, expanded the harem to nine hundred women, fed three hundred dinner guests most evenings, bought locomotives from Britain though there were no tracks to run them on, sometimes refused to sign any documents written in black ink, played soldiers with real soldiers, and bestowed upon cocks and chickens the Ottoman Empire's highest decorations for gallantry.

Such behavior suggests insanely indulged children begging for someone to set "limits." The sultans fascinate, indeed, as examples of how far human appetite will go when no obstacle to its satisfaction is posed. They are a spectacle to comfort the average deprived man. Several of them, early given the run of a harem, developed impotence; a surprising number, in a teetotalling culture, drank themselves to death. Over half of the sultans after 1600 had to be deposed. Mr. Barber, though his energetic scholarship displays itself in pages of colorful details, does not seize the opportunity to analyze the peculiarities of Ottoman kingship that shaped so preponderantly ineffective a dynasty. Rather, he offers the dark suggestion that the "unbroken line of weaklings" after Suleiman were not Othmans at all but sprang from a coupling



between Suleiman's empress Roxelana and an unknown lover. Yet the background of Barber's perhaps too sensational and anecdotal chronicle of the sultanate contains more sociological reasons for its uncorrected debilitation. The Sultan was not only the administrator of a terrestrial empire but a holy man, the Caliph of Islam, and as such (though the claim to the caliphate was shadowy and emphasized chiefly in the latter centuries of the sultans) he enjoyed among the Muslim masses a religious prestige impervious to mortal shenanigans. Though the sultans' extravagance and the corruption they fostered sorely burdened the empire, the need for *a* sultan was never questioned, and except in cases of blatant imbecility the rules of succession were followed. A second insulating factor was these rules of succession, whereby not the son but the eldest male in the family inherited the throne; the welter of intrigue this invited was combatted, initially, by the extraordinary sanction of fratricide that Ottoman law offered to the newly enthroned—"the right to execute their brothers, in order to insure the peace of the world"—and then, in a humane modification that proved surpassingly disastrous to the health of the sultanate, by the institution of the *Kafes*, the Cage, a two-storied building, within the Seraglio, set aside by Ahmed I in 1603 for the perpetual confinement of the heirs to the throne. High walls surrounded it; the ground floor had no windows; here, with no company but that of deaf-mutes and sterilized concubines, the sultans' brothers and sons awaited either the silken bowstring of assassination or the call to supreme power. Mustafa I, the first alumnus of the Cage, emerged demented; Ibrahim, who had spent twenty-two of his first twenty-four years there, proved a monster of debauchery; and Suleiman II, who logged the record of forty-five years in the Cage, had, when at last he was proclaimed Sultan, "all but lost the power of speech." Has any other nation ever so devalued human personality as to immure its future rulers in total isolation from the workings of the world? The Ottoman Empire gave an extraordinary centrality to the institution of slavery. The Sultan was the only free Turk in the government; the rest were all his personal slaves, often converted Christians from the European realms of the empire. The Janissaries, his personal troops, were impressed Christian boys; an Albanian father and son, the Kuprilis, served as highly effective grand viziers for some of the Cage-crazed sultans; two of the

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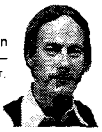

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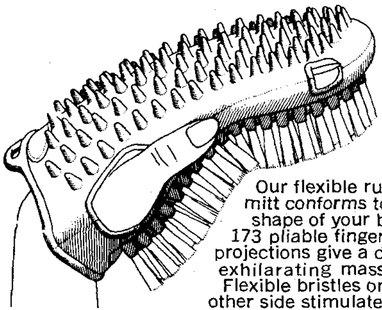

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most powerful of the sultanas who dominated events from the harem were the Russian Roxelana and Aimée Dubucq de Rivery, a convent girl captured by Barbary pirates. (The melodramatic annals of the Seraglio contain few incidents as tender as the summons of Mahmud II, Aimée's son, for a Catholic priest to absolve his dying mother in her native faith.) Every sultan was the son of a slave; and the dehumanizing designs of slavery are felt everywhere, from the rigor of the pageantry to such animate constructs as the black eunuch and the deaf-mute assassin—his eardrums broken, his tongue slit, and his life consecrated to the use of the bowstring, as that of the concubine was consecrated to a call from the imperial bed which often never came. In his world of slaves the Sultan found little resistance to his fantasies and little helpful advice. Of Abdul Hamid II, the last of the absolute monarchs and one of the few with some gift for government, Mr. Barber says, "As his terror bore increasing signs of madness, he chose the most incredible characters to guide him. His advisers included a slave he had bought in the market, a circus clown whose act he admired, the son of one of his cooks, a Punch and Judy performer, and a bootblack."

Yet one wonders if even a continuous line of philosopher-kings or elected charismatics could have kept the Ottoman Empire from shrinking. Its reduction, in any case, was less rapid than that of the British Empire, and, unlike that of Rome, left the heartland unconquered. Even after generations and generations of being "sick," Turkey proved capable of the heroics of Plevna. The reader, grateful for so much that Mr. Barber has unearthed from the archives of this curious despotism, regrets that he did not choose to meditate upon his basic subject—that of decadence. Do extravagance and obtuseness in high circles significantly affect the human tides that Tolstoy saw mysteriously sweeping back and forth across the surface of the globe? Or do the expansion and contraction of empires have to do simply with the technology of warfare: the Ottomans organized the first standing army in Europe and developed an artillery that, in the words of Gibbon, "surpassed whatever had yet appeared in the world." To what extent does this kind of military vitality reflect spiritual vigor or efficacious political institutions? The Ottoman bureaucracy of slaves, a model of efficiency in the short run, proved cumbersome and unresponsive in the end. But what possible adminis-

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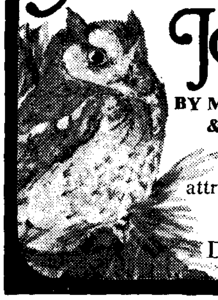

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trative magic could have enabled the Caliph of Islam to rule forever over the Christian peoples of the Balkans as Christian Europe waxed mighty? The wonder is that the Turkish "yoke" lasted so long. One would like to know in what ways Turkish rule impinged upon the subject peoples—if present-day America is taken as an empire, would the analogy be with Puerto Rico or South Vietnam?—and, for that matter, what the sultans *did*, aside from playing pranks on their harem and holding hieratically formal audiences throughout which the audient's arms were pinned by two stout pashas as a safeguard against assassination.

JOAN HASLIP, in "The Sultan" (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), gives a portrait of Abdul Hamid II considerably more sympathetic than that of Mr. Barber, who makes the last of the all-powerful sultans a maze-loving paranoid surrounded by "incredible characters" and the drab tatters of an outlandish panoply. Miss Haslip sees him as an agile and prescient statesman, able, for the more than three decades of his reign, to play the European powers off against each other and insure Turkey's survival without the entangling alliances that, once he fell, drew the Young Turks into the First World War. A runty younger brother placed on the throne by his sibling's insanity, Abdul Hamid had some experience of cosmopolitan Europe, more knowledge of history than any sultan before him, a flair for mathematics and carpentry, an engaging fondness for the tales of Sherlock Holmes. He had in his youth enjoyed a bourgeois liaison with a woman not of the harem, a Belgian shopkeeper called Flora Cordier, and even in his reactionary old age his conservatism had the rationale of a Pan-Islamic vision, a sound instinct to salvage the empire's Muslim East and to let the European fragments go. Abdul Hamid had the self-knowledge to exclaim, in discourse with an English businessman, "What can you expect of us, the children of slaves brought up by eunuchs?" But his story, so respectfully told by Miss Haslip, who even takes the Sultan's side against the massacred Armenians, is a dreary one, of a devious holding action against a desperate need for reform. It is, furthermore, mere history, full of problematical conferences and détentes and peoples' uprisings, and tells us little more than the morning's newspaper. Whereas Mr. Barber's less solid survey, with its idiots turned sultan and its convent girls turned into complacent

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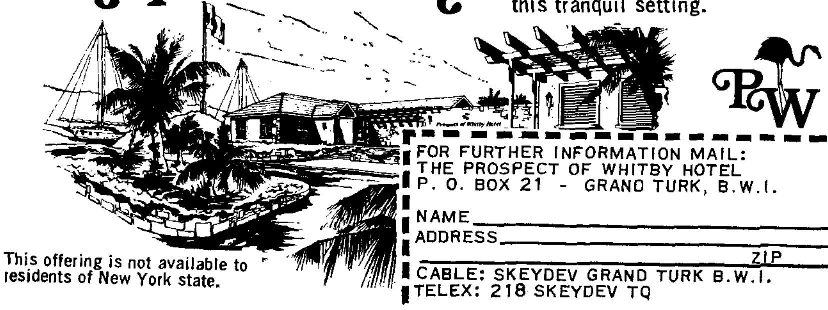

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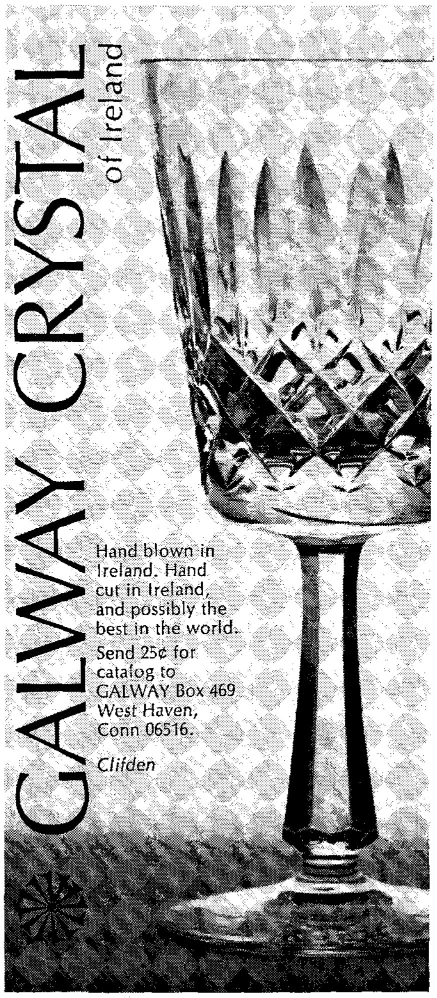

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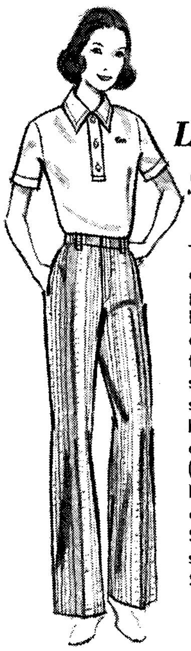

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concubines and its claustrophobic sense of an entire empire being crushed into a few terror-filled tiled halls, has the enigmatic depth of a dream, a dream that could tell us some truth about our natures, could we but fathom the symbols. —JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

DEATH OF A SCHOOLBOY, by Hans Koning (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). A passionately admiring semihistorical novel about Gavrilo Princip, the eighteen-year-old Serbian high-school student who shot the Archduke Francis Ferdinand (and, by accident, the Duchess Sophie) and precipitated the First World War and the fall of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Sticklers for historical accuracy may be dismayed by the fact that much of this extraordinarily stirring book is based on conjecture about Princip's philosophical and psychological motivations; others may wish that the statement at the front of the book that "my story is not taking place in a far country" had either been left unsaid or elucidated by the author. Mr. Koning's persuasive and understated narrative soon cancels out most misgivings, however, and his sensitive portrait of the social and political realities that so oppressed this young son of a Bosnian peasant is engrossing. Princip was too young to be sentenced to death for his act (though some of his accomplices were not), but he died four years later of tuberculosis in the notorious prison of Theresienstadt—just six months before the end of the war. According to Mr. Koning—and he is very convincing—Princip was a patriot, an idealist, and a martyr.

GENERAL

THE LIFE OF CAPTAIN JAMES COOK, by J. C. Beaglehole (Stanford University Press). More than seven hundred pages packed with information, and not a superfluous word. This definitive work is also an exciting one, because the scholar lets the events speak for themselves. Suddenly, the unsuspecting reader is sailing with Cook through the savage waters of the Great Barrier Reef (which Cook discovered), and searching for Antarctica (which homekeeping geographers had always imagined as a fertile, lovely, toasty continent) in among the icebergs, and up inside the Arctic

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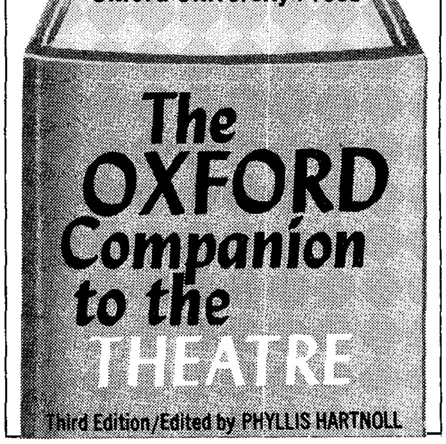
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Circle looking for the nonexistent Northwest Passage. Cook's achievements were two-fold: by what he did not discover he disabused European geographers of long-cherished fantasies, and what he did discover he placed in its correct latitude and longitude. Cook was an expert navigator and a fine commander, who made immense demands on his men but watched their health like a mother. He was also a great learner, for he taught himself mathematics, surveying, and chartmaking; thus his life's work endured. Cook did not just find and name (for example) Botany Bay; he brought home a perfect chart, which other seamen could rely on. Cook's three great Pacific voyages naturally arouse comparison with contemporary space exploration. In one sense, Cook's journeys were lonelier. That is, he was wholly out of touch with home, and the Pacific Ocean was far less well known in London than the way to the moon is known in Houston. On the other hand, Cook and his men were always running into other people: Melanesians, who thought white men were ghosts; New Zealanders, who found them good eating; Tahitians, who tried to engage the explorers in their local politics and wars; and Hawaiians, who, in a sudden burst of mob passion, turned on the visitors and killed Cook. The work chronicles the perplexities of Cook and some of his men, who began with a Rousseauist view of "noble savages" and discovered that simple people, after all, could be as wicked as civilized ones. An immensely rich book.

A DARKENING GREEN: NOTES FROM THE SILENT GENERATION, by Peter S. Prescott (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan). A memoir of the first summer after high school (Choate) and the first year of college (Harvard), which evokes real feelings with real feeling. The period is 1953-54. Mr. Prescott is thus a pioneer member of the crew-cut, nonpolitical generation of his subtitle (although he recalls that one of his classmates, "a leader of Harvard's Young Republican Club," made a pilgrimage to Hyde Park to throw beer cans at Franklin Roosevelt's tomb), but his book is not in the least a smiling period piece. Built on the solid foundation of a thoughtful journal and shaped by intelligent reflection, it is simply, and splendidly, an account of growing up—of thinking about girls ("I have never,

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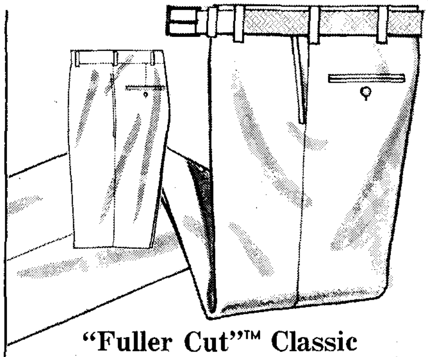

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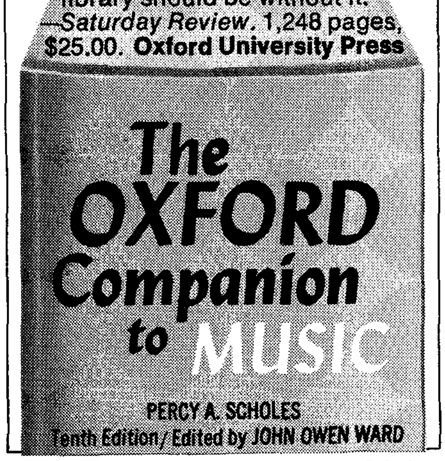

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as I have often wished, sat in some little nightclub looking into a girl's eyes over the table while a jazz band played softly in the background"), of *talking about the meaning of life*, of the ritualistic weekend drinking, of serious reading and learning, of worrying (about clothes, complexion, identity), of receptivity to experience.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE LESTER AFFAIR, by Andrew Garve (Harper & Row). A London press photographer, mounting the steps of a hall where a private political meeting is about to adopt a party candidate for Prime Minister, is stopped by an attractive young woman and asked to carry a message in to the candidate, a forty-four-year-old widower named James Lester. The photographer, not unnaturally, glances at the scribbled note before handing it over. "Dear Jim," it begins, "Remember me?—Shirley Holt. I got back from my travels yesterday and . . ." It ends, "Hoping to hear from you sometime." But Lester doesn't know her; he says there must be some mistake. The girl is astonished when questioned by the press about his reaction. Of course he knows her—they spent a night together at a yachting resort only last summer. But if he doesn't wish to know her now, that is quite all right with her. There were never any strings attached. And no—she most certainly will not sell her story to any newspaper. Public curiosity mounts, but Lester, though his political future seems suddenly uncertain, stands by his disavowal. So somebody must be lying. But who? And why? Mr. Garve is here at his most irresistibly cunning.

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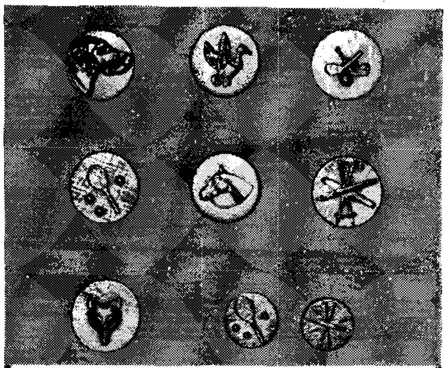

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